

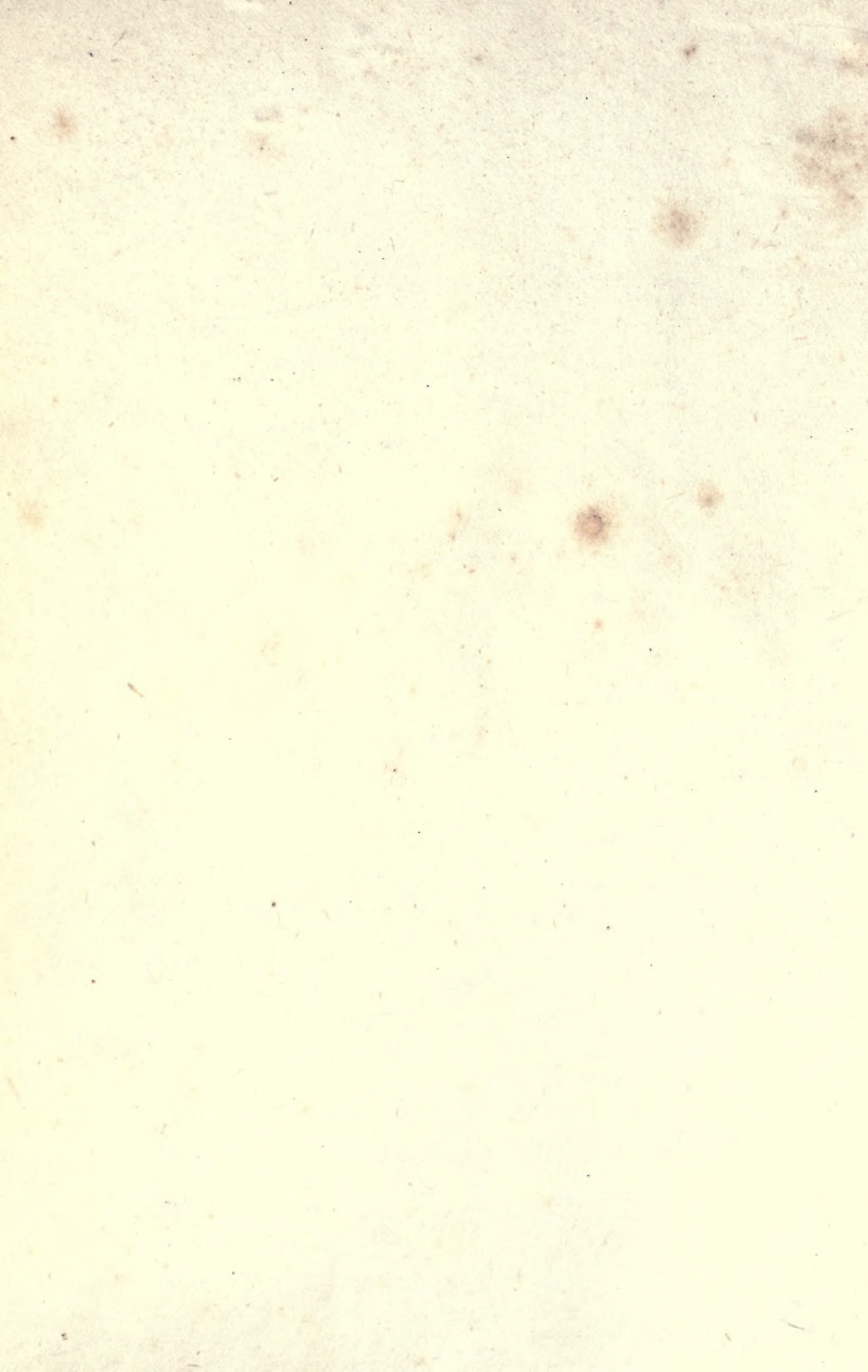
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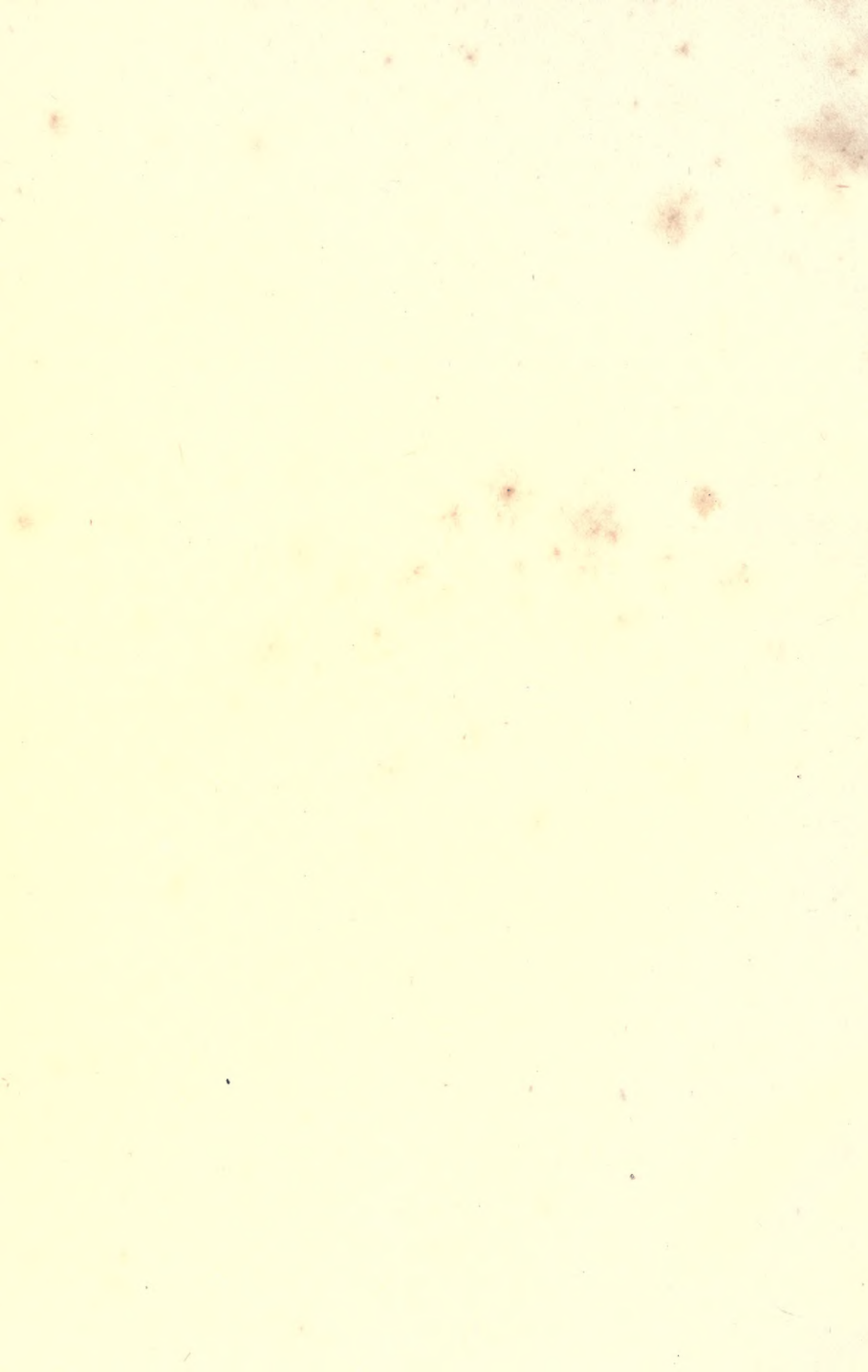


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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIX



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VOL. LIX.





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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

CRESSY.

CHAPTER IX.

MEANWHILE, unaware of her husband's sudden relapse to her old border principles and of the visit that had induced it, Mrs. McKinstry was slowly returning from a lugubrious recital of her moods and feelings at the parson's. As she crossed the barren flat and reached the wooded upland midway between the school-house and the ranche, she saw before her the old familiar figure of Seth Davis lounging on the trail. In her habitual loyalty to her husband's feuds she would probably have stalked defiantly past him, notwithstanding her late regrets at the broken engagement, but Seth began to advance awkwardly towards her. In fact, he had noticed the tall, gaunt, plaid-shawled and holland-bonneted figure approaching and had waited for it.

As he seemed intent upon getting in her way she stopped and raised her right hand warningly before her. In spite of the shawl and sun-bonnet, suffering had implanted a rude Runic dignity to her attitude. "Words that hev to be took back, Seth Davis," she said hastily, "hev passed between you and my man. Out of my way, then, that I may pass, too."

"Not much betwixt you and me, Aunt Rachel," he said with slouching deprecation, using the old household title by which he had familiarly known her. "I've nothin' agin you—and I

kin prove it by wot I'm yer to say. And I ain't trucklin' to yer for myself, for ez far ez me and your'n ez concerned," he continued, with a malevolent glance, "thar ain't gold enough in Caleforny to make the weddin' ring that could hitch me and Cress together. I want to tell you that you're bein' played; that you're being befooled and bamboozled and honey-fogled. Thet while you're groanin' at class-meeting and Hiram's quo'llin with Dad, and Joe Masters waitin' round to pick up any bone that's throwed him, that sneakin', hypocritical Yankee school-master is draggin' your daughter to h—ll with him on the sly."

"Quit that, Seth Davis," said Mrs. McKinstry sternly, "or be man enough to tell it to a man. That's Hiram's business to know."

"And what if he knows it well enough and winks at it? What if he's willin' enough to truckle to it, to curry favour with them sneakin' Yanks?" said Seth malignantly.

A spasm of savage conviction seized Mrs. McKinstry. But it was more from her jealous fears of her husband's disloyalty than concern for her daughter's transgression. Nevertheless, she said desperately, "It's a lie. Where are your proofs?"

"Proofs?" returned Seth. "Who is it sneaks around the school-house to have private talks with the school-master, and edges him on with Cressy afore folks? Your husband.

Who goes sneakin' off every arternoon with that same cantin' hound of a schoolmaster? Your daughter. Who's been carryin' on together, and hidin' thick enough to be ridden out on a rail together? Your daughter and the schoolmaster. Proofs?—ask anybody. Ask the children. Look yar—you, Johnny—come here."

He had suddenly directed his voice to a blackberry bush near the trail, from which the curly head of Johnny Filgee had just appeared. That home-returning infant painfully disengaged himself, his slate, his books, and his small dinner-pail half filled with fruit as immature as himself, and came towards them sideways.

"Yer's a dime,¹ Johnny, to git some candy," said Seth, endeavouring to distort his passion-set face into a smile.

Johnny Filgee's small, berry-stained palm promptly closed over the coin.

"Now, don't lie.—Where's Cressy?"

"Kithin' her bo."

"Good boy. What bo?"

Johnny hesitated. He had once seen the schoolmaster and Cressy together; he had heard it whispered by the other children that they loved each other. But looking at Seth and Mrs. McKinstry he felt that something more tremendous than this stupid fact was required of him for grown-up people, and being honest and imaginative he determined that it should be worth the money.

"Speak up, Johnny, don't be afeard to tell."

Johnny was not "afeard"—he was only thinking. He had it! He remembered that he had just seen his paragon, the brilliant Stacey, coming from the boundary woods. What more poetical and startlingly effective than to connect him with Cressy? He replied promptly.

"Mithter Thtathy. He gived her a watch and ring of truly gold. Goin' to be married at Thacramento."

¹ *I.e.* ten cents, the smallest coin then used in California.

"You lyin' limb," said Seth, seizing him roughly. But Mrs. McKinstry interposed.

"Let that brat go," she said with gleaming eyes. "I want to talk to you." Seth released Johnny. "It's a trick," he said, "he's bin put up to it by that Ford."

But Johnny, after securing a safe vantage behind the blackberry bush, determined to give them another trial—with facts.

"I know mor'n that," he called out.

"Git—you measly pup," said Seth savagely.

"I know Theriff Briggth, he rid over the boundary with a lot o' men and horthes," said Johnny, with that hurried delivery with which he was able to estop interruption. "Theed 'em go by. Maur Harrihton theth his dad's goin' to chuck out ole McKinthry. Hooray!"

Mrs. McKinstry turned her dark face sharply on Seth. "What's that he sez?"

"Nothin' but children's gassin'," he answered, meeting her eyes with an evil consciousness half loutish, half defiant, "and ef it war true, it would only sarve Hiram McKinstry right."

She laid her hand upon his shoulder with swift suspicion. "Out o' my way, Seth Davis," she said suddenly, pushing him aside. "Ef this ez any underhanded work of yours, you'll pay for it."

She strode past him in the direction of Johnny, but at the approach of the tall woman with the angry eyes, the boy flew. She hesitated a moment, turned again with a threatening wave of the hand to Seth, and started off rapidly in the direction of the boundary.

She had not placed so much faith in the boy's story as in the vague revelation of evil in Davis's manner. If there was any "cussedness" afoot, Seth, convinced of Cressy's unfaithfulness, and with no further hope of any mediation from the parents, would

know it. Unless Hiram had been warned, he was still lulled in his fatuous dream of civilization. At that time he and his men were in the tules with the stock; to be satisfied, she herself must go to the boundary.

She reached the ridge of the cotton woods and sycamores, and a few hundred yards further brought her to the edge of that gentle southern slope which at last sank into the broad meadow of the debateable ground. In spite of Stacey's invidious criticism of its intrinsic value, this theatre of savage dissension, violence, and bloodshed was by some irony of nature a pastoral landscape of singular and peaceful repose. The soft glacia stretching before her was in spring cerulean with lupins, and later starred with *mariposas*. The meadow was transversely crossed by a curving line of alders that indicated a rare watercourse, of which in the dry season only a single pool remained to flash back the unvarying sky. There had been no attempt at cultivation of this broad expanse; wild oats, mustard, and rank grasses left it a tossing sea of turbulent and variegated colour whose waves rode high enough to engulf horse and rider in their choking depths. Even the traces of human struggle, the uprooted stakes, scattered fence-rails, and empty post-holes were for ever hidden under these billows of verdure. Midway of the field and near the water-course arose McKinstry's barn—the solitary human structure whose rude, misshapen, bulging sides and swallow-haunted eaves bursting with hay from the neighbouring pasture, seemed however only an extravagant growth of the prolific soil. Mrs. McKinstry gazed at it anxiously. There was no sign of life or movement near or around it; it stood as it had always stood, deserted and solitary. But turning her eyes to the right, beyond the watercourse, she could see a slight regular undulation of the grassy sea and what appeared to be the drifting on its surface of half-a-dozen slouched hats in the direc-

tion of the alders. There was no longer any doubt; a party from the other side was approaching the border.

A shout and the quick galloping of hoofs behind her sent a thrill of relief to her heart. She had barely time to draw aside as her husband and his followers swept past her down the slope. But it needed not his furious cry, "The Harisons hev sold us out," to tell her that the crisis had come.

She held her breath as the cavalcade diverged, and in open order furiously approached the water-course and she could see a sudden check and hesitation in the movement in the meadow at that unlooked-for onset. Then she thought of the barn. It would be a rallying-point for them if driven back—a tower of defence if besieged. There were arms secreted beneath the hay for such an emergency. She would run there, swing to its open doors, and get ready to barricade them.

She ran crouchingly, seeking the higher grasses and brambles of the ridge to escape observation from the meadow until she could descend upon the barn from the rear. She threw aside her impeding shawl; her brown holland sun-bonnet, torn off her head and hanging by its strings from her shoulders, let her coarse silver-threaded hair stream like a mane over her back; her face and hands were bleeding from thorns and whitened by dust. But she struggled on fiercely like some hunted animal until she reached the descending trail, when, letting herself go blindly, only withheld by the long grasses she clutched at wildly on either side, she half fell, half stumbled down the slope and emerged beside the barn, breathless and exhausted.

But what a contrast was there! For an instant she could scarcely believe that she had left the ridge with her husband's savage outcry in her ears, and in her eyes the swift vision of his furious cavalcade. The boundary meadow was hidden by the soft lines

of graceful willows in whose dim recesses the figures of the passionate horsemen seemed to have melted for ever. There was nothing now to interrupt the long vista of peaceful beauty that stretched before her through this lonely hollow to the distant sleeping hills. The bursting barn in the foreground, heaped with grain that fringed its eaves and bristled from its windows and doors until its unlovely bulk was hidden in trailing feathery outlines; the gentle flutter of wings and soothing twitter of swallows and jays around its open rafters, and the drifting shadows of a few circling crows above it; the drowsy song of bees on the wild mustard that half hid its walls with yellow bloom; the sound of faintly-trickling water in one of those old Indian-haunted springs that had given its name to the locality; all these for an instant touched the senses of this hard fierce woman as she had not been touched since she was a girl. For one brief moment the joys of peace and that matured repose that never had been hers flashed upon her; but with it came the savage consciousness that even now it was being wrested away, and the thought fired her blood again. She listened eagerly for a second in the direction of the meadow; there was no report of fire-arms—there was yet time to prepare the barn for defence. She ran to the front of the building and seized the latch of the half-closed door. A little feminine cry that was half a laugh came from within, with the rapid rustle of a skirt, and as the door swung open a light figure vanished through the rear window. The slanting sunlight falling in the shadowed interior disclosed only the single, erect figure of the schoolmaster—John Ford.

The first confusion and embarrassment of an interrupted *rendezvous* that had coloured Ford's cheeks, gave way to a look of alarm as he caught sight of the bleeding face and dishevelled figure of Mrs. McKinstry. She saw

it. To her distorted fancy it seemed only a proof of deeper guilt. Without a word she closed the heavy door behind her and swung the huge cross-bar unaided to its place. She then turned and confronted him, wiping the dust from her face and arms with her torn and dangling sun-bonnet in a way that recalled her attitude on the first day he had met her.

"That was Cress with ye?" she said.

He hesitated, still gazing at her in wonder.

"Don't lie."

He started. "I don't propose to," he retorted indignantly. "It was—"

"I don't ask ye how long this yer's bin goin' on," she said, pointing to Cressy's sun-bonnet, a few books, and a scattered nosegay of wild flowers lying on the hay; "and I don't want to know. In five minutes either her father will be here, or them hell-hounds of Harrison's who've sold him out will swarm round this barn to git possessed. Ef this yer"—she again pointed contemptuously to the objects just indicated—"means that you've cast your lot with *us* and kalkilate to take our bitter with our sweet, ye'll lift up that stack of hay and bring out a gun to help defend it. Ef you're meanin' anythin' else, Ford, you'll hide yourself in that hay till Hiram comes and has time enough to attend to ye."

"And if I choose to do neither?" he said haughtily.

She looked at him in unutterable scorn. "There's the winder—take it while there's time, afore I bar it. Ef you see Hiram, tell him ye left an old woman behind ye to defend the place whar you uster hide with her darter."

Before he could reply there was a distant report, followed almost directly by another. With a movement of irritation he walked to the window, turned and looked at her—bolted it, and came back.

"Where's that gun?" he said almost rudely.

"I reckon'd that would fetch ye,"

she said dragging away the hay and disclosing a long trough-like box covered with tarpaulin. It proved to contain powder, shot and two guns. He took one.

"I suppose I may know what I am fighting for?" he said drily.

"Ye might say 'Cress' ef they"—indicating the direction of the reports—"happen to ask ye," she returned with equal sobriety. "Jess now ye kin take your stand up thar in the loft and see what's comin'."

He did not linger, but climbed to the place assigned him, glad to escape the company of the woman who at that moment he almost hated. In his unreflecting passion for Cressy he had always evaded the thought of this relationship or propinquity; the mother had recalled it to him in a way that imperilled even his passion for the daughter; his mind was wholly preoccupied with the idiotic, exasperating and utterly hopeless position that had been forced upon him. In the bitterness of his spirit his sense of personal danger was so far absorbed that he speculated on the chance bullet in the *mêlée* that might end his folly and relieve him of responsibility. Shut up in a barn with a furious woman, in a lawless defence of questionable rights—with the added consciousness that an equally questionable passion had drawn him into it, and that *she* knew it—death seemed to offer the only escape from the explanation he could never give. If another sting could have been added it was the absurd conviction that Cressy would not appreciate his sacrifice, but was perhaps even at that moment calmly congratulating herself on the felicitousness of the complication in which she had left him.

Suddenly he heard a shout and the trampling of horse. The sides of the loft were scantily boarded to allow the extension of the pent-up grain, and between the interstices Ford, without being himself seen, had an uninterrupted view of the plain between him and the line of willows. As he gazed,

five men hurriedly issued from the extreme left and ran towards the barn. McKinstry and his followers simultaneously broke from the same covert further to the right and galloped forward to intercept them. But although mounted, the greater distance they had to traverse brought them to the rear of the building only as the Harrison party came to a sudden halt before the closed and barricaded doors of the usually defenceless barn. The discomfiture of the latter was greeted by a derisive shout from the McKinstry party—albeit, equally astonished. But in that brief moment Ford recognized in the leader of the Harrisons the well-known figure of the Sheriff of Tuolumne. It needed only this to cap the climax of the fatality that seemed to pursue him. He was no longer a lawless opposer of equally lawless forces, but he was actually resisting the law itself. He understood the situation now. It was some idiotic blunder of Uncle Ben's that had precipitated this attack.

The belligerents had already cocked their weapons, although the barn was still a rampart between the parties. But an adroit flanker of McKinstry's, creeping through the tall mustard, managed to take up an enfilading position as the Harrisons advanced to break in the door. A threatening shout from the ambuscaded partizans caused them to hurriedly fall back towards the rear of the barn. There was a pause, and then began the usual Homeric chaff,—with this Western difference that it was cunningly intended to draw the other's fire.

"Why don't you blaze away at the door, you ——! It won't hurt ye!"

"He's afraid the bolt will shoot back!" Laughter from the McKinstrys.

"Come outer the tall grass and show yourself, you black, mud-eating gopher."

"He can't. He's dropped his grit and is sarchin' for it." Goaded laughter from the Harrisons.

Each man waited for that single shot which would precipitate the fight. Even in their lawlessness the rude instinct of the duello swayed them. The officer of the law recognized the principle as well as its practical advantage in a collision, but he hesitated to sacrifice one of his men in an attack on the barn, which would draw the fire of McKinstry at that necessarily fatal range. As a brave man he would have taken the risk himself, but as a prudent one, he reflected that his hurriedly collected *posse* were all partizans, and if he fell the conflict would resolve itself into a purely partizan struggle without a single unprejudiced witness to justify his conduct in the popular eye. The master also knew this; it had checked his first impulse to come forward as a mediator; his only reliance now was on Mrs. McKinstry's restraint and the sheriff's forbearance. The next instant both seemed to be imperilled.

"Well, why don't you wade in?" sneered Dick McKinstry; "who do you reckon's hidden in the barn?"

"I'll tell ye," said a harsh passionate voice from the hill-side. "It's Cressy McKinstry and the schoolmaster hidin' in the hay."

Both parties turned quickly towards the intruder who had approached them unperceived. But the speech was followed by a more startling revulsion of sentiment as Mrs. McKinstry's voice rang out from the barn, "You lie, Seth Davis!"

The brief advantage offered to the sheriff in Davis's advent as a neutral witness, was utterly lost by this unlooked for revelation of Mrs. McKinstry's presence in the barn! The fates were clearly against him! A woman in the fight, and an old one at that! A white woman to be forcibly ejected! In the whole unwritten code of South-Western chivalry there was no such precedent.

"Stand back," he said disgustedly to his followers, "stand back and let the d—d barn slide. But you, Hiram McKinstry, I'll give you five

minutes to shake yourself clear of your wife's petticoats and git!" His blood was up now—the quicker from his momentary weakness and the trick of which he thought himself a dupe.

Again the fatal signal seemed imminent, again it was delayed. For Hiram McKinstry with clanking spurs and rifle in hand stepped from behind the barn, full in the presence of his antagonists.

"Ez to my gitten in five minits," he began in his laziest, drowsiest manner, "we'll see when the time's up. But jest now words hev passed betwixt my wife and Seth Davis. Afore anythin' else goes on yer, he's got to take *his* back. My wife allows he lies; I allow he lies too, and I stan' here to say it."

The right of personal insult to precedence of redress was too old a frontier principle to be gainsaid now. Both parties held back and every eye was turned to where Seth Davis had been standing. But he had disappeared.

Where?

When Mrs. McKinstry hurled her denial from the barn, he had taken advantage of the greater surprise to leap to one of the trusses of hay that projected beyond the loft and secure a footing from which he quickly scrambled through the open scantling to the interior. The master who, startled by his voice, had made his way through the loose grain to the rear, reached it as Seth half crawled, half tumbled through. Their eyes met in a single flash of rage, but before Seth could utter an outcry, the master had dropped his gun, seized him around the neck and crammed a thick handful of the soft hay he had hurriedly snatched up into his face and gasping mouth. A furious but silent struggle ensued; the yielding hay on which they both fell deadened all sound of a scuffle and concealed them from view; masses of it, already loosened by the intruder's entrance, and dislodged in their contortions began to slip through the opening to the ground. The master, still uppermost and holding

Seth firmly down, allowed himself to slip with them, shoving his adversary before him; the maddened Missourian detecting his purpose, made a desperate attempt to change his position, and succeeded in raising his knee against the master's chest. Ford, guarding against what seemed to be only a wrestler's strategy, contented himself by locking the bent knee firmly in that position, and thus unwittingly gave Seth the looked-for opportunity of drawing the bowie knife concealed in his boot leg. He knew his mistake only as Seth violently freed his arm, and threw it upward for the blow. He heard the steel slither like a scythe through the hay, and unlocking his hold desperately threw himself on the uplifted arm. The movement saved him. For the released body of Seth slipped rapidly through the opening, upheld for a single instant on the verge by the grasp of the master's two hands on the arm that still held the knife, and then dropped heavily downward. Even then, the hay that had slipped before him would have broken his fall, but his head came in violent contact with some farming implements standing against the wall, and without a cry he was stretched senseless on the ground. The whole occurrence passed so rapidly and so noiselessly that not only did McKinstry's challenge fall upon his already unconscious ears, but the loosened hay which in the master's struggles to recover himself still continued to slide gently from the loft, actually hid him from the eyes of the spectators who sought him a moment afterwards. A mass of hay and wild oats, dislodged apparently by Mrs. McKinstry in securing her defences, was all that met their eyes; even the woman herself was unconscious of the deadly struggle that had taken place above her.

The master staggered to an upright position half choked and half blinded with dust, turgid and bursting with the rush of blood to his head, but clear and collected in mind, and unremorsefully triumphant. Unconscious of the

real extent of Seth's catastrophe he groped for and seized his gun, examined the cap and eagerly waited for a renewed attack. "He tried to kill me; he would have killed me; if he comes again I must kill him," he kept repeating to himself. It never occurred to him that this was inconsistent with his previous thought—indeed with the whole tenor of his belief. Perhaps the most peaceful man who has been once put in peril of life by an adversary, who has recognized death threatening him in the eye of his antagonist, is by some strange paradox not likely to hold his own life or the life of his adversary as dearly as before. Everything was silent now. The suspense irritated him, he no longer dreaded but even longed for the shot that would precipitate hostilities. What were they doing? Guided by Seth, were they concerting a fresh attack?

Listening more intently he became aware of a distant shouting, and even more distinctly, of the dull, heavy trampling of hoofs. A sudden angry fear that the McKinstrys had been beaten off and were flying—a fear and anger that now for the first time identified him with their cause—came over him, and he scrambled quickly towards the opening below. But the sound was approaching and with it came a voice.

"Hold on there, sheriff!"

It was the voice of the agent Stacey.

There was a pause of reluctant murmuring. But the warning was enforced by a command from another voice—weak, unheroic, but familiar, "I order this yer to stop—right yer!"

A burst of ironical laughter followed. The voice was Uncle Ben's.

"Stand back! This is no time for foolin'," said the sheriff roughly.

"He's right, Sheriff Briggs," said Stacey's voice hurriedly, "you're acting for him; he's the owner of the land."

"What? That Ben Dabney?"

"Yes; he's Daubigny, who bought the title from us."

There was a momentary hush, and then a hurried murmur.

"Which means, gents," rose Uncle

Ben's voice persuasively, "that this yer young man, though far-minded and well-intended, hez bin a leetle too chipper and previous in orderin' out the law. This yer ain't no law matter with *me*, boys. It ain't to be settled by law-papers, nor shot-guns and deringers. It's suthin' to be chewed over sociable-like, between drinks. Ef any harm hez bin done, ef anythin's happened, I'm yer to 'demnify the sheriff, and make it comf'ble all round. Yer know me, boys. I'm talkin'. It's me—Dabney, or Daubigny, which ever way you like it."

But in the silence that followed the passions had not yet evidently cooled. It was broken by the sarcastic drawl of Dick McKinstry: "If them Harrison don't mind heven had their medders trampled over by a few white men, why—"

"The sheriff ez 'demnified for that," interrupted Uncle Ben hastily.

"'N ef Dick McKinstry don't mind the damage to his pants in crawlin' out o' gunshot in the tall grass—" retorted Joe Harrison.

"I'm yer to settle that, boys," said Uncle Ben cheerfully.

"But who'll settle *this*?" clamoured the voice of the older Harrison from behind the barn where he had stumbled in crossing the fallen hay, "Yer's Seth Davis lyin' in the hay with the top of his head busted. Who's to pay for that?"

There was a rush to the spot, and a quick cry of reaction.

"Whose work is this?" demanded the sheriff's voice, with official severity.

The master uttered an instinctive exclamation of defiance, and dropping quickly to the barn floor, would the next moment have opened the door and declared himself, but Mrs. McKinstry, after a single glance at his determined face, suddenly threw herself before him with an imperious gesture of silence. Then her voice rang clearly from the barn:

"Well, if it's the hound that tried to force his way in yer, I reckon ye kin put that down to ME!"

CHAPTER X.

It was known to Indian Spring, the next day, amid great excitement, that a serious fracas had been prevented on the ill-fated boundary by the dramatic appearance of Uncle Ben Dabney, not only as a peacemaker, but as Mr. Daubigny the *bond fide* purchaser and owner of the land. It was known and accepted with great hilarity that "old marm McKinstry" had defended the barn alone and unaided, with—as variously stated—a pitchfork, an old stable-broom and a pail of dirty water, against Harrison, his party, and the entire able *posse* of the Sheriff of Tuolumne County, with no further damage than a scalp wound which the head of Seth Davis received while falling from the loft of the barn from which he had been dislodged by Mrs. McKinstry and the broom aforesaid. It was known with unanimous approbation that the acquisition of the land-title by a hitherto humble citizen of Indian Spring was a triumph of the settlement over foreign interference. But it was not known that the schoolmaster was a participant in the fight, or even present on the spot. At Mrs. McKinstry's suggestion he had remained concealed in the loft until after the withdrawal of both parties and the still unconscious Seth. When Ford had remonstrated, with the remark that Seth would be sure to declare the truth when he recovered his senses, Mrs. McKinstry smiled grimly: "I reckon when he comes to know *I* was with ye all the time, he'd rather hev it allowed that I licked him than *you*. I don't say he'll let it pass ez far ez you're concerned or won't try to get even with ye, but he won't go round tellin' *why*. However," she added still more grimly, "if you think you're ekul to tellin' the hull story—how ye kem to be yer and that Seth wasn't lyin' arter all when he blurted it out afore 'em—why I sha'n't hinder ye." The master said no more. And indeed for a day or two nothing transpired

to show that Seth was not equally reticent.

Nevertheless Mr. Ford was far from being satisfied with the issue of his adventure. His relations with Cressy were known to the mother, and although she had not again alluded to them, she would probably inform her husband. Yet he could not help noticing, with a mingling of unreasoning relief and equally unreasoning distrust, that she exhibited a scornful unconcern in the matter, apart from the singular use to which she had put it. He could hardly count upon McKinstry, with his heavy blind devotion to Cressy, being as indifferent. On the contrary, he had acquired the impression, without caring to examine it closely, that her father would not be displeased at his marrying Cressy, for it would really amount to that. But here again he was forced to contemplate what he had always avoided, the possible meaning and result of their intimacy. In the reckless, thoughtless, extravagant—yet thus far innocent—indulgence of their mutual passion, he had never spoken of marriage, nor—and it struck him now with the same incongruous mingling of relief and uneasiness—had *she*! Perhaps this might have arisen from some superstitious or sensitive recollection on her part of her previous engagement to Seth, but he remembered now that they had not even exchanged the usual vows of eternal constancy. It may seem strange that in the half-dozen stolen and rapturous interviews which had taken place between these young lovers there had been no suggestion of the future, nor any of those glowing projects for a united destiny peculiar to their years and inexperience. They had lived entirely in a blissful present, with no plans beyond their next rendezvous. In that mysterious and sudden absorption of each other, not only the past, but the future seemed to have been forgotten.

These thoughts were passing through his mind the next afternoon to the prejudice of that calm and studious

repose which the deserted school-house usually superinduced, and which had been so fondly noted by McKinstry and Uncle Ben. The latter had not arrived for his usual lesson; it was possible that undue attention had been attracted to his movements now that his good fortune was known; and the master was alone save for the occasional swooping incursion of a depredatory jay in search of crumbs from the children's luncheons, who added apparently querulous insult to the larcenious act. He regretted Uncle Ben's absence, as he wanted to know more about his connection with the Harrison attack and his eventual intentions. Ever since the master emerged from the barn and regained his hotel under cover of the darkness, he had heard only the vaguest rumours, and he purposely avoided direct inquiry.

He had been quite prepared for Cressy's absence from school that morning—indeed in his present vacillating mood he had felt that her presence would have been irksome and embarrassing; but it struck him suddenly and unpleasantly that her easy desertion of him at that critical moment in the barn had not since been followed by the least sign of anxiety to know the result of her mother's interference. What did she imagine had transpired between Mrs. McKinstry and himself? Had she confidently expected her mother's prompt acceptance of the situation and a reconciliation? Was that the reason why she had treated that interruption as lightly as if she were already his recognized betrothed? Had she even calculated upon it? had she—? He stopped, his cheek glowing from irritation under the suspicion, and shame at the disloyalty of entertaining it.

Opening his desk, he began to arrange his papers mechanically, when he discovered with a slight feeling of annoyance, that he had placed Cressy's bouquet—now dried and withered—in the same pigeon-hole with the mysterious letters with which he had so

often communed in former days. He at once separated them with a half bitter smile, yet after a moment's hesitation, and with his old sense of attempting to revive a forgotten association, he tried to re-peruse them. But they did not even restrain his straying thoughts, nor prevent him from detecting a singular occurrence. The nearly level sun was, after its old fashion, already hanging the shadowed tassels of the pineboughs like a garland on the wall. But the shadow seemed to have suddenly grown larger and more compact, and he turned with a quick consciousness of some interposing figure at the pane. Nothing however was to be seen. Yet so impressed had he been that he walked to the door and stepped from the porch to discover the intruder. The clearing was deserted, there was a slight rustling in the adjacent laurels, but no human being was visible. Nevertheless the old feeling of security and isolation which had never been quite the same since Mr. McKinstry's confession, seemed now to have fled the sylvan school-house altogether, and he somewhat angrily closed his desk, locked it, and determined to go home.

His way lay through the first belt of pines towards the mining-flat, but to-day from some vague impulse he turned and followed the ridge. He had not proceeded far when he perceived Rupert Filgee lounging before him on the trail, and at a little distance further on his brother Johnny. At the sight of these two favourite pupils Mr. Ford's heart smote him with a consciousness that he had of late neglected them, possibly because Rupert's lofty scorn of the "silly" sex was not as amusing to him as formerly, and possibly because Johnny's curiosity had been at times obtrusive. He however quickened his pace and joined Rupert, laying his hand familiarly as of old on his shoulder. To his surprise the boy received his advances with some constraint and awkwardness, glancing uneasily in the direction of Johnny. A sudden idea crossed Mr. Ford's mind.

"Were you looking for me at the schoolroom just now?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't look in at the window to see if I was there?" continued the master.

"No, sir."

The master glanced at Rupert. Truth telling was a part of Rupert's truculent temper, although as the boy had often bitterly remarked, it had always "told agin' him."

"All right," said the master, perfectly convinced. "It must have been my fancy; but I thought somebody looked in—or passed by the window."

But here Johnny, who had overheard the dialogue and approached them, suddenly threw himself upon his brother's unoffending legs and commenced to beat and pull them about with unintelligible protests. Rupert without looking down said quietly, "Quit that now—I won't, I tell ye," and went through certain automatic movements of dislodging Johnny as if he were a mere impeding puppy.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" said the master, to whom these gyrations were not unfamiliar.

Johnny only replied by a new grip of his brother's trousers.

"Well, sir," said Rupert, slightly recovering his dimples and his readiness, "Johnny, yer, wants me to tell ye something. Ef he wasn't the most original self-cocking, God-forsaken liar in Injin Spring—ef he didn't lie awake in his crib mornin's to invent lies fer the day, I wouldn't mind tellin' ye, and would hev told you before. However, since you ask, and since you think you saw somebody around the school house, Johnny yer allows that Seth Davis is spyin' round and followin' ye wherever you go, and he dragged me down yer to see it. He says he saw him doggin' ye."

"With a knife and pithtolth," added Johnny's boundless imagination to the detriment of his limited facts.

Mr. Ford looked keenly from the one to the other, but rather with a suspicion that they were cognizant of

his late fracas than belief in the truth of Johnny's statement.

"And what do *you* think of it, Rupert?" he asked carelessly.

"I think, sir," said Rupert, "that allowin'—for onct—that Johnny ain't lying, mebbee it's Cressy McKinstry that Seth's huntin' round, and knowin' that she's always runnin' after you——" he stopped, and reddening with a newborn sense that his fatal truthfulness had led him into a glaring indelicacy towards the master, hurriedly added: "I mean, sir, that mebbee it's Uncle Ben he's jealous of, now that he's got rich enough for Cressy to hev him, and knowin' he comes to school in the afternoon perhaps——"

"Tain't either!" broke in Johnny promptly. "Theth's over ther beyond the thchool, and Crethy's eatin' ithe-cream at the bakerth with Uncle Ben."

"Well, suppose she is, Seth don't know it, silly!" answered Rupert, sharply. Then more politely to the master: "That's it! Seth has seen Uncle Ben gallivanting with Cressy and thinks he's bringing her over yer. Don't you see?"

The master however did not see but one thing. The girl who had only two days ago carelessly left it to him to explain a compromising situation to her mother—this girl who had precipitated him into a frontier fight to the peril of his position and her good name, was calmly eating ices with an available suitor without the least concern of the past! The connection was perhaps illogical, but it was unpleasant. It was the more awkward from the fact that he fancied that not only Rupert's beautiful eyes, but even the infant Johnny's round ones were fixed upon him with an embarrassed expression of hesitating and foreboding sympathy.

"I think Johnny believes what he says—don't you, Johnny?" he smiled with an assumption of cheerful ease, "but I see no necessity just yet for binding Seth Davis over to keep the peace. Tell me about yourself, Rupe.

I hope Uncle Ben doesn't think of changing his young tutor with his good fortune?"

"No, sir," returned Rupert brightening; "he promises to take me to Sacramento with him as his private secretary or confidential clerk, you know, ef—ef——" he hesitated again with very un-Rupert-like caution, "ef things go as he wants 'em." He stopped awkwardly and his brown eyes became clouded. "Like ez not, Mr. Ford, he's only foolin' me—and—*himself*." The boy's eyes sought the master's curiously.

"I don't know about that," returned Mr. Ford uneasily, with a certain recollection of Uncle Ben's triumph over his own incredulity, "he surely hasn't shown himself a fool or a boaster so far. I consider your prospect a very fair one, and I wish you joy of it, my boy." He ran his fingers through Rupert's curls in his old caressing fashion, the more tenderly perhaps that he fancied he still saw symptoms of storm and wet weather in the boy's brown eyes. "Run along home, both of you, and don't worry yourselves about me."

He turned away, but had scarcely proceeded half a dozen yards before he felt a tug at his coat. Looking down he saw the diminutive Johnny. "They'll be comin' home thith way," he said, reaching up in a hoarse confidential whisper.

"Who?"

"Crethy and 'im."

But before the master could make any response to this presumably gratifying information, Johnny had rejoined his brother. The two boys waved their hands towards him with the same diffident and mysterious sympathy that left him hesitating between a smile and a frown. Then he proceeded on his way. Nevertheless, for no other reason than that he felt a sudden distaste to meeting any one, when he reached the point where the trail descended directly to the settlement, he turned into a longer and more solitary detour by the woods.

The sun was already so low that its long rays pierced the forest from beneath, and suffused the dim colonnade of straight pine shafts with a golden haze, while it left the dense intercrossed branches fifty feet above in deeper shadow. Walking in this yellow twilight, with his feet noiselessly treading down the yielding carpet of pine needles, it seemed to the master that he was passing through the woods in a dream. There was no sound but the dull intermittent double knock of the wood-pecker, or the drowsy croak of some early roosting bird; all suggestion of the settlement with all traces of human contiguity were left far behind. It was therefore with a strange and nervous sense of being softly hailed by some woodland spirit that he seemed to hear his own name faintly wafted upon the air. He turned quickly; it was Cressy, panting behind him! Even then, in her white closely gathered skirts, her bared head and graceful arching neck bent forward, her flying braids freed from the straw hat which she had swung from her arm so as not to impede her flight, there was so much of the following Mænad about her that he was for an instant startled.

He stopped; she bounded to him, and throwing her arms around his neck with a light laugh, let herself hang for a moment breathless on his breast. Then recovering her speech she said slowly:

"I started on an Injin trot after you, just as you turned off the trail, but you'd got so far ahead while I was shaking myself clear of Uncle Ben that I had to jist lope the whole way through the woods to catch up." She stopped, and looking up into his troubled face caught his cheeks between her hands, and bringing his knit brows down to the level of her humid blue eyes said, "You haven't kissed me yet. What's the matter?"

"Doesn't it strike you that I might ask that question, considering that it's three days since I've seen you, and that you left me, in a rather awkward

position to explain matters to your mother?" he said coldly. He had formulated the sentence in his mind some moments before, but now that it was uttered, it appeared singularly weak and impotent.

"That's so," she said with a frank laugh, burying her face in his waistcoat. "You see, dandy boy"—his pet name—"I reckoned for that reason we'd better lie low for a day or two. Well," she continued, untying his cravat and retying it again, "how *did* you crawl out of it?"

"Do you mean to say your mother didn't tell you?" he asked indignantly.

"Why should she?" returned Cressy lazily. "She never talks to me of these things, honey."

"And you knew nothing about it?"

Cressy shook her head, and then winding one of her long braids around the young man's neck, offered the end of it to his mouth, and on his sternly declining it, took it in her own.

Yet even her ignorance of what had really happened did not account to the master for the indifference of her long silence, and albeit conscious of some inefficiency in his present unheroic attitude, he continued sarcastically, "May I ask *what* you imagined would happen when you left me?"

"Well," said Cressy confidently, "I reckoned, chile, you could lie as well as the next man, and that, being gifted, you'd sling Maw something new and purty. Why, I ain't got no fancy, but I fixed up something against Paw's questioning *me*. I made that conceited Masters promise to swear that *he* was in the barn with me. Then I calculated to tell Paw that you came meandering along just before Maw popped in, and that I ske-daddled to join Masters. Of course," she added quickly, tightening her hold of the master as he made a sudden attempt at withdrawal, "I didn't let on to Masters *why* I wanted him to promise, or that you were there."

"Cressy," said Ford, irritated be-

yond measure, "are you mad, or do you think I am?"

The girl's face changed. She cast a half frightened, half questioning glance at his eyes and then around the darkening aisle. "If we're going to quarrel, Jack," she said hurriedly, "don't let's do it *before folks*."

"In the name of Heaven," he said, following her eyes indignantly, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," she said, with a slight shiver of resignation and scorn, "if you—oh dear! if *it's all* going to be like *them*, let's keep it to ourselves."

He gazed at her in hopeless bewilderment. Did she really mean that she was more frightened at the possible revelation of their disagreement than of their intimacy?

"Come," she continued tenderly, still glancing however uneasily around her, "come! We'll be more comfortable in the hollow. It's only a step." Still holding him by her braid she half led, half dragged him away. To the right was one of those sudden depressions in the ground caused by the subsidence of the earth from hidden springs and the uprooting of one or two of the larger trees. When she had forced him down this declivity below the level of the needle-strewn forest floor, she seated him upon a mossy root, and shaking out her skirts in a half childlike, half coquettish way, comfortably seated herself in his lap, with her arm supplementing the clinging braid around his neck.

"Now hark to me, and don't holler so loud," she said, turning his face to her questioning eyes. "What's gone of you anyway, nigger boy?" It should be premised that Cressy's terms of endearment were mainly negro-dialectical, reminiscences of her brief babyhood, her slave-nurse, and the only playmates she had ever known.

Still implacable, the master coldly repeated the counts of his indictment against the girl's strange indifference and still stranger entanglements, winding up by setting forth the whole story

of his interview with her mother, his enforced defence of the barn, Seth's outspoken accusation, and their silent and furious struggle in the loft. But if he had expected that this daughter of a south-western fighter would betray any enthusiasm over her lover's participation in one of their characteristic feuds—if he looked for any fond praise for his own prowess, he was bitterly mistaken. She loosened her arm from his neck of her own accord, unwound the braid, and putting her two little hands clasped between her knees, crossed her small feet before her, and, albeit still in his lap, looked the picture of languid dejection.

"Maw ought to have more sense, and you ought to have lit out through the window after me," she said with a lazy sigh. "Fightin' ain't in your line—it's too much like *them*. That Seth's sure to get even with you."

"I can protect myself," he said haughtily. Nevertheless he had a depressing consciousness that his lithe and graceful burden was somewhat in the way of any heroic expression.

"Seth can lick you out of your boots, chile," she said with naive abstraction. Then, as he struggled to secure an upright position, "Don't get riled, honey. Of course *you'd* let them kill you before you'd give in. But that's their best holt—that's their trade! That's all they can do—don't you see? That's where *you're* not like *them*—that's why you're not their low down kind! That's why you're my boy—that's why I love you!"

She had thrown her whole weight again upon his shoulders until she had forced him back to his seat. Then, with her locked hands again around his neck, she looked intently into his face. The varying colour dropped from her cheeks, her eyes seemed to grow larger, the same look of rapt absorption and possession that had so transfigured her young face at the ball was fixed upon it now. Her lips parted slightly, she seemed to murmur rather than speak :

"What are these people to us? What are Seth's jealousies, Uncle Ben's and Masters's foolishness, Paw and Maw's quarr'ls and tantrums to you and me, dear? What is it what *they* think, what they reckon, what they plan out, and what they set themselves against—to us? We love each other, we belong to each other, without their help or their hindrance. From the time we first saw each other it was so, and from that time Paw and Maw, and Seth and Masters, and even *you* and *me*, dear, had nothing else to do. That was love as I know it; not Seth's sneaking rages, and Uncle Ben's sneaking fooleries, and Masters's sneaking conceit, but only love. And knowing that, I let Seth rage, and Uncle Ben dawdle, and Masters trifle—and for what? To keep them from me and my boy. They were satisfied, and we were happy."

Vague and unreasoning as he knew her speech to be, the rapt and perfect conviction with which it was uttered staggered him.

"But how is this to end, Cressy?" he said passionately.

The abstracted look passed, and the slight colour and delicate mobility of her face returned. "To end, dandy boy?" she repeated lazily. "You didn't think of marrying me—did you?"

He blushed, stammered, and said "Yes," albeit with all his past vacillation and his present distrust of her, transparent on his cheek and audible in his voice.

"No, dear," she said quietly, reaching down, untying her little shoe and shaking the dust and pine needles from its recesses, "no! I don't know enough to be a wife to you, just now, and you know it. And I couldn't keep a house fit for you, and you couldn't afford to keep *me* without it. And then it would be all known, and it wouldn't be us two, dear, and our lonely meetings any more. And we couldn't be engaged—that would be too much like me and Seth over again. That's what you mean, dandy

boy—for you're only a dandy boy, you know, and they don't get married to backwood Southern girls who haven't a nigger to bless themselves with since the war! No," she continued, lifting her proud little head so promptly after Ford had recovered from his surprise as to make the ruse of emptying her shoe perfectly palpable, "no, that's what we've both allowed, dear, all along. And now, honey, it's near time for me to go. Tell me something good—before I go. Tell me that you love me as you used to—tell me how you felt that night at the ball when you first knew we loved each other. But stop—kiss me first—there, once more—for keeps."

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Uncle Ben, or "Benjamin Daubigny, Esq." as he was already known in the columns of the "Star," accompanied Miss Cressy McKinstry on her way home after the first display of attention and hospitality since his accession to wealth and position, he remained for some moments in a state of bewildered and smiling idiocy. It was true that their meeting was chance and accidental; it was true that Cressy had accepted his attention with lazy amusement; it was true that she had suddenly and audaciously left him on the borders of the McKinstry woods in a way that might have seemed rude and abrupt to any escort less invincibly good humoured than Uncle Ben, but none of these things marred his fatuous felicity. It is even probable that in his gratuitous belief that his timid attentions had been too marked and impulsive, he attributed Cressy's flight to a maidenly coyness that pleasurably increased his admiration for her and his confidence in himself. In his abstraction of enjoyment and in the gathering darkness he ran against a fir tree very much as he had done while walking with her, and he confusedly apologized to it as he had to her, and by her own appellation. In this way he eventually overran his

trail and found himself unexpectedly and apologetically in the clearing before the school-house.

"Ef this ain't the singlerest thing, miss," he said, and then stopped suddenly. A faint noise in the school-house like the sound of splintered wood attracted his attention. The master was evidently there. If he was alone he would speak to him.

He went to the window, looked in, and in an instant his amiable abstraction left him. He crept softly to the door, tried it, and then putting his powerful shoulder against the panel, forced the lock from its fastenings. He entered the room as Seth Davis, frightened but furious, lifted himself from before the master's desk which he had just broken open. He had barely time to conceal something in his pocket and close the lid again before Uncle Ben approached him.

"What mouut ye be doin' here, Seth Davis?" he asked with the slow deliberation which in that locality meant mischief.

"And what mouut *you* be doin' here, Mister Ben Dabney?" said Seth, resuming his effrontery.

"Well," returned Uncle Ben, planting himself in the aisle before his opponent; "I ain't doin' no sheriff's *posse* business jest now, but I reckon to keep my hand in far enuff to protect other folks' property," he added with a significant glance at the broken lock of the desk.

"Ben Dabney," said Seth in snarling expostulation, "I hain't got no quar'll with ye!"

"Then hand me over whatever you took just now from teacher's desk and we'll talk about that afterwards," said Uncle Ben advancing.

"I tell ye I hain't got no quar'll with ye, Uncle Ben," continued Seth, retreating with a malignant sneer; "and when you talk of protectin' other folks' property, mebbe ye'd better protect *your own*—or what ye'd like to call so—instead of quar'llin' with the man that's helpin' ye. I've got yer the proofs that that sneakin' hound of a Yankee school-

master that Cress McKinstry's hell bent on, and that the old man and old woman are just chuckin' into her arms, is a lyin', black-hearted, hypocritical seducer—"

"Stop!" said Uncle Ben in a voice that made the crazy casement rattle.

He strode towards Seth Davis, no longer with his habitual careful, hesitating step, but with a tread that seemed to shake the whole school-room. A single dominant clutch of his powerful right hand on the young man's breast forced him backwards into the vacant chair of the master. His usually florid face had grown as grey as the twilight; his menacing form in a moment filled the little room and darkened the windows. Then in some inexplicable reaction his figure slightly drooped, he laid one heavy hand tremblingly on the desk, and with the other affected to wipe his mouth after his old embarrassed fashion.

"What's that you were sayin' o' Cressy?" he said huskily.

"Wot everybody says," said the frightened Seth, gaining a cowardly confidence under his adversary's emotion. "Wot every cub that sets yer under his cantin' teachin', and sees 'em together, knows. It's wot you'd hev knowed ef he and Roop Filgee hadn't played ye fer a softy all the time. And while you've bin hangin' round yer fer a flicker of Cressy's gownd as she prances out o' school, he's bin lyin' low and laffin' at ye, and while he's turned Roop over to keep you here, pretendin' to give ye lessons, he's bin gallivantin' round with her and huggin' and kissin' her in barns and in the brush—and now *you* want to quar'll with me."

He stopped, panting for breath, and stared malignantly in the grey face of his hearer. But Uncle Ben only lifted his heavy hand mildly with an awkward gesture of warning, stepped softly in his old cautious hesitating manner to the open door, closed it, and returned gently.

"I reckon ye got in through the winder, didn't ye, Seth?" he said,

with a laboured affectation of unemotional ease, "a kind o' one leg over, and one, two, and then you're in, eh?"

"Never you mind *how* I got in, Ben Dabney," returned Seth, his hostility and insolence increasing with his opponent's evident weakness, "ez long ez I got yer and got, by G—d! what I kem here fer! For whiles all this was goin' on, and whiles the old fool man and old fool woman was swallowin' what they did see and blinkin' at what they didn't, and hugin' themselves that they'd got high-toned kempany fer their darter, that high-toned kempany was playin' *them* too, by G—d! Yes, sir! that high-toned, cantin' school-teacher was keepin' a married woman in 'Frisco, all the while he was here honey-foglin' with Cressy, and I've got the papers yer to prove it." He tapped his breast-pocket with a coarse laugh and thrust his face forward into the grey shadow of his adversary's.

"An' you sorter spotted their bein' in this yer desk and bursted it?" said Uncle Ben, gravely examining the broken lock in the darkness as if it were the most important feature of the incident.

Seth nodded. "You bet your life. I saw him through the winder only this afternoon lookin' over 'em alone, and I reckoned to lay my hands on 'em if I had to bust him or his desk. And I did!" he added with a triumphant chuckle.

"And you did—sure pop!" said Uncle Ben with slow deliberate admiration, passing his heavy hand along the splintered lid. "And you reckon, Seth, that this yer showin' of him up will break off enythin' betwixt him and this yer—this yer Miss—Miss McKinstry?" he continued with laboured formality.

"I reckon ef the old fool McKinstry don't shoot him in his tracks thar'll be white men enough in Injin Springs to ride this high-toned, pizenous hypocrit on a rail outer the settlement!"

"That's so!" said Uncle Ben musingly, after a thoughtful pause, in

which he still seemed to be more occupied with the broken desk than his companion's remark. Then he went on cautiously; "And ez this thing orter be worked mighty fine, Seth, p'r'aps, on the hull, you'd better let me have them papers."

"What! *You*?" snarled Seth, drawing back with a glance of angry suspicion; "not if I know it!"

"Seth," said Uncle Ben, resting his elbows on the desk confidentially, and speaking with painful and heavy deliberation, "when you first interdoosed this yer subject you eluded to my hevin', so to speak, rights o' preemption and interference with this young lady, and that in your opinion I wasn't purtectin' them rights. It 'pears to me that, allowin' that to be gospel truth, them ther papers orter be in *my* possession—you hevin' so to speak no rights to purtect, bein' off the board with this yer young lady, and bein' moved gin'rally by free and independent cussedness. And ez I sed afore, this sort o' thing havin' to be worked mighty fine, and them papers manniperlated with judgment, I reckon, Seth, if you don't object, I'll hev—hev—to trouble you."

Seth started to his feet with a rapid glance at the door, but Uncle Ben had risen again with the same alarming expression of completely filling the darkened school-room, and of shaking the floor beneath him at the slightest movement. Already he fancied he saw Uncle Ben's powerful arm hovering above him ready to descend. It suddenly occurred to him that if he left the execution of his scheme of exposure and vengeance to Uncle Ben, the *onus* of stealing the letters would fall equally upon their possessor. This advantage seemed more probable than the danger of Uncle Ben's weakly yielding them up to the master. In the latter case he, Seth, could still circulate the report of having seen the letters which Uncle Ben had himself stolen in a fit of jealousy—a hypothesis the more readily accepted from the latter's familiar knowledge of the school-house and his presumed ambi-

tious jealousy of Cressy in his present attitude as a man of position. With affected reluctance and hesitation he put his hand to his breast-pocket.

"Of course," he said, "if you're kalkilatin' to take up the quar'll on *your* rights, and ez Cressy ain't anythin' more to me, *you* orter hev the proofs. Only don't trust them into that hound's hands. Once he gets 'em again he'll secure a warrant agin you for stealin'. That'll be his game. I'd show 'em to *her* first—don't ye see?—and I reckon ef she's old Ma'am McKinstry's darter, she'll make it lively for him."

He handed the letters to the looming figure before him. It seemed to become again a yielding mortal, and said in a hesitating voice, "P'raps you'd better make tracks outer this, Seth, and leave me yer to put things to rights and fix up that door and the desk agin to-morrow mornin'. He'd better not know it to onet, and so start a row about bein' broken into."

The proposition seemed to please Seth; he even extended his hand in the darkness. But he met only an irresponsive void. With a slight shrug of his shoulders and a grunting farewell, he felt his way to the door and disappeared. For a few moments it seemed as if Uncle Ben had also deserted the school-house, so profound and quiet was the hush that fell upon it. But as the eye became accustomed to the shadow a greyish bulk appeared to grow out of it over the master's desk and shaped itself into the broad figure of Uncle Ben. Later, when the moon rose and looked in at the window, it saw him as the master had seen him on the first day he had begun his lessons in the school-house, with his face bent forward over the desk and the same look of child-like perplexity and struggle that he had worn at his allotted task. Unheroic, ridiculous, and no doubt blundering and idiotic as then, but still vaguely persistent in his thought, he remained for some moments in this attitude. Then rising and taking advantage of the moonlight that flooded the desk

he set himself to mend the broken lock with a large mechanical clasp-knife he produced from his pocket, and the aid of his workmanlike thumb and finger. Presently he began to whistle softly, at first a little artificially and with relapses of reflective silence. The lock of the desk restored, he secured into position again that part of the door-lock which he had burst off in his entrance. This done, he closed the door gently and once more stepped out into the moonlit clearing. In replacing his knife in his pocket he took out the letters which he had not touched since they were handed to him in the darkness. His first glance at the handwriting caused him to stop. Then still staring at it, he began to move slowly and automatically backwards to the porch. When he reached it he sat down, unfolded the letter, and without attempting to read it, turned its pages over and over with the unfamiliarity of an illiterate man in search of the signature. This when found apparently plunged him again into motionless abstraction. Only once he changed his position to pull up the legs of his trousers, open his knees, and extend the distance between his feet, and then with the unfolded pages carefully laid in the moonlit space thus opened before him, regarded them with dubious speculation. At the end of ten minutes he rose with a sigh of physical and mental relaxation, re-folded the letter, put it in his pocket, and made his way to the town.

When he reached the hotel he turned into the bar-room, and observing that it happened to be comparatively deserted, asked for a glass of whiskey. In response to the bar-keeper's glance of curiosity—as Uncle Ben seldom drank, and then only as a social function with others—he explained:

"I reckon straight whiskey is about ez good ez the next thing for blind chills."

The bar-keeper here interposed that in his larger medical experience he had found the exhibition of ginger in combination with gin attended with

effect, although it was evident that in his business capacity he regarded Uncle Ben, as a drinker, with distrust.

"Ye ain't seen Mr. Ford hanging round yer lately?" continued Uncle Ben with laborious ease.

The bar-keeper, with his eye still scornfully fixed on his customer, but his hands which were engaged in washing his glasses under the counter giving him the air of humorously communicating with a hidden confederate, had not seen the schoolmaster that afternoon.

Uncle Ben turned away and slowly mounted the staircase to the master's room. After a moment's pause on the landing, which must have been painfully obvious to any one who heard his heavy ascent, he gave two timid raps on the door which were equally ridiculous in contrast with his powerful tread. The door was opened promptly by the master.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said shortly. "Come in."

Uncle Ben entered without noticing the somewhat ungracious form of invitation. "It war me," he said, "dropped in, not finding ye down stairs. Let's have a drink."

The master gazed at Uncle Ben who owing to his abstraction had not yet wiped his mouth of the liquor he had imperfectly swallowed, and was in consequence more redolent of whiskey than a confirmed toper. He rang the bell for the desired refreshment with a slightly cynical smile. He was satisfied that his visitor, like many others of humble position, was succumbing to his good fortune.

"I wanted to see ye, Mr. Ford," he began, taking an unproffered chair and depositing his hat after some hesitation outside the door, "in regard to what I onct told ye about my wife in Mizzouri. P'r'aps you disremember?"

"I remember," returned the master resignedly.

"You know it was that arternoon that fool Stacey sent the sheriff and the Harrisons over to McKinsty's barn."

"Go on!" petulantly said the master, who had his own reasons for not caring to recall it.

"It was that arternoon, you know, that you hadn't time to hark to me—hevin' to go off on an engagement," continued Uncle Ben with protracted deliberation, "and——"

"Yes, yes, I remember," interrupted the master exasperatedly, "and really unless you get on faster, I'll have to leave you again."

"It was that arternoon," said Uncle Ben without heeding him, "when I told you I hadn't any idea what had become o' my wife ez I left in Mizzouri."

"Yes," said the master sharply, "and I told you it was your bounden duty to look for her."

"That's so," said Uncle Ben nodding comfortably, "them's your very words; on'y a leetle more strong than that, ef I don't disremember. Well, I reckon I've got an idee!"

The master assumed a sudden expression of interest, but Uncle Ben did not vary his monotonous tone.

"I kem across that idee, so to speak, on the trail. I kem across it in some letters ez was lying wide open in the brush. I picked 'em up and I've got 'em here."

He slowly took the letters from his pocket with one hand, while he dragged the chair on which he was sitting beside the master. But with a quick flash of indignation Mr. Ford rose and extended his hand.

"These are *my* letters, Dabney," he said sternly, "stolen from my desk. Who has dared to do this?"

But Uncle Ben had, as if accidentally, interposed his elbow between the master and Seth's spoils.

"Then it's all right?" he returned deliberately. "I brought 'em here because I thought they might give an idee where my wife was. For them letters is in her own handwrite. You remember ez I told ez how she was a scollard."

The master sat back in his chair white and dumb. Incredible, extraordinary and utterly unlooked for as

was this revelation, he felt instinctively that it was true.

"I couldn't read it myself—ez you know. I didn't keer to ax any one else to read it for me—you kin reckon why, too. And that's why I'm troublin' you to-night, Mr. Ford—ez a friend."

The master with a desperate effort recovered his voice. "It is impossible. The lady who wrote those letters does not bear your name. More than that," he added with hasty irrelevance, "she is so free that she is about to be married, as you might have read. You have made a mistake; the handwriting may be like, but it cannot be really your wife's."

Uncle Ben shook his head slowly. "It's her'n—there's no mistake. When a man, Mr. Ford, hez studied that handwrite—hevin', so to speak, knowed it on'y from the *outside*—from seein' it passin' like between friends—that man's chances o' bein' mistook ain't ez great ez the man's who on'y takes in the sense of the words that might b'long to everybody. And her name not bein' the same ez mine, don't foller. Ef she got a divorce she'd take her old gal's name—the name of her famerly. And that would seem to allow she *did* get a divorce. What mowt she hev called herself when she writ this?"

The master saw his opportunity and rose to it with a chivalrous indignation, that for the moment imposed even upon himself. "I decline to answer that question," he said angrily. "I refuse to allow the name of any woman who honours me with her confidence to be dragged into the infamous outrage that has been committed upon me and common decency. And I shall hold the thief and scoundrel—whoever he may be—answerable to myself in the absence of her natural protector."

Uncle Ben surveyed the hero of these glittering generalities with undisguised admiration. He extended his hand to him gravely.

"Shake! Ef another proof was wantin', Mr. Ford, of that bein' my wife's letter," he said, "that high-toned style of yours would settle it.

For ef thar was one thing she *did* like, it was that sort of po'try. And one reason why her and me didn't get on, and why I skedaddled, was because it wasn't in my line. Et's all in trainin'! On'y a man ez had the Fourth Reader at his fingers' ends could talk like that. Bein' brought up on Dobell—ez is nowhere—it sorter lets me outer you, ez it did outer *her*. But allowin' it ain't the square thing for *you* to mention her name, that wouldn't be nothin' agin' *my* doin' it, and callin' her, well—Lou Price, in a keerless sort o' way, eh?"

"I decline to answer further," replied the master quickly, although his colour had changed at the name. "I decline to say another word on the matter until this mystery is cleared up—until I know who dared to break into my desk and steal my property, and the purpose of this unheard-of outrage. And I demand possession of those letters at once."

Uncle Ben without a word put them in the master's hand, to his slight surprise, and it must be added to his faint discomfiture, nor was it decreased when Uncle Ben added with grave *naïveté* and a patronising pressure of his hand on his shoulder—"In course ez you're taken' it on to yourself, and ez Lou Price aint got no further call on *me*, they orter be yours. Ez to who got 'em outer the desk, I reckon you ain't got no suspicion of any one spyin' round ye—hev ye?"

In an instant the recollection of Seth Davis's face at the window and the corroboration of Rupert's warning flashed across Ford's mind. The hypothesis that Seth had imagined that they were Cressy's letters, and had thrown them down without reading them when he had found out his mistake, seemed natural. For if he had read them he would undoubtedly have kept them to show to Cressy. The complex emotions that had disturbed the master on the discovery of Uncle Ben's relationship to the writer of the letters were resolving themselves into a furious rage at Seth. But before he dared revenge himself he must be first assured that Seth was ignorant of

their contents. He turned to Uncle Ben.

"I have a suspicion, but to make it certain I must ask you for the present to say nothing of this to any one."

Uncle Ben nodded. "And when you hev found out and you're settled in your mind that you kin make *my* mind easy about this yer Lou Price, ez we'll call her, bein' divorced squarely, and bein', so to speak, in the way o' getting married agin, ye might let me know—ez a friend. I reckon I won't trouble you any more to-night—unless you and me takes another sociable drink together in the bar. No? Well, then, good-night." He moved slowly towards the door. With his hand on the lock he added: "Ef yer writin' to her agin, you might say ez how you found *me* lookin' well and comf'able, and hopin' she's enjyin' the same blessin'." So long."

He disappeared, leaving the master in a hopeless collapse of conflicting, and it is to be feared, not very heroic emotions. The situation which had begun so dramatically had become suddenly unromantically ludicrous, without however losing any of its embarrassing quality. He was conscious that he occupied the singular position of being more ridiculous than the husband—whose invincible and complacent simplicity stung him like the most exquisite irony. For an instant he was almost goaded into the fury of declaring that he had broken off from the writer of the letters for ever, but its inconsistency with the chivalrous attitude he had just taken occurred to him in time to prevent him from becoming doubly absurd. His rage with Seth Davis seemed to him the only feeling left that was genuine and rational, and yet now that Uncle Ben had gone even that had a spurious ring. It was necessary for him to lash himself into a fury over the hypothesis that the letters *might* have been Cressy's, and desecrated by that scoundrel's touch. Perhaps he had read them and left them to be picked up by

others. He looked over them carefully to see if their meaning would to the ordinary reader appear obvious and compromising. His eye fell on the first paragraph.

"I should not be quite fair with you, Jack, if I affected to disbelieve in your faith in your love for me and its endurance, but I should be still more unfair if I didn't tell you what I honestly believe, that at your age you are apt to deceive yourself, and without knowing it to deceive others. You confess you have not yet decided upon your career, and you are always looking forward so hopefully, dear Jack, for a change in the future, but you are willing to believe that far more serious things than that will suffer no change in the meantime. If we continued as we were, I who am older than you and have more experience might learn the misery of seeing you change towards *me* as I have changed towards another, and for the same reason. If I were sure I could keep pace with you in your dreams and your ambition, if I were sure that I always knew *what* they were, we might still be happy—but I am not sure, and I dare not again risk my happiness on an uncertainty. In coming to my present resolution I do not look for happiness, but at least I know I shall not suffer disappointment, nor involve others in it. I confess I am growing too old not to feel the value to a woman—a necessity to her in this country—of security in her present and future position. Another can give me that. And although you may call this a selfish view of our relations, I believe that you will soon—if you do not, even as you read this now—feel the justice of it, and thank me for taking it."

With a smile of scorn he tore up the letter, in what he fondly believed was the bitterness of an outraged trustful nature, forgetting that for many weeks he had scarcely thought of its writer, and that he himself in his conduct had already anticipated its truths.

(To be continued.)

GRAY.

EVERY boy who leaves Eton creditably is presented with a copy of the works of Gray, for which everything has been done that the art of printers, bookbinders and photographers can devise. This is one of the most curious instances of the triumphs of genius, for there is hardly a single figure in the gallery of Etonians who is so little characteristic of Eton as Gray. His only poetical utterance about his school is one which is hopelessly alien to the spirit of the place, though the feelings expressed in it are an exquisite summary of those sensations of pathetic interest which any rational man feels at the sight of a great school. And yet, though the attitude of the teacher of youth is professedly and rightly rather that of encouragement than of warning, though he points to the brighter hopes of life rather than brandishes the horrors that infest it, yet the last word that Eton says to her sons is spoken in the language of one to whom elegy was a habitual and deliberate tone.

Gray's was in many ways a melancholy life. His vitality was low, and such happiness as he enjoyed was of a languid kind. Physically and emotionally he was unfit to cope with realities, and this though he never felt the touch of some of the most crushing evils that humanity sustains. He was never poor, he was never despised, he had many devoted friends; but on the other hand he had a wretched and diseased constitution, he suffered from all sorts of prostrating complaints, from imaginary insolences, violent antipathies, and want of sympathy. Fame such as is rarely accorded to men came to him: he was accepted as without doubt the first of living English poets; and he took no kind of pleasure in it. He was horrified to find himself a celebrity; he refused to

be Poet Laureate; he refused honorary degrees; when at Cambridge the young scholars are said to have left their dinners to see him as he passed in the street, it was a sincere pain to him. Cowper counterbalanced his fits of unutterable melancholy by his hours of tranquil serenity over teacups and muffins and warm coal-fires, with the curtains drawn close. Johnson enlivened his boding depression by tyrannizing over an adoring circle. But Gray's only compensations were his friends. Any one who knows Gray's letters to and about his young friend Bonstetten, knows how close and warm it is possible for friendship to be.

No biography is more simple than Gray's. From Eton he passed to Cambridge, which was practically his home for the rest of his life. He went as a young man on a long foreign tour of nearly three years with Horace Walpole, quarrelled, and came back alone, both claiming to have been in the wrong; he travelled in England and Scotland a little; he lived a little in London and a good deal at Stoke Pogis, where he kept a perfect menagerie of aged aunts, and he died somewhat prematurely at the age of fifty. He spent in all more than twenty years at Cambridge—the only event that interrupted his life there being his move from Peterhouse to Pembroke, across the road, in consequence of an offensive practical joke played on him by some undergraduates, who, working on his morbid dread of fire, induced him by their cries to leave the window of his room by means of a rope-ladder, and descend into a tub of water placed ready for this purpose. The authorities at Peterhouse seem to have made no sort of attempt to punish this wanton outrage, or to have been anxious to keep him at their college.

So he lived on at Cambridge, hating

the "silly dirty place", as he calls it. The atmosphere, physical and mental, weighed on his spirits with leaden dullness. In one of his early letters he speaks of it as the land indicated by the prophet, where the ruined houses were full of owls and doleful creatures. He often could not bring himself to go there, and once there; his spirits sank so low that he could not prevail on himself to move. Almost the only part he took in the public life of the place was to write and circulate squibs and lampoons on people and local politics, most of which have fortunately perished; those that remain are coarse and vindictive. Nevertheless he had some true friends there: Mason, his worshipper and biographer, Dr. Brown, the master of Pembroke, in whose arms he died, and several others. He held no office there and did no work for the place, till late in his life the Professorship of Modern History, a mere sinecure, came to him unsolicited. It was his aim throughout to be considered a gentleman who read for his own amusement, and with that curious fastidiousness which was so characteristic of him, he considered it beneath him to receive money for his writings, the copyrights of which he bestowed upon his publisher. Forty pounds for a late edition of his poems is said to be the only money of this kind that he ever handled. But he was, as has been said, well off, at least in his later years. He had a country house at Wanstead which he let, a house in Cornhill, property at Stoke, and, though he sunk some money in a large annuity, he died worth several thousand pounds.

It might be thought that such a life, meagre and solitary as it was, would furnish few details to a biographer, and this is to a certain extent true; but about Gray there is a peculiar atmosphere of attractiveness. He went his own way, thought his own thoughts, and did not concern himself in the least with the ordinary life of people round about him, except

to despise them. This disdainful attitude is always an attractive one. The recluse stimulates curiosity; and when we pass behind the scenes and see the high purity of the life, the wide and deep ideals always floating before such a man, the wonder grows. He lived unconsciously at so high a level that he could not conceive how low and animal lives were possible to men: he owned to no physical impulses; he held that there was no knowledge unworthy of the philosopher, except theology; and over the whole of his existence hung that shadow of doom which lends a pathetic interest to the lives of the meanest of mankind.

When such a man is the author of the most famous poem of pure sentiment in the English language, as well as of smaller pieces by which some readers are fascinated, most impressed, and all of which have enriched the world with one or more eternal phrases, our interest is indefinitely increased, because isolation only ceases to be interesting when it is self-absorbed and self-centred. Gray, on the other hand, suppressed himself so effectually in his writings that he even caused them for some readers to forfeit that personal interest that is so attractive to most. "We are all condemned," he says, "to lonely grief,"—"the tender for another's pain, the unfeeling for his own"; one of the latter could never have written these words.

The deeper that we enter into such a life, the more fascinating it becomes. All his tastes were so natural and yet so high; whatever he sets his hand to ceases to be dull; he had a transfiguring touch; he was moreover such a strange unconscious precursor of modern tastes and fancies, in such things as his self-created taste for architecture and antiquities, which by communicating them to Horace Walpole (for Gray's influence can be surely traced in Horace's artistic development) he succeeded in making fashionable; his dignified preferences in art,

his rapturous devotion to music, especially to Pergolesi and the contemporary Roman School, whose airs he would sit crooning to himself, playing his own accompaniment on the harpsichord in the high unvisited rooms at Pembroke; his penchant for heraldry, his educational theories, his minute and accurate investigations of Nature, as close and loving as Gilbert White's, recording as he does the break of dry clear weather into warm wet winds, the first flight of ladybirds, the first push of crocuses, the first time he heard the redstart's note in the bushes and the thrush fluting about the butts of the old college-gardens, "scattering", as he said in a lovely impromptu line that he made in a walk near Cambridge, "her loose notes in the waste of air." In 1740 he wrote from Florence to a friend:

"To me there hardly appears any medium between a public life and a private one; he who prefers the first must feel himself in a way of being serviceable to the rest of mankind, if he has a mind to be of any consequence among them. Nay, he must not refuse being in a certain degree dependent upon some men who are so already; if he has the good fortune to light on such as will make no ill use of his humility, there is no shame in this. If not, his ambition ought to give place to a reasonable pride, and he should apply to the cultivation of his own mind those abilities which he has not been permitted to use for others' service; such a private happiness (supposing a small competence of fortune) is almost in every one's power, and is the proper enjoyment of age, as the other is the proper employment of youth."

And this was the programme to which Gray settled down. In what vast schemes of study he indulged we do not know; but we do know that he gave five years to a comprehensive survey of Greek literature, taking prose and verse alternately, like bread and cheese; he contemplated and wrote notes for an edition of Strabo; he translated many Greek epigrams into Latin verse, curiously weighing his words for weeks together; he read history exhaustively, with such tenacious accuracy that he could correct in the margin with the everlasting pencil dates and names in a Chinese

dynasty—"a dismal waste of energy and power", sigh his biographers. No, it was no waste, for this was Gray. He wrote no poetry, except a few "autumnal verses" still unidentified. He could not write any. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his delicate essay, blames the age for this; he puts Gray's reticence down to a want of literary sympathy and intellectual stimulus. Had Gray been born with Milton or with Burns, he says, he would have been a different man. We may thankfully doubt it. Gray's nature, Gray's powers of production, would have been far more liable to be crushed into extinction by the consciousness of the existence of a superior artist, fluent and sublime. He would have read and wondered, and thrown aside his pen. The fact that he could strike out better verse and nobler thoughts than his contemporaries, though it did not urge him to prolific production, made him at least not ashamed of work that gained by comparison with the work of all living artists; but a genius on the scene would have elbowed Gray out altogether. To take the very first instance that comes to hand of his fastidious discontent, consider the two exquisite stanzas which he struck out of the *Elegy* for no more adequate reason than that "they made too long a parenthesis".

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets
found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the
ground.
"Him have we seen the green-wood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labours
'done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

Akenside or Mason, Dyer or Armstrong, if they had lit upon any one of these delightful lines, would have made a whole poem in which to set it, and have been well content.

Perhaps his own words best describe the intrinsic characteristics of his writings: "Thoughts that breathe and

words that burn". Gray's thoughts, the elegiac poet's thoughts, are common property, after all; every one has felt them, or something like them; the poet has got, so to speak, to make a formula which shall cover all the vague, blind variations of which every one is conscious. When he has thus made thought live, expression comes next, and here Gray surpasses almost every English poet. The words literally eat their way into memory and imagination; the epithets seize upon the nouns and crown them. Take such a stanza as the one to which Dr. Johnson gave a grudging admiration:

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look
behind?"

Try the effect of substitution or suppression on a stanza like that! Nothing can be spared; the gap if created could not be filled. A good instance of this is in a little poem of Gray's, written on a sheet of paper from which the lower right-hand corner has been unfortunately torn, thus depriving the last three lines of the last stanza of their last words. Both Mason and Mitford tried their hands at restoring the text. Mason's is the best, but they are both hopelessly far away. The lines run thus, Mitford's emendations being given above Mason's.

"Enough to me if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy impart,
And as the pleasing influence flows confest
A sigh of soft reflection heaves the heart."

convey,
is express
dies away.

The only thing of which we feel certain is that neither is near the truth.

It is not only in his poetry that this sure touch is visible. I do not know any more simple or yet more worthy epitaph than the one that he wrote for his mother. "In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful tender mother of

many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." Given the circumstances and, so to speak, the sense, how many people could have produced such an ideal of tender dignity?

It is not within the scope of this paper to make large quotations, but page after page of Gray's letters illustrate this felicitous and apposite handling. In Horace Walpole's quaint diction: "His letters are the best I ever saw, and had more novelty and wit." But besides the perfection of style they have a charming meditative tone, combined with a certain subtle humour running through them which is hardly English. Moreover, Gray wielded to the full the power of allusion. Out of his teeming mind, echoes and memories, images and unsuspected likenesses streamed, encircling all that he thought or wrote. The perfection of classical culture, the departure of which we cannot help deploring, even though it may have been succeeded by a wider and freer sentiment, is seen in him; not only are his quotations exquisite, but there is a forgotten music which haunts his sentences and words, even in the very nicknames with which it was his delight to dub his friends.

I venture to quote the exquisite description of Burnham Beeches, which cannot be too well-known.

"I have at the distance of half a mile through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices, mountains it is true that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff, but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches and other very reverend vegetables, that like most other ancient people are always *dreaming out their old stories to the winds*. At the foot of one of these squats ME (Il Penseroso), and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve, but I think he did not use to read Virgil as I commonly do."

In this letter emerges that fact which at least no one disputes, that Gray discovered and introduced the taste for natural scenery. He was nearly the first to love the hills and woods for themselves. He found out Wordsworth's favourite prospects in the lakes when Wordsworth was a dumb baby; he gazed upon Scotland and the Alps with a reverent awe. It was a time when writers about Nature's loveliness were accustomed to describe her with their back to the study-window, and the only Nature that such men as Shenstone and Bowles revelled in was Nature as they had themselves adapted her. Gray was the first to take her as he found her.

To any one who is familiar with it, the quiet Buckinghamshire country where Gray lived comes to have a peculiar charm. Lower down, nearer the Thames, the land is oppressively flat, but Burnham and Stoke are on higher ground, broken into innumerable little undulations, with copses in the hollows, and little lanes meandering about for no apparent purpose except their own pleasure. It is a gravel soil, and immemorial excavations which indent the surfaces of all the hills and fields give a pleasant character to the whole. The wayfarer is for ever looking down into pits full nearly to the brim of ferns and brambles, elder plants and young ash-suckers; the great bare sweeps of the fields, with the rounded gravel lying thick among the thin vegetation, are broken by little hollows full of ragwort and the brisk hardy bugloss and a dozen other light-soil plants. Of Burnham Beeches itself it is unnecessary to speak. The old wreathed trunks full of gaping mouths and eyes, standing in the green twilight knee-deep in ferns, have a character that no other trees wear, and the breaks of moorland scenery, heathery sweeps dotted with tall fir spinnies, out of which the owls call on summer nights,—all this is true forest, and needs no praise; but the roads and lanes themselves, with the venerable hump-

backed Buckinghamshire cottages, with houseleek and stonecrop on the roof, the moated farms, the parks set with noble cedars, the high-shouldered barns, all these are full of delight. The pedestrian may climb the long slope to Burnham and gaze up its straggling red-brick street, with the quaint cupola of the church (just about to give way before the whirlwind of restoration) topping the red-tiled roofs; he may pass on to Britwell, a house, half-grange, half-farm, with a high modern tower, where Gray used to live with his gouty uncle, a Nimrod *emeritus*, who, too broken to ride out, used to regale himself upon the "comfortable sound and stink" of his hounds by filling the house with them. The elm-girt paddocks and the tall plane-trees must be much as they were then. By Nut Hall, with its close of ancient walnuts, he may pass through East Burnham village, and finally descend upon Stoke itself by West-end House, still nestling in trees, where Gray was petted and coddled by his old aunts till he was too lazy even to go down to Eton, which lay full in view from the brow that spread half a mile below him. The tall chimneys of the manor, the hideous white dome of the park, the church ivy-girt and irregular, the churchyard surrounded by old brick walls on three sides, over which tower the sombre foliage of yews and cedars—all these he may see. The only memorial of Gray, save a tablet, is the one thing which he himself would have loathed. On a rising ground stands a huge cube of stone with marble panels, crowned with a dismal sarcophagus of the kind that suggests a hopeless prisoner for ever trying to force up the lid. This was the best that they could do for Gray! The only other task that has been undertaken in his honour, is the hopeless and irremediable vulgarizing of the quaint and quiet college which he loved so well.

Shelley's letters are said by some to be the best ever written, but I cannot

think that they come near to Gray's. With that independence so characteristic of him, Gray is perhaps the only writer of the time who entirely escapes the Johnsonian contagion. Johnson's style, as written by Johnson himself, has indeed most of the elements of magnificence; unfortunately it is also very useful for concealing the absence of ideas. Gray's English, on the other hand, is pure and stately, and never diffuse; he said what he had to say and was done with it; he never appears to be endeavouring to "get in diction" as so many of the imitators of the Doctor undeniably did. In this respect it resembles Johnson's conversation, and for the art of statement it is hardly possible to say more.

Some slight affectation is traceable in the earliest letters. They are mostly written to his young and brilliant friend, West, by whose premature death literature, we may believe, was a loser. "Take my word and experience upon it," he writes, for example, "doing nothing is a most amusing business, and yet neither something nor nothing give me any pleasure. For this little while past I have been playing at Statius. We yesterday had a game of quoits together. You will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little, pique with him." He means to say that he has been translating him. West replies in the same strain. "I agree with you that you have broke Statius' head, but it is in like manner as Apollo broke Hyacinth's—you have foiled him infinitely at his own weapons."

This is sad posturing, and only excusable in very young and clever men. These letters are, however, fortunately relieved by a short note, in which he is very humanly rude to his tutor.

As a specimen of the early style at its best, I may quote the following, written from Rome in imitation of a classical epistle:

"I am to-day just returned from Alba, a good deal fatigued, for you know the Applan is somewhat tiresome. We dined at Pompey's;

he indeed was gone for a few days to his Tusculan, but by the care of his villicus we made an admirable meal. We had the duggs of a pregnant sow, a peacock, a dish of thrushes, a noble scarus just fresh from the Tyrrhene, and some conchyliæ of the lake with garum sauce. For my part I never eat better at Lucullus' table. We drank half-a-dozen cyathi apiece of ancient Alban to Pholoe's health, and after bathing and playing an hour at ball, we mounted our essedum again, and proceeded up the mount to the temple. The priests there entertained us with an account of a wonderful shower of birds' eggs that had fallen two days before, which had no sooner touched the ground but they were converted into gudgeons; as also that the night past a dreadful voice had been heard out of the Adytum, which spoke Greek during a full half hour, but nobody understood it."

That is nothing short of admirable; it catches the subtle classical flavour, and intermingles it with the later humour of which the Roman mind seemed so singularly destitute.

Among these earlier letters, however, there are charming passages in his natural manner. What could be better than this humorous description of Peterhouse and his life there?

"My motions at present (which you are pleased to ask after) are much like those of a pendulum or oscillatory. I swing from Chapel or Hall home, and from home to Chapel or Hall. All the strange incidents that happen in my journeys and returns I shall be sure to acquaint you with. The most wonderful is that it now rains exceedingly; this has refreshed the prospect, as the way for the most part lies between green fields on either hand terminated with buildings at some distance—castles I presume, and of great antiquity. The roads are very good, being as I presume the work of Julius Cæsar's army, for they still preserve in many places the appearance of a pavement in pretty good repair, and if they were not so near home, might perhaps be as much admired as the Via Appia. There are at present several rivulets to be crossed, and which serve to enliven the view all around; the country is exceeding fruitful in ravens and such black cattle; but not to trouble you with my travels I abruptly conclude."

But perhaps the most striking characteristic throughout the whole series are the extraordinarily felicitous criticisms, and the soundness of the taste which he brought to bear on an author. It is true he made mistakes; he spoke of Collins as a writer that

deserved to live, but that would not; and he, like many other clever men, was carried off his feet by the rage for Ossian. Like other critics he was misled by the accounts of interviews with Macpherson, who appeared to be a dull unintelligent person, incapable of originating or of putting together even such a composition as Fingal; besides, the difficulty of getting solid testimony on the subject seems to have been extreme. Gray's last word on the subject is: "For me, I admire nothing but Fingal, yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of these poems, though inclining to believe them genuine in spite of the world. Whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case is to me alike unaccountable. *Je m'y perds.*" We, nowadays, with all the barbarous treasures of Indian and Scandinavian literatures about us, find it hard to understand how fascinating the opening of such a mine must have been, even when the ore extracted was such thin stuff as Ossian; the old rude primitive world, as simple as Homer, fighting and singing in desolate Northern forests, seems to have been altogether too much even for the discrimination of Gray; his imagination was taken captive; he dreamed of little else; we have several disappointing attempts of his own of this nature, and of Ossian, or rather Macpherson, he writes: "This man in short is the very Dæmon of poetry, or he has lighted on a treasure hid for ages." We may forgive him for having floundered here. Dr. Johnson, whose imagination was not so strong as his common-sense, was the only man not misled.

But Gray on Aristotle, Gray on Froissart is admirable; his pungent criticism on Shaftesbury, too long to quote, is a perfect masterpiece; even his verbal criticisms on the poor stuff with which Mason inundated him, are wonderfully patient and acute. It may be worth while to hear

Gray on other people's elegies. He writes to Mason: "All I can say is, that your elegy must not end with the worst line in it; it is flat, it is prose, whereas that above all ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twist it a little into an apophthegm, stick a flower into it, gild it with a costly expression, let it strike the fancy, the ear or the heart, and I am satisfied." Again he writes, on the nature of elegiac writing: "Nature and sorrow and tenderness are the true genius of such things; poetical ornaments are foreign to the purpose, for they only show that a man is not sorry—and devotion worse, for that teaches him that he ought not to be sorry, which is all the pleasure of the thing."

Yet he could condescend to a little good-natured puffing of his friend's writings. He sends Mason's tragedy, "Caractacus," a tiresome work, to a friend. "You will receive to-morrow 'Caractacus,' piping hot, I hope before any one else has it. Observe it is I that send it, for Mason makes no presents to any one whatever; and moreover you are desired to lend it to nobody, that we may sell the more of them,—for money, not fame, is the declared purpose of all we do. He has had infinite fits of affectation as the hour approached, and is now gone into the country for a week, like a new-married couple."

He mistrusts his powers as a critic: "You know I do not love, much less pique myself on criticism, and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that was ever made upon it." Indeed his diffidence with regard to his own work was profound. This is the first announcement of the completion of the *Elegy*: "I have been here at Stoke a few days, and having put an end to a thing, whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it to you. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it, a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want."

The following contains a pathetic touch; the diffident man's silent hankering after recognition: "I cannot brag of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or my fertility; the days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending. Yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can; winter is the season of harvest to an author."

This is his own account of his powers of composition: "I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question [of composition] is by no means voluntary. It is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say." The great Doctor, whose favourite maxim it was that any one can write at any time who sets himself "doggedly" to it, was profoundly irritated by this. He speaks of Gray's "fantastic" notion that he could not write except at happy moments; a "foppery", he adds, "to which my kindness for a man of learning makes me wish that he had been superior."

Gray was a master of the art of delicate moralizing. I cannot help wondering that more literary apophthegms have not been extracted from his writings. Here is one for example: "I am persuaded that the whole matter is to have always something going forward." And again: "You mistake me, I was always a friend to employment and no foe to money; but they are no friends to each other. Promise me to be always busy, and I will allow you to be rich." Or more solemnly still:

"A life spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings as numerous and real (though not quite of the same sort) as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it, over our own minds, joined to a little

strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return to you so much of this assistance as I have received from you. I can only tell you that one who has far more reason than you I hope will ever have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it, and can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience, and forward too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope and some expectations of a better day."

The last extract is particularly characteristic, and strikes a note which sounds again and again throughout the letters. Gray was so serious. Seriousness unrelieved by humour is tiresome; but Gray, however melancholy he felt, could always retire a few paces and view himself as a spectator, with a smile. It is the truth that we do not really love a man unless we are sure that he is serious; he may amuse us and fascinate us, but he does nothing more. And Gray was never cynical; below his humour and contempt lay a deep regard for the holiness of life, for friendship and loyalty and old-fashioned virtues. Shelley attracts us, but we do not feel sure of him: our respect for Gray grows with every page we turn.

Of his humour it is difficult to give specimens. Isolated from the connection in which they occur they lose half their charm; there is a habitual tone, a point of view, of which extracts can give no idea. But it may perhaps be worth while to give a sentence or two to illustrate his habit of viewing himself. On settling in London he writes: "I am just settled in my new habitation in Southampton Row; and though a solitary and dispirited creature, not ungenial nor wholly unpleasant to myself. I live in the Museum and write volumes of antiquity." That was the sort of life that suited him. Nothing tires him he declares, more than being entertained. "I am come to my resting place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women, that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to

the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketing about from morning to night, are occupations I find that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot."

He does not indulge much in anecdote, nor indeed in witticisms of a direct kind, but when he met with a story that pleased him, he sent it on. The following seems to have taken his fancy as it occurs more than once;—and it may be noted in passing that Gray was never averse to reproducing a letter almost verbally for the benefit of two or three friends: there are several instances of these duplicate letters. "An old Alderman I knew, who after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack-punch and venison) and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last that he owed it to two grapes which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down." Again, when he was told that a certain Dr. Plumptre, a plethoric pluralist, had had his picture painted by Wilson with his family motto below, *Non magna loquimur sed vivimus*—Gray humorously suggests a rendering: "We don't say much, but we hold good livings."

Apart from actual letters, his diaries are always delightful reading; and there is a peculiar freshness about them, because the taste for natural scenery was not then universal. It was impossible that there should be any cant about it then; any one who delighted in it was peculiar in his tastes; and Gray, who practically visited all the English districts where Nature shows herself on a more striking scale, met with little sympathy from his friends who were writing about

her with their back to the window. It is impossible to illustrate this by quotation; but I may perhaps be excused for giving a well-known sentence, into which is concentrated a wealth of sympathetic observation; it suggests lonely evenings, when the winds were blustering round the little college-court or moaning in the tall chimneys of Stoke; for after all it is an indoors-criticism. "Did you never observe (while rocking winds are piping loud) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit."

It was not of course likely that Gray's letters would ever attain a very wide popularity; to appreciate them, they require a rather minute study of a very peculiar character, and a certain familiarity with the leisurely movements of a very uneventful life. And they are moreover touched throughout with a stately refinement, a certain delicacy and remoteness which need almost an initiation to comprehend. In days when stories like "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" run in a few weeks into a circulation of thousands, it is only to be wondered at that such things as these letters get readers at all; for they are high literature, not spiced for a jaded taste, but somewhat austere and solemn—the intimate thoughts of a high-minded man.

Much has been said that is wide of the mark about Grey's religious belief. The fact was that he was a pagan of the grand type. He was not really a Christian, but he had no wish to tilt against orthodoxies and accepted dogmas. The most that can be traced in his writings is a solemn Theism. He recognized the huge inscrutable fate that lay behind the inexplicable fabric of human life and human history, but of the God with men, of the Divine hopes, the consecration of life, the self-abnegation of the Christian, he had no real cognizance.* This, I think, cannot

be doubted. His contemptuous hatred of theology and of creeds is marked ; he had no patience with them ; of worship he knew nothing. It has been said that he would have found a medicine for his unhappiness in wedded love ; he would have found more than a medicine in religion.

The stately pathos of such a life is indisputable. The pale little poet, with greatness written so largely on all his works, with keen, deep eyes, the long aquiline nose, the heavy chin, the thin compressed lips, the halting affected gait, is a figure to be contemplated with serious and loving interest, spoiled for life, as he said, by retirement. How he panted for

strength and serenity ! How far he was from reaching either ! Yet the bitter dignity of his thought, the diffident and fastidious will, are of a finer type than we often meet with. We cannot spare the men of action it is true ; yet the contemplative soul, with the body so pitifully unequal to sustain its agonizing struggle, is an earnest of higher things. In the valley of shadows he walked, and entered the gate without repining. All are equal there ; and the memory that he left, and the characters that he graved on the rock, while they move our pity, stir our wonder too.

ARTHUR BENSON.

BOULANGISM IN ENGLAND: A SPECULATION.

THE English disposition to treat General Boulanger as a charlatan should not blind us to the lessons which his career teaches. Not by any means for the first time is France obliging enough to furnish an object-lesson in political philosophy; and, whatever be the issue of the present attack upon French Parliamentary institutions, it is certain that General Boulanger's proceedings contain much matter for English reflection. England has now before it the spectacle of a man deliberately attempting to overturn a certain system of Parliamentary government; she will be very foolish if she does not ask herself whether an English Boulanger is not only possible but, perhaps, even probable.

Not that an English Boulanger would adopt in detail the methods of his French prototype. Whenever an attack is made upon the English Constitution, it will be a secret not an open assault. No Englishman, however bent he might be upon changing our democracy into some type of democratic imperialism, would dream of demanding a revision of the Constitution in his own favour. To do so would be to array against himself all the feelings for antiquity and for continuity which are so characteristic of the English genius. Our Boulanger will act under constitutional forms and in secret. Like Monk, "he will burn his shirt if he thinks it knows what he has in his mind". To the last he will be a stickler for Parliamentary forms, for he will find in them the most valuable assistants in the work of undermining the Constitution; he will flatter the voters as the embodiment of political wisdom, while he drills the ballot-boxes to express his own mind; he will be lavish of expressions of loyalty to the

Sovereign, while he plants himself securely in the seat of the Mayor of the Palace.

But this sort of thing cannot happen in England. Why not? England has no monopoly of freedom from the ordinary forces which are found in action in certain forms of political life. It is true that we have hitherto enjoyed an immunity from certain phenomena which have been disastrous to the institutions of other countries; but have we any guarantee that this immunity will last? So far from cherishing the peculiarities of our Constitution, we have of late years been engaged in steadily levelling it to an ordinary type of democracy. We have reduced the power of the Sovereign to a shadow. We have destroyed all the exceptional arrangements in our electoral system which prevented the House of Commons from becoming the mouth-piece of a single class of voters, and that class, with all deference be it said, the least gifted with political information. We have steadily impaired the system by which members of the House of Commons acted as the representatives of the nation and not as the delegates of their constituents, and it is now seriously proposed to make the members the paid servants of the voters—an arrangement which at no distant time would destroy the last vestige of Parliamentary independence. While this change has been going on in Parliament, the Executive Government has been made more and more the province of a single individual. In a way which was never contemplated fifty years ago, the Prime Minister, especially when he sits in the Lower House, is the Ministry; while the practice of resignation on an adverse general election makes him the choice neither of the Sovereign nor of Parliament, but of a

plébiscite. The exchange of the ancient constitutional monarchy for a system in which under the guise of a monarchy, a single individual is chosen by a household suffrage to carry out the wishes expressed at a general election, is within the range of practical politics. Nor is history silent upon the probable future of such a democracy. She shows that, roughly speaking, political institutions follow a certain defined orbit, in which absolute monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy succeed one another. So far England has followed the usual course. What next? To democracy succeeds imperial democracy, or, in other words, the community commissions a single individual to carry its will into effect. There is no necessity that the new leader should call himself a Caesar. In Florence it was years before the Medici assumed any title to indicate their actual sovereignty; but, for all that, freedom—active, living freedom—passed away from Florence, and prepared the way for political inanition and consequent disaster.

What may be the exact form in which the English democratic system will be threatened with final extinction it is impossible to say; but it is certain that in General Boulanger we have the type of at least two sources of danger—that from the popularity of a great military leader, and that from the ambition of a great Parliamentary manager. In General Boulanger's case the absurdity of the situation lies in the fact that the present aspirant to Imperialism is neither the one nor the other, but in his imagination he is both. Already he sees in himself the hero of *la revanche*, and it seems to be universally accepted as an axiom that the man who could drive the Germans out of Alsace and Lorraine would be accepted by the French people as Dictator for life.

The danger of handing over our destinies to a successful commander is not the most pressing on this side of the Channel, but as it is a contingency which has

arisen more than once, it is worth while to examine the power of resistance which English institutions possess. The thought of a successful military leader at once brings to mind the names of Cromwell and Wellington. Cromwell, as the representative of the winning army in a civil war, crushed for the time free Parliamentary life, and after his death nothing but disunion in the army itself prevented another of the generals from continuing his system. Neither before nor after his death did Parliament, as the embodiment of civilian opinion, show the slightest ability to hold its own against the wishes of the military. In any similar conflict such will invariably be the case. The celebrated passage in which Burke foretells the growth of Napoleonism in France is just as applicable elsewhere:

“In the weakness of one kind of authority, and in the fluctuation of all, the officers of an army will remain for some time mutinous and full of faction, until some popular general, who understands the art of conciliating the soldiery, and who possesses the true spirit of command, shall draw the eyes of all men upon himself: armies will obey him on his personal account. There is no other way of securing military obedience in this state of things. But the moment in which that event shall happen, the person who really commands the army is your master; the master (that is little) of your king, the master of your whole Republic”.

Cromwell's case, however, is exceptional; that of the Duke of Wellington demands closer attention. It is true that he made no attempt to make himself predominant either as Mayor of the Palace or as a Parliamentary manager; but was he restrained by causes which are likely to recur? Marlborough, as is well known, attempted to secure the position of Captain-General for life; Napoleon overturned the institutions which his genius had saved; and though America furnishes the examples of Washington and Grant, it would be unsafe to rely upon instances of men whose moderation has been too much praised as conspicuous to give any security for its recurrence. Nor do the obstacles

which might have rebuffed Wellington, had he been inclined to emulate the part of Charles Martel, exist now in anything like the strength they did in his day. Then such an aspirant would have found his chief obstacle in the existence of the sovereign; in these days the existence of the sovereign can hardly be regarded as an obstacle at all. Loyalty to the monarch, so far from being a hindrance to a rising Mayor of the Palace, would be an aid, for he could use it most effectively as a stalking-horse behind which his real designs could be concealed. No British Cromwell will ever again begin his career by deposing his sovereign; to do so would be to uncover too rudely the nakedness of his own schemes. There would, however, be no temptation to such an act of folly, for since the time of George the Third the name of ruler and the reality of government have been so effectively divorced that it would be an anachronism to reunite them. None the less might democracy be replaced by Cæsarism under monarchical forms, the Cæsar and the monarch not being the same.

Had Wellington aimed at supreme power while retaining the form of monarchy, he would also have been confronted by the resistance of an aristocracy strong not only in individual influence, but as a class more powerful in Parliament itself than either the masses or any single individual. From such an aristocracy Boulanger has nothing to fear. In France they have changed all that; but would the aristocracy be any more effective in England? In our days the rise of manufacturing wealth, of increased facilities for communication, of the press and of the caucus, have materially weakened the influence of the aristocracy. Such a levelling may be in accord with the spirit of the age, but it certainly tends to render the advance of a Cæsar more easy. Alike in the physical and political world it is the dead

level which is most easily brought under subjection.

Nor would it be only at the close of a war that the democracy would be in danger. The next great international contest will put a tremendous strain upon the English Constitution. No country governed as England is has ever yet waged a great war. The case of the Napoleonic struggle is not to the point, because the government of Great Britain was then to all practical purposes an oligarchy. That of the American civil war is inapplicable, because Lincoln and his Ministers enjoyed "fixity of tenure" for four years, which gave Lincoln's method of "pegging away" a chance of success. In England the Government would neither have fixity of tenure nor would they rest upon the support of a tolerably informed and very resolute class; they would be liable to be sent about their business at any moment by the fluctuating and imperfectly instructed opinion of the masses. Again we should either have a general of the Crimean stamp who would command little enthusiasm, in which case the Ministry would be allowed to muddle on until we were either beaten or escaped disaster by a chapter of accidents, or we should have a really competent commander. A Wellington engaged in a life and death struggle would soon be immensely popular. Ministers would be kept in power to carry out his wishes; members of Parliament would be elected to support him; supplies would be granted at his demand; ordinary party politics would be at a standstill. Can we take it for granted that such an officer would on his return be willing to allow the Ministers to escape from his control? Is it not more likely that he would attempt to retain his influence? He might not in name be even a Minister, but his word would be of more weight than that of any Minister. He would in reality be Director-in-Chief of the politics of

the State. In France it is assumed that such a one would be a real Emperor. Can we flatter ourselves that we are safe here?

But if the case of a Napoleon or a Cromwell obtaining paramount influence appears too remote, have we nothing to fear from the ambition of a successful Parliamentary manager? Of late years politics have been very personal. Great masses of voters are little swayed by ideas. They like names; they tend to create for themselves an Arimanes and an Oromasdes of contemporary politics. Such a state of things constitutes an immense temptation to a popular leader to stimulate rather than to check this tendency towards sinking the success of the cause in the promotion of the individual. Only too easily does his popularity become a species of worship. The most severe self-restraint can alone prevent this worship from assuming dimensions altogether disproportionate to the position of a subject. If full rein is given to the popular tendencies, the whole apparatus of modern life is ready to stimulate the unhealthy cravings of political idolatry. Even if he does not act himself, his supporters are only too eager to act for him. The careful advertisement of his comings and goings, the arrangement of deputations and receptions, and the systematic organization of enthusiasm may all be used, as they are being used by General Boulanger, to bring the personality of the would-be idol into undue prominence. The invention of personal badges, the manufacture and sale of keepsakes, the elaboration of popular titles, ought to be equally reprobated and eschewed. Even more dangerous to freedom is the practice of writing testimonials for candidates at Parliamentary elections, a practice which has become far too common in this country. To say, as General Boulanger has said, "In voting for me, — you are voting for me," is to turn an election into a *plébiscite*; and even in its more innocent form it is a distinct step to-

wards the nomination of Parliamentary candidates by a single individual, which is equally objectionable whether the nomination comes, as formerly, from the Treasury or from the borough-monger, or, as in modern times, from the manipulator of the caucus. All honour, therefore, to such politicians as invariably set their faces against each and all of these stimulants to personal popularity and aids to power; when they are universally adopted the process of demoralization will indeed be rapid.

It is the earlier steps towards Cæsarism which are the most subtle, and, therefore, the most likely to escape detection. The later movements are obvious enough, but more difficult to defeat. When any statesman has once succeeded in surrounding his personal life with the halo of loyalty that ought to be reserved for the Sovereign; when a majority of the House of Commons has been elected not to support a given policy but to vote for him; when he has accustomed the voters to regard his manifestoes as authoritative statements of what they are to take as their creed; there will then be no difficulty in finding compliant colleagues and in making such arrangements as shall secure a tenure of power. Such a man would make sharp work with the House of Lords. Either he would "end it, or mend it" in such a manner as to secure for himself the nomination of a majority of its members. Probably the latter, as it would add another to the sham bulwarks by which the nation would believe that its liberties were maintained. Such a man would have ample opportunity for bribery and corruption, for the House of Commons being composed of his creatures, Parliamentary surveillance would be a farce. The closure will give him the means of reducing Parliamentary debate within the limits of his personal convenience. The mass of the people, careless of theoretical liberty so long as they think that their wishes are being carried into execution, would accept his flattery as sufficient compen-

sation for taking his orders as the guide of their political conduct, and would receive his denunciations of the motives and principles of the minority as conclusive evidence of the necessity of maintaining him in power. Whether Great Britain might not be for a time more powerful abroad and better administered at home under such a system in the hands of an able man than under the present hap-hazard

arrangement, is a matter for speculation ; but those of us who would regard such stagnant security as dearly bought by giving up the independence of Englishmen as individuals, would do well to look around us and see whether we can detect any likelihood of a campaign similar to that of General Boulanger being undertaken with success in this country.

THE POET AS HISTORIAN.

"Of all Writers under the sunne, the Poet is the least lier."

—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A POINT of some importance in literary criticism was raised by an *obiter dictum* of the "Athenæum," occurring in its review of Mr. Browning's last volume. "We are by no means sure," wrote the reviewer, "that poets in creating imaginary characters will in future times continue to think it worth their while to christen them after the characters of history, calling them Thomas à Becket, Mary Stuart, Paracelsus, Sordello, Bernard de Mandeville, and what not. We are by no means sure that they will always consider themselves justified in doing so. They have no doubt the highest authority for this kind of dramatic art—the very highest; but then, as regards Mr. Browning he sets himself to spurning authority in art. As Carlyle has said, the mere facts of history have a special and peculiar preciousness of their own just because they are facts and not poetic fancies about facts." The "Athenæum" concluded that the question was too large and important a one to be discussed there and then. This conclusion was tantalizing, because a thorough consideration of so interesting a point by such an authority would doubtless have been in the highest degree instructive. But there is this consolation. The dictum remains an *obiter dictum*, and there is place for repentance before it is made into a binding decision. Such critical *dicta* need not in general be taken too seriously, but there is undoubtedly something disquieting about these solemn sentences. They are disquieting because they seem to be symptomatic. It really looks as if science were going to break out in a fresh place. The "Athenæum" talks only of the present and the future, and shrinks from condemning Shakespeare.

But if its contention be true, it cannot escape the logical necessity of condemning the past as well. If history be fruit forbidden to the poets of to-day and to-morrow as poets, it cannot but be that the poet Shakespeare also transgressed the law in plucking of this tree. Truly, so far from being the persecuted Cinderella of Mr. Huxley's portrayal, science seems to be a persecuting Bluebeard rather, ever craving fresh victims for that grim closet. Has it indeed come to this, that the poet as well as the romancer is solemnly required to withhold his sacrilegious hand from the sanctuary of history? Must, then, the deeds of the mighty dead lack henceforward the glory of undying verse? Must a wiser world sadly put away its Tennysons and Brownings, and take to its widowed bosom the bulky volumes of the Norman Conquest? If our newly awakened historical conscience is going thus to offend, placing such stumbling-blocks in our spirit's path, one is tempted to think it were better at once to pluck it out and cast it from us, and to enter into life maimed.

It is droll to find Carlyle cited as an authority for this high and dry scientific view, to the sterner sort Carlyle himself being little better than one of the poets. In some other *obiter dicta*, less solemn than the "Athenæum's," Mr. Birrell has had to defend Carlyle from an attack directed upon him from the same scientific quarter. The author of "The Life and Times of Stein" pleaded before the Historical Society of Birmingham (a very suitable forum) for "an organization of history similar to that by which science is maintained in its seriousness and rigour," in order that

history should not live "under the loose democracy of mere literature,"—the democracy of Birmingham being, no doubt, no loose democracy, but a democracy seriously and rigorously organized. The author who had written "Ecce Homo," and who was to write "The Expansion of England," strangely bitter against what he styled "delightful history," condemned at once both Macaulay and Carlyle. Macaulay and Carlyle in the self-same Procrustean bed!—such strange bed-fellows does adversity make acquainted. Well, we may leave Mr. Birrell to defend Clio and the mere literary historians. Assuredly it should be an easier task to defend "Richard the Third" and "Henry the Eighth," or indeed, Mr. Browning's poems, even if it be conceded that the parleyings do not represent with rigid accuracy some people of importance in their day. Does not the very word "defence" smack of impiety? Defend with our puny pens Goethe, Shakespeare, Æschylus! Which way should the advocate look when he met his clients in the court of heaven? With Professor Seeley delighting to honour Professor Mommsen and Bishop Stubbs there can be no quarrel. But with Professor Seeley delighting to dishonour Carlyle, with the "Athenæum" fearing lest Shakespeare impair the special and peculiar preciousness of the mere facts of history, it should, we venture to think, be war to the death.

It is not quite clear whether the solicitude of the "Athenæum" is on the behalf of poetry or of history, but it would hardly contend seriously, one would think, that historical characters and actions are bad material for poetry. It is indeed somewhat difficult to understand how the "Athenæum" would have the poet to proceed. The Shakespeare of the future, it seems (if such there be in the womb of the future) will create an imaginary Henry the Fifth, for example, but he will not think it worth his while to christen his creation after Harry of Monmouth.

Must he go further, and evolve from his poetical consciousness imaginary nations waging an imaginary war, trusting to the same source entirely for manners and customs, dress, weapons, tactics and what not? Or is he at liberty to paint to the best of his poor poet's ability England and France at the end of their hundred years' struggle upon the condition that he does not breathe the syllables England, France, or Agincourt, or profess to portray a feudal society? We cannot but think, as we recall to mind the many great poems dealing with historical names and historical deeds, that, if only stern science will graciously permit, poets may continue to think it worth their while to christen their creations after the characters of history. The roll-call of these poems is the proper and overpowering answer to such a question; the thunder of the great names should be enough to overwhelm the questioner. What, after all, is a theory of the "Athenæum" weighed in the balance with Shakespeare's triumphant practice?

The question remains whether science is to vouchsafe its permission. Alas, that a literary journal—our own familiar friend in which we trusted—should already be found to hint, that the poet ought not any longer in a scientific world to consider himself justified in using his poet's fancy to tamper with the virgin facts. If it had been an open enemy that had done us this dishonour, methinks we could have better borne it. But let us examine a little and see whether the pretender to the exclusive possession of the ground have a title absolutely without flaw. And first of all, where are we to look for these same virgin facts in all their special and peculiar preciousness? It is a matter of melancholy experience that they are not to be had on oath in a Court of Justice. Half-a-dozen sworn eye-witnesses of a common assault will give half-a-dozen narratives of a rich variety. In the case of historical facts,

the only question is, whether we shall have the tampering spirit of the poet or of the chronicler, or of the historian literary or scientific. Go whither we will, we cannot escape this spirit of men. If we climb up into poetry it is there, if we go down to scientific history it is there also : to say nothing of taking the wings of the morning and flying with the "delightful" historians. And of this be sure, it is not all gain to exchange poetic for prosaic fancy. For again let us ask, what precisely is meant by the mere facts of history? Mere antiquarian research, disdaining or suspecting the creative spirit of the imagination, can at best but unearth a skeleton of the living truth, ay, and but a fragment of a skeleton; a blank form of facts, a mere series of such abstract statements as that so and so killed so and so in such a time and place. Everything beyond this, everything which fills the blank form with living reality, everything which gives to historical facts their value and interest, comes of the personalities of the actors, and the nexus of motives, aims, beliefs and principles which go to make up the action. Now these things are beyond the reach of mere research. These things demand the quickening spirit, an effort of ideal reconstruction. This ideal reconstruction—poetic fancy about facts, if the "Athenæum" will have it so—is as essential to the historian as to the poet; and if it be a sin, the historian too, who is worth his salt, must cry, *Peccavi!* The facts of history, when they were not yet history but actual facts, were something very different from the valley of Dry Bones of the scientific historian. They were the meeting points of far-radiating spiritual issues and had boundless spiritual significance. Is it not manifest that no amount of rigorously organized research can be in itself a virtue to breathe again through these bones the breath of life? How much ideal reconstruction of personalities and principles is needful, before any attempt can be made to present the mere

facts of the deed of Charlotte Corday or the execution of Mary Stuart? In what scales shall the scientific investigator weigh the conflicting motives, in what glass shall he catch the cross lights of policy and passion? How long, think you, would it take all the students of the Birmingham Historical Society, however rigorously organized, to construct a catalogue of mere facts which would exhaust the difference, to take examples at random, between the stroke for freedom and a sister's honour of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and the stroke of the Amalekite, not afraid to stretch forth his hand against the Lord's Anointed, who put a merciful end to the anguish of Saul? Is it not clear that a dull soul may be a still more fatal obstacle than a luxuriant imagination even to the attainment of literal accuracy? The truth of the matter is that in the simplest fact of history, in the most seemingly transparent historical character, there is more than the intellect of one man, perhaps more than the combined intellects of all men, can exhaust and interpret. If the world desires to know something of the truth of the hero and his deed, or a nation and its history, it should discourage neither poet nor plodder, but rather encourage men of the most diverse talents to present each such aspect thereof as he has eyes to see or heart to understand. Let the seer utter his vision and the man of science collate his chronicles and decipher his inscriptions; and when we have looked upon this picture and upon that, and have fitted the facts into a thousand theories, we may at length begin to get a glimpse into the real significance of the thing itself. Which of us would entrust his own life and character finally and absolutely to the Historical Society of Birmingham? If the "Athenæum's" reviewer could in another sphere read an account of himself in the pages of future scientific histories, would he not, think you, long and justly long, to figure as the hero of novels and poems; nay, perhaps to be parleyed

with by a future Mr. Browning (as having been himself a person of importance in his day), in order that the meagre outlines might be filled out to something like the fulness of his real spiritual stature? For the most vital part of the historian's task, the dramatic poet has the most essential qualifications even in the realm of mere knowledge. He has the loving insight into human nature and quick communion with the purpose of the ages that can read a character from a gesture, a policy from a stray recorded word.

It was on this that Carlyle was always insisting. The gist of his exhortation was the exact contrary of that which the "Athenæum" suggests. He was for ever saying to the poet and novelist, not "Please, confine yourselves to your own pleasing fictions", but "Why waste your great gifts on unrealities? Use all the faculties God has given you to find and interpret the facts. Give us the real men and the real deeds that have made the world what it is".

It cannot, I am afraid, be denied that poetry has bequeathed to the world many a deluding portrait. But poetry has had no monopoly of error. And even here, I think the advantage is with the poet. He does not hold himself out as an historian in the strict sense. There is no rivalry, and there should be no deception. Poetry frankly offers itself as ideal reconstruction, and can therefore mislead none but the wilfully or culpably blind. Whereas the last historian is always for giving us absolute truth. His predecessor may have been ignorant, careless, or prejudiced; too many, not to mince matters, have palmed off a pack of lies upon a credulous world. But with the rising of this sun the mists of error are to scatter, and we are to have at last "the pure serenity of perfect light". The sagacious reader however does not take the historians nearly so seriously as they take themselves. He knows very well that in their pages he has got

not the very men as they lived and breathed, but the best idea of them that they could piece together from surviving clues. He knows that it is after all Mr. Freeman's "Cnut" or Professor Seeley's Napoleon as much as it is Shakespeare's Richard the Third or Mr. Browning's Paracelsus. But this is due to no warning from the historian; he tenders his narrative as gospel truth; and so sometimes the unwary may be deceived and led astray. That however is Mr. Birrell's business, and not mine. No man in his right senses can be misled by the Wolsey and Cromwell, whom he loves so well in his "Henry the Eighth". These are Shakespeare's Wolsey and Cromwell, and no lesser man's.

But I think we may take higher ground still on behalf of the poets. If Shakespeare's Richard the Third is not the real, he is at any rate an ideal Richard the Third. If the gallery of historical portraits with which poetry has enriched the world be not of a photographic accuracy, they none the less are possessions for ever, more precious than the great work of Thucydides itself. Nay, the mere literary historians too, when they err, at least enrich us with "delightful" histories, which are a joy for the moment if not a possession for ever. The scientific historian perhaps does not often fall; but if he falls, he falls like Lucifer. What historian has given us men and women, whom we could think of taking in exchange for Shakespeare's Coriolanus or Brutus, for Richard the Third or Wolsey, for Cleopatra or Queen Katharine or Constance the mother of Prince Arthur, even if it be that these characters do not commend themselves to the latest historical criticism? Or what accuracy of information about the tactics at Agincourt would we accept in place of a single line like "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers"? Is there not truth here too, ay and the highest kind of truth, the truth of patriotic feeling, the truth of the brotherhood begotten of the common

peril, the truth of true warrior kingship? Poetry is really truer than the literal truth. It is so with all art. I wonder whether the reader remembers a collection of drawings of Prout and Hunt in 1879—80, for which Mr. Ruskin contributed some characteristic notes. About a drawing by Prout of a well at Nuremberg Mr. Ruskin wrote: "All the projecting windows and all the dormers in this square are of wood. But Prout could not stand the inconsistency, and deliberately petrified all the wood. Very naughty of him! I have nothing to say in extenuation of this offence; and, alas! secondly, the houses have, in reality, only three stories, and he has put a fourth on, out of his inner consciousness! I never knew him do such a thing before or since: but the end of it is, that this drawing of Nuremberg is immensely more Nuremberg than the town itself, and a quite glorious piece of mediæval character". Or, since Mr. Ruskin is not precisely a witness to convince the scientific, let us call Thucydides. Admirably scientific as was his method, Thucydides had no slavish superstition about literal accuracy, but, in his celebrated speeches, he too dared to be truer than the literal truth, "to consider principally what might be pertinently said upon every occasion to the points in debate". The actual speakers of *Coreyra* or *Plataea* we may be certain never grasped the whole import of the situation with the grip of the great historian: they never had the philosophic insight with which he endows them. Yet these speeches are the kernel of the history and contain much of its most important truth. Poetry and romance and art distil the very spirit of truth out of the facts. It is to them, after all, that we owe the most vital and fruitful ideas of history. Never in the work-day world was there an historical Age of Chivalry; never on the sinful earth was there an historical Age of Faith. Be sure that

these too are but an "added gleam", a "light that never was on land or sea", that here too we have "the consecration and the poet's dream". The mediæval Catholic Church of devout imaginations is historically as unreal as Arthur's Round Table. But in another sense both Round Table and Mediæval Church were real with the highest kind of reality. Such ideals, and such ideals alone, it is which give any permanent reality to the fleeting generations of men, who, save in so far as they embody them in their lives, are but as the beasts that perish. The real spirit of an age only comes at last to its proper expression in the spirit of its secular poet. Shakespeare is the highest truth of feudal England, as Dante was the truth of Catholic Italy or Homer of heroic Greece. Shakespeare's England is what England had aspired to be, had striven to be, had attained to being in certain moments and in certain men:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England,—"

All honour then to the earnest scientific investigator; but honour likewise to the "delightful historians", to Herodotus and Livy, to Clarendon and Macaulay, to Michelet and Carlyle; and glory in the highest to Shakespeare and the poets. For, as Wordsworth finely said: "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man".

W. P. J.

SEAS AND RIVERS.

AT the present day men are prone to love not Nature, but their own feelings projected upon Nature; they refuse to receive her beauty simply, and rather choose to analyse the impressions which it produces. Those who carry this mental habit to excess contradict her great purpose, which is to lift us out of ourselves to the contemplation of a diviner loveliness. And Nature revenges herself. Rocks and peaks and stony slopes, the cataract and the thunder, mock us with distorted images of our own passions; they echo back the wrath, the envy, the despair with which our own souls are distracted. We become the victims of Nature and of ourselves. Men who assiduously cultivate this extreme sensibility, who receive nothing but what they give, who think of natural objects only as mirrors for their own thoughts, men in fact who claim as their own vesture the wedding garment or the shroud of Nature, learn at the last to love her only because she is a silent listener. She ceases to be their teacher at the moment when they most need her searching lessons. There is no more prolific parent of religious doubt than this self-concentrated morbidity of feeling.

In spite of an introduction which seems to condemn both question and answer, the purport of the following pages is to inquire wherein lies the secret of the different charms which seas and rivers exercise upon mankind. Does it not consist in this that a river is always man's familiar friend, while the sea disdains human companionship?

The sea is a wild creature among the caged, a free spirit among the bound. Men of high intellect, tempestuous character, or stormy passion, may find among the waves a society which

nothing human will replace; and even ordinary mortals are sometimes lifted by gusts of feeling to wind-swept summits where the confused roar of ocean becomes distinct and articulate music. But "Rule Britannia" and patriotism apart, the habitual playmate and fellow of the sea is wild Nature. Man is always an interloper; the sea is Nature's solitary and lone enthusiast.

At sunset the sea, like a loyal servitor, squanders all the treasures of its wine-dark depths upon the obsequies of the dethroned monarch; on the broad bosom of the sea the moon sheds her tears for her secret fault in heaven; no other space than that of the sea is vast enough to be the camping-ground of the starry hosts; to the music of its waves the legions of the winds sweep on in rapid rushing march, in its waters the eagle renews his strength and lustiness, and in them at his hundredth year he perishes. But from man the sea holds haughtily aloof. As it mocks his thirst, so it never craves his sympathy, nor mingles with the trifles of his life. It may accord with, but it never reciprocates, human feelings; man seeks the sea, the sea seeks not man.

The sea is the highway of nations, but for individuals it is pathless. It speaks with the voice not of one man but of countless thousands; its moan resembles not the sob of human anguish, but the muttered cry of great wild beasts, or the sound of the storm as it sweeps through a forest of pines. Even the birds seem to breathe the spirit of their playmate; their note is wild, strange and desolate. We cannot endow the vast solitudes and silent spaces of the sea with human interest; they are too immeasurable for conscious poetising, too wide for formal handling: their effect can only be rendered by those who are absorbed

in the spirit of their pervasive influence. The "many - twinkling smile" with which ocean greets "the sun's uprise majestic" does not beam for us; it may brighten our mirth, but we form no element in its gladness. We play no part in the sullen fury of the sea when it flings itself in reckless rage upon an iron-bound coast; we have no share in its hopeless melancholy as it beats itself upon the beach with the monotonous persistency of despair.

"Man's steps are not upon thy paths, thy fields
Are not a spoil for him : thou dost arise
And shake him from thee !"

Even a long voyage breeds no friendship, though it may foster familiarity, between ourselves and the sea. What a relief it is from the proud solitude of Nature when a sail or a smoke-stack breaks the level sweep of the horizon ! How gladly do seafarers recognise in the clouds some familiar shape which recalls mother earth, or welcome some tired land-bird which, like themselves, is a waif borne by the winds from the wished-for shore !

Even in repose the chief feeling which the sea creates is that of sleeping strength. In the nameless peace of its calm, it is treacherous ; in the power of its storm it is terrible. Its waters are brackish with the salt of human tears ; its surges ring the knell and its foam weaves the shroud of its victims. Life in fishing-villages is grim and sombre in its colour ; the inhabitants are, as it were, pensioners on the fitful moods of an element which has death as well as riches in its gift. It is the chilling thought of this mercilessness which stirs a female poet like Mrs. Hemans to long for the day when, in Scriptural phrase, "there shall be no more sea", and to heap upon the ruthless element indignant epithets as the spoiler of the earth. Even Byron, in his great hymn of praise to the ocean, claims the wrecks as adjuncts of the sea's magnificence. He glorifies the

sea by humbling the earth and man —by contrasting its imperishable, unchanging might with the impotence of finite, mortal man, by opposing the free play of its gigantic will to the fate of earth doomed to be the bond-slave of human destinies. There is the bitterness of exile, but there is also poetic truth in Victor Hugo's treatment of the sea as one of those elemental forces, irresponsible, untamable, without power or will to spare, deaf to entreaty and blind to tears, which wages against mankind an unending war.

It is true that the sea has civilised the earth, and that, even now, with creeks and coves, bays, inlets, and harbours it stoops to play a part in common human life. In these, its gentler moods, it seems to assume the more stable and peaceful nature of the earth to which it ministers. Such was the guise it chiefly wore to the Greeks, when they peopled its untrampled floors and translucent depths with gods and goddesses. On our own southern coasts land-locked waters, veined in varying tints with currents, deeps, and shallows, seem thus to mimic on their smooth surface the soft beauties of the downs, those many-armed inland seas which are the playground of fleecy cloud-shadows as, chased by the wind, they roll round the islands of gorse and pine. But this is not the true province of the sea. Only in boundless wastes of water, which no horizon but its own determines, is it seen in its essential character of mystery and space ; only then does it appear as the ring of inscrutable inexorable fate that encircles the earth,

"The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible."

It is perhaps because the sea thus symbolises the end, rather than the course of life, the bourne towards which the traveller voyages, not the journey itself, that it has in common speech such melancholy associations. If we are hopelessly parted from an

object of love or of ambition, we feel that between us and our desire there floats something as wide and sad and impassable as the sea itself.

A river is, in most of these respects, the exact opposite of the sea. It is the emblem not of an unknown hereafter, but of man's present life. It craves that human sympathy which the sea repels; it proffers love where the other inspires awe. A river is a mirror of human interests, a repository of human secrets, an artery which throbs with the full tide of human activities. The sea with its unfathomable depths, its unrestrained vastness, its careless spread of waters seems to mutiny against conventionality, to protest against all that is merely elegant or pretty. And partly for this very reason, it is the most powerfully emotional, the most strikingly spiritual, of all Nature's marvels. Intercourse with it makes men superstitious and imaginative, because they are in perpetual communion with something outside and unlike themselves. Rivers, on the other hand, enliven fancy, brighten artistic faculties, stimulate powers of perception and association. Who will measure the influence which these accidents of geographical position have exercised upon the characteristics of national genius?

The sea springs into existence in the fulness of its strength without, as it were, any beginning of days. It ebbs and flows in obedience to known, but remote and mysterious, laws of Nature. Rivers grow up among us; their whole course is spent in our midst. From first to last, with hand and foot and eye, we can trace their career, whether Arethusa-like they rise from a couch of snows in some Acroceraunian mountain, or whether their cradle is one of those springs in which all day long dances the cone of sand, as tiny and as merry as a fairy page, that is the presiding genius of their birth. And as rivers thus pass from sportive infancy to the strength of youth and the sobriety of years, so they wax and

wane in obedience to the same laws which make the blossom bloom and fade, the fruit swell and shrivel, the grass shoot forth and wither. A river is the friend of every age and of all the world. It babbles to the infant, chatters to the child, sighs with the lover, whispers soft and low to the aged. All creatures make their way to the spring. It attracts to itself all that is green and fresh and fair; it is the fountain of youth and life. No work is too great for the river to undertake, no trifle too mean to command her service. Servant and goddess in one, she can, woman-like, perform the highest, and adorn the humblest task. On the one side a river bore the signal for the noblest struggle for liberty that the world has ever witnessed when Tirol rose in arms against the foreign invader; on the other, with what a rippling laugh and supple grace does Undine throw herself into the arms of the waterwheel, and bribe the dull drudge to be her playfellow.

We have ceased to personify the human attributes of rivers, or weave them into graceful myths. With their introspective habits of mind, modern writers have been more struck with the general epitome which rivers present of human life, than with the characteristics of our nature which they reproduce in detail. The allegory which is thus conveyed has been so variously interpreted and so constantly applied, that it has become a commonplace of language from which we turn with an impatient gesture. And yet how closely are rivers drawn to humanity when they are thus regarded!

The brook that dances down the mountain side is too swift, too egotistical to heed the objects on its banks. Exulting in its growing strength, eager to play its part with the great streams which flash like silver bows in the plain below, it murmurs fretfully against every obstacle. Then, when the romance of its early course is ended, with what a miser's clutch it grasps what it once despised, with

what wistful eagerness does it reflect every picture which colours the monotony of its level banks. Yet it is water running apace. It cannot carry with it on its onward course any single image however treasured; the object which each drop makes its own with such loving solicitude, slips from its grasp and becomes the property of its successor. As the stream swirls and eddies round the piers of a bridge, it seems to seek some nook or ledge or cranny in which to rest and take a lingering farewell of the green riband upon the distant hill-side. But the unreturning waters glide ever onwards; its course has begun; it cannot pause or stay. And now, as the murmur of the ocean sounds louder and more distinct, and as the music of the tides setting towards eternity falls more clearly on the ear, the tired stream

creeps sluggishly along, cherishing to its travel-stained breast some sprig of mountain heather. The clear bright brook which laid bare every secret of its pebbly bed, the half-grown stream that still bore the sky and clouds in its pure bosom, has become a dark turbid river that no eye can fathom. Yet it has done man's work. It has cleansed and purified great cities; and like the human soul, infinite in its spiritual capacity and able in remote recesses to contain the better world, so the river is never so impure that it cannot picture the firmament above. Over its mud-stained depths, as well as over its bright shallows, floats heaven itself. In the ocean which it fast approaches it will be cleansed of all its filth and slime.

R. E. PROTHERO.

JOE GRIFFITH.

It is strange how solemn a sweetness the associations of childhood and early youth have for men's minds; how they will cling to an ancient observance, or a bygone manner of speech, and how the friends whom they loved at that time of innocency are never spoken of, be they unworthy or long since dead, without a, "Well, well—poor fellow!" and a sigh, very genuine and heartfelt. Their names, too, will call up memories, nay, whole scenes, as certain odours and sounds bring back many things freshly to the mind, that might else have slumbered forgotten.

See yonder portrait that hangs above the old *secrétaire*—that of the child with his little bare neck, hugging up a bright-eyed terrier on his knees. The scent of crushed rose-leaves even now carries me back to the old-fashioned fragrant room where the picture was painted, and to that time when my soul was the soul of the bright-eyed child, when these wrinkled jaws were round and lusty, and these lean hands dimpled. I keep the picture there, where I see it as I write, and look at it with compassion, ay, with tears. It is I, and yet not I; it is connected with me by memories known to no other; yet it is as if that little child died yet innocent of the world, and a part of his spirit were merged in mine to keep it sweetened of gross thoughts, and to call it back to better things when it wandered, by the touch of that pristine beauty and simpleness.

A certain deep note of a clock, not, as I think, now often heard, strikes in me the sound of the eight-day time-piece on the landing at my grandfather's house, that aroused me on many a bright summer morning, when I would run to the casement and lean

my head amongst the dewy white roses and so dress quickly and out on to the downs, where the larks rose up on every side, as I scampered like a young colt, and my heart sang with them.

There is a tune too, a little simple thing ('tis a Farewell to the Piano, or some such name) that I have often heard *her* play very sweetly and sadly, and indeed 'twas the last thing that ever she touched before she went where, as I then thought and still think, the angels could have but little to teach her, whether of music or of virtue. And although indeed this lady was never my wife, for she died when I was scarce more than a boy, yet that little sad melody ever conjures up in me a picture of a white-robed fair creature at a square tinkling piano, and the summer air blows through the window on her and the boy, who draws in every note, every movement, as an inspiration.

Bah! it is winter! Open windows, forsooth! The very thought makes me fancy that admonitory twinge between the shoulders; yet see—yonder, wandering down the snowy paths—foolish children! I will open the casement and summon them,—but no! let them gather their rosebuds while they may, as saith Mr. Herrick, even though 'twere in the snow.

So long have I circled round that on which I am to write as one wanders round a house which by a hidden attraction draws him ever nearer, while yet he fears to enter. There is one, the best friend man ever had, dear from old association and long friendship, who only in these late few months is become but a memory. Poor old Joe Griffith! One cannot but call him poor, in the view of his lonely life and hard struggle with fate! and yet 'tis the epithet perhaps that

he would least have affected, for I never knew man who (to be so tender-hearted) was so full of pride and independence. We were lads at school together, where those juveniles, with the inconsiderateness of youth, would dub him "old Gory", and "the Grif-fin", from his readiness to discover insults, and his fierceness in resenting them, whether for himself or for one he loved.

He has sat by my side through play-hours, bathing the head that himself caused to ache by a straight blow between the eyes, dealt (very justly) when he caught me at beating a puppy; and though he, for the most part, had a grievance, whether fancied or real, of his own, yet this did not hinder his eyes filling and his lean purse emptying (which is perhaps more rare) when he chanced to hear some moving tale of distress.

Griffith's relations—he had but few, and they of distant kinship—were poor, and he on the foundation, as 'twas called. His powers were very high, so that with little labour he kept a good position, and indeed attained in time to be head boy; yet a slight or a reprimand would so oppress and distemper him that for days his power for work seemed gone, but of a sudden it returned, and he would be as a giant among us. I, that was always dull and of slow apprehension, ever retained for him something of the respect that such schoolboy feats were wont to inspire.

Joe was once caned. With hoarse voice and eyes, crab-like, starting from his head, he sought me to bid a solemn farewell. Such indignity was by no means to be borne; he scorned to bandy words with his executioner, but he was about to quit for ever the abode of tyranny, to enlist—the yellow-haired boy, being then scarce five feet high—and his place should know him no more. And had not his master (fiery old Tranter, of the bitten nails, or rather no nails) been led to send him a sort of apology for a measure which was in truth over-hasty and unjust, I

much doubt whether our entreaties would have prevailed with this young rebel.

If you knew Griffith you have heard him speak of Doris, but would scarce imagine from such, as it were indifferent, mention that he loved this lady with a very lofty and, as I think, enduring passion. For he never again sought to marry, when she, petulant at some irritableness or jealousy, and not perhaps of depth to discern the true heart within this husky shell, quarrelled with her lover, who was of too proud a temper to seek a reconciliation, and yet went the rest of his days with an added shade of mourning to the gloomy cast of his nature.

Doris is now a grandmother; yet 'twas but yesterday that I discovered in a drawer—along with a lock of his mother's hair and a piece of the silk gown she wore, the letters he learned at her knee and some blades of grass plucked from her grave—a relic of love as pure, and doomed to a fate yet more sad. 'Twas a paper, retained perhaps by accident or stealth, yellowed with time, and stained with a flower that had once been fragrant, and in a fine hand these words were traced: "Can Corydon doubt the faith of his Doris? At noon to-morrow, by the red hawthorn, he may have an answer to such base suspicions."

Ay, 'twas always noted in Griffith that he loved the neighbourhood of a hawthorn tree, and would say that of all perfumes 'twas the most sweet in the world. He had too a most tender feeling for all women, though he would often cynically rail at their foibles and weaknesses. This rare tenderness of nature was seldom shown but in his writings, which made some say these were very different from the man, and yet in truth they *were* the man far more than that side that he had turned to the world, unless sometimes in his dealings with children, who loved him and he them.

"The Governor" and "Queen Mab" (so he nicknamed my two) liked nothing so well as a walk with Mr.

Griffith, who, with a hand held by each and his stick under his arm or frightfully brandished by my heir, would amble gravely along the crowded thoroughfares, attentive to their chatter and mindful of their pleasure.

Yet this man had at the time of his death scarce a friend left but myself with whom, I have sometimes thought, 'twas more easy for him to refrain from quarrelling, since I too was poor, and could be of little or no service to him. With publishers, editors, patrons, with friends who would willingly help him, but perhaps were incautious in attempting it, this sensitiveness and fierceness of temper oftentimes made a breach unavoidable; and though it was, in very fact, a "quarrelling with bread and butter", yet no thought of profit or advantage ever weighed in the slightest degree with this singular character, nor would make him humble himself nor submit to any kind of assumption. So it came about that in his last years he was yet poorer and more alone than ever before, for he made but little by his books—though there were some, and I was one, who thought him to have a very pretty conceit, with much tenderness and playful humour; yet, as I say, they had no great sale, and the newspaper men were somewhat unwilling to employ one who had so wide-spread a reputation for surliness.

With my young ones (now, alas! children no longer) he was always the same, bringing them often presents far above his means, as we knew and yet dared not remonstrate; helping the lad with his Greek and the girl

with her Italian, full of quaint information and sometimes of racy anecdotes. 'Twas but a few days before he died, as we remembered after, smiling and sighing at once, that he took a part in a little charade with so much spirit and wit, as I had not seen in him since we were boys together, so that all the room, taken by surprise, burst into one echoing laugh and tempest of applause.

He was found one evening leaning back in his chair as though he rested, his paper filled, his quill beside it; but he was dead and his face was happy. 'Twas well for him, and what I know he wished, that his end should be sudden and painless and his task done.

"But what," saith the reader perchance, "have we to do with this man—this hack, this literary drudge, of whom no one has even heard? True, we love to hear of the great and wise, whose most private history it is fitting to know, but of a Joe Griffith—such men are born by the thousand and drag out their wretched existence, and we neither know more of them, nor wish to know."

Ay, but sweet reader—most courteous reader—what, if under this presentment and pseudonym of "Joe Griffith" I but figured and shadowed forth, as it were, some greater luminary, who, little known perhaps in his life, hath, now he is departed, begun to receive ungracious recognition? What, I say, if this were so? Would he in that case find with you some slight favour or interest?

M. A. B.

THE SCOTTISH HORACE WALPOLE.¹

THE hero of these entertaining volumes has been placed in some danger of illustrating after a curious fashion Bentley's maxim, that no man was ever written down save by himself. No doubt they make good his claim to the title Sir Walter Scott gave him, of the Scottish Horace Walpole; but they do not so clearly exhibit him as that pattern of chivalry and kindness which his friends claim him also to have been. There is a letter in this collection which exactly illustrates the difficulty a mere reader must experience in understanding such a character as Sharpe's. When Robert Chambers was busy with his "Traditions of Edinburgh" Sharpe supplied him with many scraps from those chronicles of old-world scandal which he had amassed with as much industry as most men are apt to give to the serious business of life. Among other things he had furnished some stories of Lady Lovat, widow of the notorious Simon Fraser, which, as one may suppose, had not presented that old lady in the most agreeable light. This brought Chambers into trouble. An ancient gentlewoman descended on him in wrath to vindicate her great-aunt's memory, whom she represented as a perfect paragon of amiability and politeness. Chambers accordingly published this other side of the case in the next instalment of his book, but before doing so wrote to let Sharpe know what had happened. He should account, he said, for its inconsistency with what he had already printed by pointing out that the former anecdotes expressed only a

stranger's external view of the old lady's character, while the new ones came from her own relations who had experienced her kindest offices and seen her of course in the best light. "I will not," he told Sharpe, "bate a word of what you gave me for all the Miss E——s in spinsterdom—I like it too well!" But he would give the other side of the story as well, and so leave her ladyship's character a little ambiguous. And this, he went on, would be quite fair, for Sir Walter Scott had told him once, in allusion to this very matter, that those old Scotch ladies had a very bitter *rind* which repelled strangers, while their *kernels* were tolerable enough, and that was what their friends tasted of them.

There is certainly a good deal of Sharpe's *rind* to be found in this correspondence. We are told that it was his way to express himself most sarcastically and contemptuously about persons and things which he most highly prized. This is very well, and his friends knew doubtless how to supply the necessary interpretation; but there is nothing to guide the stranger in this discriminating office. After reading the Oxford edition of Burnet's "History of My Own Times", in which the suppressed passages were first restored to the text, he says that he gives the bishop greater credit for veracity than he had hitherto done, "because he abuses his own friends very freely". Are we then to assume that Sharpe, when most bitter, is speaking most truth; or is this only another illustration of "pretty Fanny's way"? When still a lad at Christ Church he writes thus about Scott, with whom he had already begun a correspondence.

"The Border Minstrel paid me a visit some time since on his way to town, and I

¹ "Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's Correspondence", edited by Alexander Allardyce, with a Memoir by the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford. In two volumes: William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1888.

very courteously invited him to breakfast. He is dreadfully lame, and much too *poetical*. He spouts without mercy, and pays compliments so high-flown that my self-conceit though a tolerable good shot, could not even wing one of them; but he told me that he intended to present me with the new edition of his book, and I found some comfort in that. He also invited me to his cottage in Scotland; and I promised him a visit with the same sincerity I practise in the affair of Mr. Yorkston's dinners. I do think that a little fib of this kind is a very venial sin; only, when the ice is once broken, people very often sink with a vengeance."

After Scott's death Lockhart wrote to Sharpe asking him for some account of the origin of their acquaintance, and especially of the impression the great man had made on him when they first met. It is to be presumed that Sharpe found some other impression than this for Scott's biographer.

The interesting memoir furnished by Mr. Bedford, Sharpe's nephew and executor, contains the report of another conversation with Scott, on the subject of Byron and his poetry, which still further illustrates Sharpe, and on more than one side. He had been finding fault with the humour of "Don Juan" and with "Beppo" for its vulgarity, and was surprised to find Scott disagreeing with him. Nor could they come together even over Byron's prose, which, strange to say, Scott did not seem to think bad, being even of opinion that the author of "Childe Harold" might have been also the author of the *Adventures of a Greek* (that is, of Hope's "Anastatius," which was very commonly set to Byron's credit on its first appearance). This strange critical blindness was, however, attributed to Scott's bad memory, as his general kindness for Byron was attributed to the silver vase which the latter had given to him. That last touch is eminently characteristic; no one but Sharpe would have hinted such a suspicion of Walter Scott. But perhaps this is only another instance of his "humorous dispraise" of the people he esteemed, like his comment on Scott's memory, perhaps after Porson's and

Macaulay's, or we might indeed say with theirs, the most wonderful ever owned by man.

Both of Byron and Shelley Sharpe had but a poor opinion. To the latter, who was his contemporary at Oxford, he does indeed allow some smatterings of genius. "Talking of books", he writes to a friend from Christ Church,

"we have lately had a literary Sun shine forth upon us here, before whom our former luminaries must hide their diminished heads—a Mr. Shelley, of University College, who lives upon arsenic, aquafortis, half-an-hour's sleep in the night, and is desperately in love with the memory of Margaret Nicholson. He hath published what he terms the *Posthumous Poems*, printed for the benefit of Mr. Peter Finnerty, which, I am grieved to say, though stuffed full of treason is extremely dull; but the author is a great genius, and if he be not clapped up in Bedlam or hanged, will certainly prove one of the sweetest swans on the tuneful margin of the Cherwell . . . Shelley's style is much like that of Moore burlesqued; for Frank is a very foul-mouthed fellow, and Charlotte, one of the most impudent brides that I ever met with in a book. Our Apollo next came out with a prose pamphlet in praise of atheism, which I have not yet seen, and then appeared a monstrous romance in one volume, called *St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian*. Here is another pearl of price! All the heroes are confirmed robbers and causeless murderers, while the heroines glide *en chemise* through the streets of Geneva, tap at the palazzo doors of their sweethearts, and on being denied admittance, leave no cards, but run home to their warm beds and kill themselves."

Many years later he writes to some nameless friend, addressed as "St. John of Jerusalem": "I send you the 'Cenci' written by that wicked wretch, Shelley, and well written. I remember him at Oxford, mad—bad—and trying to persuade people that he lived on arsenic and aquafortis". It is curious to find an invitation to a ball begged from a lady for this "wicked wretch", on the ground that he is "a very gentlemanly person and dances quadrilles eternally".

But poor Byron comes off even worse than Shelley. He is as mad and as bad (so the author of "Glenarvon" found him) and cannot even write. We have seen that his prose is vile, "Beppo"

vulgar, and the humour of "Don Juan" tedious; but better still remains behind. "Your curious bundle of ballads", he writes to Scott, "have given me more delight than anything I have puzzled out for a long while; and have restored my poetic stomach to its wonted tone after the nausea I endured on perusing the filthy, blackguard last cantos of 'Don Juan.'" "Don Juan" is certainly not a delicate work, but Sharpe's literary stomach must have grown singularly weak with years. Nothing Byron ever wrote (at least that has been printed) can match for filthiness with many passages in Sharpe's own letters from Oxford to his mother and sister. Mr. Allardyce pleads that Sharpe is on the whole no worse than his contemporaries, though his "affectation of archaism" may make him seem so. Be it far from us to dispute Mr. Allardyce's judgment, whose researches into the domestic annals of the past give him every title to form one: we can only say that for our own part we have never met elsewhere in the familiar correspondence of that time such bald brutalities as Sharpe permits himself to use to the female members of his own family. Mr. Allardyce says that it has been found necessary to omit only very few passages: to judge by what has been left, what has been taken must be startling indeed. In short, Sharpe seems to have been much of the same opinion with Mrs. Crewe, who, when warned by him that Aphra Behn's novels were not fit reading for ladies, made answer, "O, I don't mind that, genius is of no sex, you know".

There is another curious allusion to Byron in these letters, though not from Sharpe's pen. One of his correspondents was Keppel Craven, son of that clever, queer Lady Elizabeth Craven, whose second marriage had made her Margravine of Anspach. In 1810, Craven, then just come of age, set out on his travels, in the course of which he found himself often in the track of "Childe Harold",—which the Margravine, by the way, was taught by

Sharpe to find intolerable. In those parts Byron's report seems to have been something other than poetical. From Smyrna Craven writes: "I have heard much of him since I am come to these regions, and could tell you a secret which is not one wherever he has been, but shall wait till we meet, and in the meantime shall only observe that as he is not very popular among the Englishmen that were here and in Greece at the same time with him, I think it very lucky that he is such a good shot, as that will keep their tongues in order". If this secret was ever divulged to Sharpe, he had the grace to keep it to himself, for we may suppose it to have been one of no very good flavour. It is to be noticed that his low opinion of Byron did not prevent him from addressing a letter to that bad man and poet couched in the most fervent strains of adulation: "Being an humble admirer like all the rest of the world of your great poetical powers, stupendous in this age of 'Forcible Feebles', I must presume, concealed by many a Scottish mist . . . no poet, my Lord, has ever described the pangs of the human mind as well as you have done" &c., &c. The "presumption" consisted in suggesting the life and death of Charles the First as a good poetical subject, especially with regard to his remorse for Strafford's fate, "and particularly appropriate to the lyre of a descendant from the brother of the first Lord Byron": "with such a subject, and such powers as you possess, what may we not expect?" In the same letter he has a hit at Malcolm Laing's "History of Scotland", whose virulence against the house of Stuart is, he says, so personal and fresh, "that one could almost suppose him to be Charles's executioner condemned to the fate of the Wandering Jew". Sharpe was of course a staunch Jacobite, as became a descendant of the Laird of Lag, and something of a sentimental one, to boot; we find him, for instance, remonstrating with Scott for a not very delicate anecdote that the latter

had told him of Queen Mary, and assuring him that the heroine must have been "King William's Queen Mary when she was hereabouts with her father the Duke".

Mr. Bedford assures us that Sharpe's caustic side was reserved for "the shams of a world that had not treated him over kindly". There may be more of course in his story than meets the eye, but there is really nothing in these volumes to show that Sharpe had any grievance against the world. He came of a good old Border stock, and his residence at Christ Church, together with his own witty tongue and pen, brought him to the notice of many of both sexes able and willing to make life pleasant for him. He seems never to have been seriously pinched for money, and, in short, so far as a stranger can tell, to have led through life the way suggested by his own tastes and disposition. It is true that he failed to get his tragedy acted, a portentous thing wherein six characters spout eighteen hundred lines of the blankest verse through five acts; but on the other hand a little volume of ballads he published in his twenty-eighth year was praised quite up to its deserts. It is true that when his friends, on the death of Raeburn, made interest to get him appointed "King's Limner", the place was given to Wilkie; but that can hardly have been a very serious or unexpected blow. Nor can he have been much surprised that his few ventures in literature were not very remunerative, especially as, like Walpole before him, he affected to write only "as a gentleman," without any care for money, though this did not prevent him either from importuning Scott to puff his books in the "Quarterly Review", or, when money was wanted, trying to procure it from the publishers. The most important of his works was his edition of Kirkton's "Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland", which he received in manuscript from his friend Surtees, the historian of Durham, and which

luckily proved to be more trustworthy than some of that ingenious antiquary's discoveries. Sharpe's notes are often curious and interesting, and he added a valuable appendix in the shape of the most authentic narrative we have of Archbishop Sharp's murder, written by James Russell, one of the murderers, which also includes an account of the affair at Drumclog and the subsequent attempt of the Covenanters on Glasgow. But it is clear that Sharpe, though he had certainly amassed a most extraordinary quantity of strange learning, lacked the capacity to turn it to any profitable account; he seems to have had neither the taste nor the power for any systematic work. In short, he has very happily described himself in his criticism on a printer named Webster who had published some little piece of antiquity. "I think", writes Sharpe, "that he has found some really curious things in the Kirk-Session Records; but if he had been bred a cook, he could never have made good turtle-soup, for his arrangements, &c., are *naught*". A great part of Sharpe's learning was also like his arrangements, *naught*. Again like Walpole he seems always, to borrow Macaulay's stricture on the master of Strawberry Hill, to have been drawn by some strange attraction from the great to the little and from the useful to the odd. But Macaulay adds that Walpole with all his follies and vanities, his shallow pretensions to learning and taste, his ridiculous attempts at criticism on literature and the fine arts, possessed in an extraordinary degree the art of writing what people will like to read. This art, except in his letters, Sharpe certainly did not possess. "Dull, but very curious", he calls an old romance he had printed for the Bannatyne Club, and this description would serve for most of the things he busied himself with. The subjects on which he bestowed his editorial pains were not in themselves attractive, nor, with the exception of Kirkton, of any real importance.

In one instance, however, he did turn his pen to his country's service. The municipal projects for the improvement of Edinburgh, which were of course to consist mainly in wantonly effacing the old historic features of the good town, moved him to righteous wrath; and his letters thereon to the papers, as well as his more active exertions, aided by the weighty influence of Scott, seem to have borne fruit. Whether he would have been more successful in original composition it is hard to say. Scott thought highly of his drawings, and he certainly had a happy touch with his pencil, in the graceful as well as the grotesque; his portraits of the Margravine and of Lady Gwydyr are as delightful in their way as his dancing Queen Elizabeth is in hers. But Scott adds to his encomium this significant comment: "Strange that his finger-ends can describe so well what he cannot bring out clearly and firmly in words". He made some progress with a life of Claverhouse, but threw the subject up in despair on the appearance of "Old Mortality" and gave what he had written to Mark Napier, who embodied it in his own volumes. Among those violent and confused pages Sharpe's fragment stands out in favourable light; but it is a fragment only, being in effect little more than a rough digest of his researches so far as they had gone.

As to his taste in literature and the fine arts generally, it seems to have been, like Walpole's, more curious than sure. He tells one of his correspondents that for two-and-thirty years he and Scott never differed in their thoughts about any literary composition; but we have seen that they differed very considerably about Byron, and there are some other subjects about which we suspect they would also have been found to differ. "Paradise Lost", for example, is "a heap of blasphemy and obscenity", though it is allowed to have poetical beauties; but then Milton was a Whig, and consequently an Atheist, and his poem was composed

"to apologize for the Devil", whom Sharpe agrees with Dr. Johnson in calling the first Whig on record. Fairfax's translation of Tasso is prettier than the original. Pope,—and here to be sure the critic will have many of our modern wits with him,—"runs all in couplets, and is now to me like a weak cup of tea with too much sugar in it." Fielding and Richardson are more courteously treated, "Clarissa" being specially commended as "a perfect compendium of worldly wisdom"; but Smollett, though some saving graces are allowed in "Humphrey Clinker", is only a caricaturist, with nothing but vulgar, dirty humour to recommend him. Kneller was a great painter, because he "always made people look like ladies and gentlemen", which Lely could never do, and *far less Sir Joshua*,—the italics are our own. Poor Sir Walter fared still worse; when living he got compliments enough from his fastidious friend, but after death the tone took a change. His harmless romances, we are told, "not harmless however as to bad English, contain *nothing*"; pictures of manners that never were, are, or will be, besides ten thousand blunders as to chronology, costume, &c. &c., which must mislead the million who admire such captivating comfits". He finds "Nicholas Nickleby" very amusing, and thinks the author "worth an hundred Sir W. Scotts, because he paints (extravagantly) *real* manners; Sir Walter what never was, is, or will be". Yet "Nicholas Nickleby" is but a caricature of human nature after all; "a woeful falling off from Richardson and Fielding, with no probability, and what must die in a few years". "Barnaby Rudge" is damned with yet fainter praise, the author being specially rebuked for the "ridicule cast on good breeding and common-sense in the character of Mr. Chester, who is the only gentleman and sane person in the whole history". Rachel has a good voice, though much less good than Mrs. Siddons's, but an ungraceful and

often vulgar action ; and Jenny Lind's "highest note is a downright squall" though she is allowed to sing "very prettily" and have an excellent "shake". Of Mrs. Siddons in private life there is a terrible picture coloured in Sharpe's darkest tints. He had met her at dinner at Walter Scott's house in Castle Street, and was horrified to see "Belvidera guzzle boiled beef and mustard, swill streams of porter, cram up her nose with handfuls of snuff, and laugh till she made the room shake again". The process of disenchantment from these theatric spells has often been described before, but surely never with such cruel straightforwardness ! It is only fair to Sharpe to quote a prettier passage from the same letter, an account of a visit to the ruins of Linlithgow. "There was one little circumstance", he says, "respecting Linlithgow which struck me much. Tho' the sun was shining bright on the green fields, on the lake by the castle, and on the ruin itself, yet in the roofless chamber where Queen Marie was born lay a wreath of snow ! How emblematic of her miserable fortunes !"

Sharpe seems to have been fond of music, and there are some amusing stories of the performers and performances of the day. We find Lady Gwydyr writing to him about a version of the "Lady of the Lake" which Ebers was bringing out at the Italian Opera House in the Haymarket.

"I was wonderfully busy in assisting Ebers to bring out 'La Donna del Lago'. All your hints I had treasured up since Sir Walter was so kind as to confer with me on the subject, were brought forth ; but ignorance and conceit united are too much to contend with. Mme. Vestris, as Malcolm, positively refused to wear hose because they cut up her figure, so she came forth with long legs, looking like a forlorn young Norval ; but her bonnet, made under my orders, and adorned by eagles' feathers, which I gave her, had a beautiful effect, with a bit of laurel. Porto refused to sing in a brown mantle and white satin hose. So he was indulged with a full suit of my tartan. The kilt he tied almost round his neck, which had an odd effect ; but upon the whole the opera had a great run—targets, badges, brooches, horns, were all attended to."

And here is an amusing account from his own pen of a concert he had heard in Edinburgh, and the memories it evoked.

"You did me a very great favour by giving me the concert ticket, as I found ample space for my lameness, and heard one very beautiful duet of Marcello, an old composer, out of fashion in my time, when only Handel and Correlli, with now and then Purcell, kept their places, in spite of Haydn, Pleyel, and a long list of flimsier musicians. I never heard anything of Marcello before, and was enchanted. Then Miss Birch sang 'Let the bright Seraphim' very well, only her voice is too weak for that delightful composition. She has a very good close shake, which all the singers I hear now, Grisi among the rest, want ; and to my antiquated ears, most songs without a good shake are like beef without mustard. I once heard Mara sing 'The bright Seraphim', and what a voice !—but then the trumpet was naught, and spoilt all, so this performance was more pleasing. Talking of Mara, who was the best singer I ever heard, I remember an anecdote about her when I first went to Oxford, amusing enough. She used to come from London to sing in the music-room, but always sulky (when I heard her), sitting down whenever she could, and tossing up her nose, a very ugly one, in great disdain. The reason of this was, that one evening, at a former time, she had to sing the famous 'Horse and his Rider' by Handel, the recitative of which begins, 'And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand'. Now madam, who was supposed to use cordials to *keep up her spirits*, in place of 'took a timbrel' sang 'took a tumbler', which set the whole room a-laughing. Down she sat ; then there was a hiss—then she wept : but she was forced to finish the song, and revenged herself afterwards by the saucy airs I mentioned, and composing an epigram, of which the last line proves that whatever ear she had for music, she had none for poetry :

'Oxford no more,—let Cowford be your name,
For breeding up such calves, to your eternal shame'.

The music-room here is surely ill-constructed as to the orchestra, which is a box to confine sound : it should be expanded. But nothing confined the creaking harmony of the shoes belonging to the *musicians* with wands, which made me shake to retain laughter, like an old ass as I am—it was so truly Athenian. Then there was the eternal Sir Thomas, flying about in his bristles, like an ill-painted picture of Moses coming down from the Mount : Sir Adam Hay nodding time to the music ; and a fat woman nodding another way, with a start every now and then at a bad note."

So far, we say, as a stranger can tell, the world treated Sharpe well enough,

more civilly indeed than he treated the world, as shown in these letters. The solitariness of his life seems to have been dictated only by his own choice. On his father's death in 1813, his mother left the ancestral, and apparently rather gloomy, halls of Hoddam Castle, on the banks of the Annan in Dumfriesshire, for Edinburgh, and there Sharpe, who was certainly a devoted son, made his home for the rest of his life (which closed in 1851), first with her in Princes' Street, and afterwards in Drummond Place. Out of Edinburgh he seems rarely if ever to have moved, though at times his fancy prompted him to make his home at Oxford, for which, despitefully as he had written of it in his silly youth, he always, like most of her sons, retained a peculiar fondness. His friends would have welcomed him gladly either as a visitor or travelling companion, but he seems to have refused all invitations,—even Abbotsford could not tempt him. His health seems to have broken early, to judge from a melancholy account he gives of himself in his forty-third year, and he was haunted with the dread of being found troublesome: "I suspect", we find him writing to Sir Walter, "that if I were to visit as my friends ask me, I should soon not have one left,—nay, I am quite certain of it from some experience". This was considerate; but he must have been in a bad way indeed to resist such an offer as this: "I want you to quit your painters and spare me a week or two at Abbotsford this fine weather. You shall have your own room and breakfast at your own hour. I will neither walk you nor talk you when you are disposed to sit still or be silent, and you have a large book room and plenty of queer reading". Travelling he seems always to have detested, and his early journeys, from Hoddam to Oxford and occasionally to London, were the limit of his experiences of it. One of his early letters explains his views on this score with all his wonted animation.

"It is now, let me see, good thirteen years since my mind was made up concerning tours to the Highlands or Lowlands—by sea, or through the air in a balloon—that they are the most nauseous, miserable, comfortless amusements in nature. What can people cooped up in a cage or barrel, or straddling and jumbling together on horse-back, do but quarrel? The very motion shakes up all the sentiment of ill-nature or peevishness in the soul, and every jolt of the carriage or stumble of the beast makes the cork of prudence fly out of the bottle, and your vinegar spirt upon one another's faces. Take Job, that Hebrew wonder, mount him upon a horse or ass, and clap patient Grizzel upon a pillion behind him; or, if you please, put them both into a gig or tandem, or any other carriage mentioned on those tiresome boards with which toll-gates are adorned, and send them off on a jaunt to Melrose, Loch Catrine, St. Andrews, or the Falls of Clyde. You would find, perhaps, ere they had got half-way, Job overturned, and sitting once more upon a dunghill cursing himself, his wife, and all the world, but particularly Grizzel; while she—the jumbling having converted all her milk of human kindness into butter-milk or Corstorphine cream—returns flash for flash, and raves against her evil stars for having coupled her for ever so brief a period with such a rude, awkward, ill-tongued, ungovernable, ridiculous, ugly, old, bloody-minded rascal".

So he lived on in Edinburgh, a strange figure in dress of prehistoric cut and colour, making his house a very lumber-room of antiquity, and painfully etching his queer pictures, and penning his long letters to the old friends who had not died or forgotten him, and to the new ones whom his reputation as a wit and virtuoso, or, it may be, as his biographer says, some more endearing qualities, had made for him. His fondness for letter-writing had received a severe shock, when Lady Charlotte Bury published, in that book¹ which Thackeray made such wicked fun of, his early letters to her from Oxford, "silly impertinent" letters, he calls them, and moreover made still worse, as he always declared, by her alterations. If the

¹ "A Diary of the Times of George the Fourth," 1838. It must be added that Sharpe has been allowed an ample, though late revenge. One of his marginal notes on this book, printed by Mr. Bedford, asserts its author to have been the heroine of Mat Lewis's "Monk"!

dead are in a position to concern themselves with the literature of the living, we do not feel sure that he would regard the present publication with perfect equanimity. The editors profess to have been more desirous of exhibiting him as a man of letters and a critic than as "the mere *dilettante* correspondent of idle seekers of ephemeral rumour"; we have seen how he looks in the former light, but it must be owned that he is not invisible in the latter. "Strange," wrote Sir Walter in his journal, "that a man should be curious after scandal of centuries old!", though he added this significant comment, that "Charles loves it fresh and fresh also". However, none of it can do harm to any one now, and much of it is certainly amusing enough, besides really adding some living touches to those pictures of the past most of us are fond at some time of trying to compose. What a queer notion, for example, do we get of the manners of Scottish society in the latter half of the last century from his note to Robert Chambers on a chapter in the "Traditions of Edinburgh". "My father, who knew these young gentlewomen well, told me that the first time he ever saw the Duchess of Gordon, she was riding astride upon a sow in the High Street, and Lady Wallace thumping it on with a stick". Elsewhere, in a letter to Sir Walter, we find Sharpe writing that he can remember some "now very fine Scotch ladies who used to scud about without stockings when they were past fifteen". We learn, too, that the female appetite for the horrors of the law-courts is by no means a growth of the present age: in 1823, Lady Gwydyr writes to tell him that two of her friends had been to hear the trial of Thurtell for the murder of Weare, and had taken their little girls with them! It seems, moreover, that Sharpe himself was not exempt from these frailties. There is a letter from one Robert Seton in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh offering him and Scott the share of a window from which to watch the exe-

cution of the murderer Burke; but that the offer was accepted, there is no showing. Then we get a glimpse of another trial where the sensation was at least of a more decent kind, the trial for malversation from which Lord Melville was acquitted in 1806, the very year in which "the monster Fox" died. "I went three days to Melville's trial", Sharpe writes to his mother from Oxford in June.

"The first was taken up, as the newspapers would tell you, by Whitbread's speech, who declaimed in a velvet coat, a bag, and laced ruffles. You would have laughed had you seen the sedulous care with which his friends gave him sips of wine-and-water to wet his whistle, and clouts for his mouth and nose. I thought his speech very clear, but in a miserable bad taste; and so abusive that Lord Melville smiled very frequently. That monster Fox was there, covered with a gray cloak,—in which, I suppose, Mrs. Armstead formerly walked the streets,—his sallow cheeks hanging down to his paunch, and his scowling eyes turned sometimes on Mr. Whitbread, sometimes on the rows of pretty peeresses, who sat eating sandwiches from silk indispensables, and putting themselves in proper attitudes to astonish the representatives of the Commons of England occupying the opposite benches."

To such an uncompromising Tory as Sharpe, Fox was of course a monster of most hateful mien. Nevertheless he allows some merit to the history of James the Second, especially for its style, and cannot help regretting that "he spent that time in making forgotten (or nearly forgotten) speeches in Parliament, which would have been so much more usefully employed in perpetuating the purest idioms of his native language". He is surprised, he adds, to find how much Fox admired the Duke of Monmouth, "who was a bad son, a worse husband, *no father at all*, and a fool". But the white-washing freaks of biographers were always an amusement to him, and we find him writing a few years later to his friend Lord Gower: "to what discoveries biographical may we not in time arrive, when the lapse of a few years hath shown us Richard the Third unhumped and bloodless, Monmouth wise, Lord Argyll great, and

John Knox a courtly fine gentleman!"

But the most notable figure that these volumes bring before us, and the one which will really give Sharpe such interest as he may be found to have for the present generation, is the figure of Sir Walter Scott. There are upwards of fifty letters from him, the most of which are now for the first time printed,—a rare treasure indeed for any book in these days!—and many delightful and characteristic touches do they enable us to add to our knowledge of that great man. Here, for instance, is a whimsical picture of Abbotsford.

"I have persuaded myself that you will find yourself quite at home in my new Flibbertigibbet of a house, because it will suit none but an antiquary. One gable-end is surmounted by a cross from the old church at Loudoun, another by the Scottish thistle which frowned over one of the windows of the Tolbooth; so I stand *pro aris et focis* between the emblems of the kirk and the country. Then I have got a cleugh (which I call a glen). Item, the butt-end of a Roman camp covered with broom, the rest untraceable. Item, three Roman roads, two of them in bad order. Item, a pair of Roman forceps, by the vulgar called tongs, sorely damaged with rust. Item, Rob Roy's *sporrán* or purse, which no one can find the means of opening."

And here we have it again from another point of view.

"Abbotsford—time, seven o'clock—Without, six drowned dogs, ponies, and pages,—voices of Charles and Walter going to the muirs. I hope they take an engine of the Humane Society with them. My bailiff, with a chin of uncommon length, come to say the corn is all laid, my gardener knitting a noose to hang himself, the bark on which I reckon for 50*l.* drowned, and will be presently reputed not worth ten. And all this I am exchanging for the quiet of Auld Reekie, where you could shut out a rainy day, and only guessed it by the umbrellas that passed the window. I don't know how it will answer. But we stick ourselves into queer situations."

At one time we find him excusing a short letter on the plea that his eyes are weak, "having ridden through Yarrow and Moffat dales to Drumlanrig in a blue bonnet with never a brim to it"; at another we catch a glimpse of his son Walter, "come from

sketching in Kent—black as the devil, except a large pair of light grey eyes".

We hear but little of the novels, or indeed of any of his works. He was more wont to write to his friends on their business than on his own. Of his misfortunes there is not a trace. Indeed one of the very few allusions to himself is contained in these few lines: "I am thinking of quitting the Court of Session if the economy of Ministers will leave me enough to live upon. I was yesterday sixty, no great age, but I have been pretty hard worked. One of the greatest losses I shall have is not seeing you". In the same letter, the last but one Sharpe was to receive from him, occurs a passage concerning "Kenilworth", which we shall transcribe for the benefit of Canon Jackson, who has been so scandalized with the libels on blameless men to be found in that wicked perversion of history.

"A thousand thanks for the illustrations of Kenilworth. I have only to fear they have come too late, for we stereotype far in advance of publication to secure punctuality. But whether I can avail myself of them or not at this impression, I will certainly do so on the next occasion that offers. My present illustrations are taken from Ashmole's Berkshire, where I see that Tony Foster, whom I have made a sullen Puritan clown, is described, on tombstone at least, as a scholar, musician, and gay man. But to lie like a tombstone is as good a proverb as to lie like a bulletin, and good folks will think I have done him a favour, who have left him his grim and solid vice of murder, without charging him with any of those peccadilloes which are the small change of vice, dicing, drinking and playing at cards. So *transeat cum cæteris erroribus*".

It is curious to find Scott, of all men, accused of dilatoriness in his work. Mrs. Smollett, Sharpe's aunt, writes to tell him that she hears the press has been stopped in the printing of "Rokeby" because no more manuscript was forthcoming: "It is curious", adds the old lady, "his being so dilatory". When we remember Lockhart's account of the circumstances in which the poem was composed, with carpenters hammering and children prattling all round the author's desk, one wonders rather

that it was ever brought to an end at all.

The mention of this poem reminds us of a most singular instance of two wits jumping alike, neither of whom can well be called great. Every reader of Lockhart's book will remember Scott's delightful story of his encountering, on the way to Rokeby, in the person of a grave medical practitioner in some small country town, one John Lundie whom he had formerly known as a blacksmith and horse-doctor in the neighbourhood of Ashestiel. "But John," he asked in amazement, "do you never happen to kill any of your patients?" "Kill? Ou ay, may be sae! Whiles they die, and whiles no; but it's the will o' Providence. *Onyhow, your honour, it wad be long before it makes up for Flodden!*" This same jest was anticipated nearly two centuries earlier by no less a person than Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, the notorious persecutor of the Covenanters, so many of whose offences have been laid on the shoulders of Claverhouse. Sir Robert sent one of his sons to practise as an apothecary in Carlisle, dismissing him with these words: "God speed ye! Ye'll revenge the fecht at Flodden!"¹ It would be interesting to

Lag was, as has been said, one of Sharpe's ancestors, and this story is told by his descendant in some manuscript notes to a volume of letters from Lag and Andrew Crosbie, the Jacobite Provost of Dumfries, another ancestor.

know whether John was knowingly repeating an old Border jest, or whistling on his own wits.

It was to Sharpe that Sir Walter addressed one of the last and most touching of his letters, the one written from Abbotsford just before starting on that fruitless journey to the Mediterranean. Often as it has been read, none will refuse to read it once more.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—I pray you to honour with your acceptance the last number of Mr. Harding's 'Illustrious Persons.' My best thanks to you for the genealogy, which completes a curious subject. I am just setting off for the Mediterranean, a singular instance of a change of luck; for I have no sooner put my damaged fortune into as good a condition as I could desire, than my health, which till now has been excellent, has failed so utterly in point of strength, that while it will not allow me to amuse myself by travelling, neither will it permit me to stay at home. I should like to have shaken hands with you, as there are few I regret so much to part with. But it will not be. I will keep my eyes dry if possible, and therefore content myself with bidding you a long, perhaps an eternal farewell. But I may find my way home again improved, as a Dutch skipper from a whale fishery. I am only happy that I am like to see Malta. Always yours, well or ill,

"WALTER SCOTT."

This letter is Sharpe's best epitaph. The man, of whom Sir Walter Scott could take his last leave in such words, must have been something more and better than these volumes are, in truth, able to show us.

ON THE MARCH FOR MARATHON.

IN the days of Pericles, or thereabouts, a certain philosopher of the Peripatetic school made a pet of a goose, and the goose followed him wherever he went. Whether he sat at home or walked to and fro along the banks of the trickling Ilissus, deeply engrossed in philosophical musings or in disputations with his disciples, he was always attended by his goose. If it be true that a man is known by the company he keeps, it is a pity that Aristophanes did not make something out of this wise man and his inseparable associate.

There is a similar suspicion of the irony of Fate in the constant and stentorian braying of the many asses which live and work in modern Athens. Of course an ass of the East is a very different animal from the unhappy creature which exists in the teeth of endless ridicule and oppression in old England. It is by no means aware of its inferiority to any other inhabitant of the earth, and there is even a tincture of naughty conceit in the way in which it will stretch forth its head, expand its nostrils, and, with tail almost stiffly horizontal, sound blast after blast fit to crack the ears of a stranger. Nevertheless it is a mere ass; and it was by one of these full-lunged Athenian asses that I was awake early on a certain Easter Saturday. But for this particular bray I should never have seen Marathon. Therefore, I am grateful to the ass.

A new railway running through Attica in a north-easterly direction some twelve miles on the way to Marathon was to be opened that day. I determined that it should be due to no weak-kneed scruples if I did not contrive to walk the twenty-five miles representing the double distance be-

tween Cephisia and Marathon, and be in Athens again in the evening, in time for the midnight festivities of the city preliminary to the dawn of Easter.

Hurrying through the streets of Athens that morning, one saw glad signs that the rigid fast of *Sarakosté* (Lent) was all but at an end. Early as it was, flocks of bleating sheep and lambs were huddled together in the sideways and corners, under the charge of shepherds of the old school, with kerchiefed heads, bare legs, great crooks, and long knives in their girdles. And shrewd Athenian householders were already at this or that lamb, testing its weight and qualities, or huckstering about its price, in preparation for the evening. On the morrow, all the back streets north of the Acropolis will be redolent of roast meat, and young Athenian boys and girls will be seen hastening in joyous troops from the public bakeries with the crisp joints or baked pies of the Paschal feast.

Other signs of the times were to be observed. During the night new proclamations had been pasted upon the walls of the public buildings of the city. "Awake, Athenians! be men! Shall the Turkish beasts be permitted to despoil your country of her own? Have no fear of the Great Powers. They mean us no evil. It is a demonstration—a show-off: nothing more. But if, perchance, these bullies of the West should attempt to coerce the descendants of Themistocles, Leonidas, and the rest, then arm yourselves, O Greeks, remember your forefathers, and let Heaven arbitrate between us!" Such was the style of these flatulent manifestoes; and they were being perused in proud silence by knots of gaping children, Greek gen-

tlemen in frock coats and tall hats, martial Albanians in short white skirts (starched stiffly from their bodies) and large shoes with turned-up toes, and husbandmen from the suburbs in blue blouses and breeches, who had come into the city with their arms full of lettuces and radishes.

"Soldiers! soldiers!" shouted a dark-eyed child, breaking from the throng. In that instant, a bugle sounded, and a troop of young recruits, the latest levy, was seen marching across the street towards the new railway-station.

"Yes—they are going to Marathon, on their way to the frontier, noble fellows, to shed their blood for their country!" remarked a bystander, with flashing eyes; and the warriors were watched until they were out of sight, with many a sigh and hum of tender admiration. A few minutes later, and I was struggling in the midst of these noisy young soldiers for a place at the ticket-office, in the middle of the road whence the new railway made its start.

The weather was not at all ideal Greek weather. Heavy rain-clouds brooded over the mountains which fence the fertile plain of Athens: from Hymettus towards the south to Parnes in the north, and the farther we left the Acropolis and dusky Salamis behind us, the gloomier was the outlook. But it would certainly make walking the easier. And the reddish soil of the vineyards through which we sped looked dry and thirsty enough for the absorption of all the rain the clouds could pour down. Yet, even in spite of the sunlessness, there was a charm about the country that cheered one's heart like a spiritual cordial. No one can soon forget Greece who sees it in spring, when its vineyards, grain-fields, and olive-orchards are scarlet with mighty poppies, and its asphodels, many-coloured anemones, and countless other flowers, star the plains in all directions.

The first station, Heracleon, was typical of the others. It was a neat

little building, gabled and tiled, with a pretty flower-garden not unlike those of England where it is the master's pride and pleasure to enamel in geraniums and calceolarias the name of his small dwelling-place. And at each station the dapper guard in new uniform left the new train and shook hands heartily with the local representative of the company, who himself wore an excited face and clothes that knew neither crease nor blemish. Throughout the journey, moreover, the warriors bound for Marathon sang songs with a rhythm of which the erratic rises and falls of sound again and again defeated all expectation. Notwithstanding the dulness of the weather, therefore, our progress was festive. Estimating a man by the cost of his ticket, the train carried about seven hundred drachmas' (a drachma was then valued rather under eightpence) worth of passengers: so said the guard in a moment of confidence, and it did not seem a bad beginning.

One more faint scream from our small engine and we were at Cephisia. The line goes no further at present, though some day it will doubtless be carried on to Marathon, with a junction for Thebes and Thermopylae.

A very charming spot is this Cephisia! Its wine is still famous, and as a country resort it has held the esteem of Athens for centuries. Sheltered under a grove of prodigious plane-trees, its gay villas, Byzantine rather than classical, flash purple and crimson and yellow through the green foliage; each of them standing in a garden where oranges and lemons, figs and grapes, ripen side by side with pears and other fruits of the north. Clear cold water flows down its shaded streets from one of the sources of the Cephissus which springs from the rock within a few minutes' walk of the village, and runs through Athens towards the sea. "Nymphs of Cephisian streams," sang Pindar. Nowadays, alas, the only nymphs of the stream are the brawny and mahogany-coloured washerwomen who beat the clothes.

with its big pebbles, and inspire little or no poetry.

"Respected sir," said the affable guard of the train, when I asked him to give me the bearings of Marathon from the railway-station, "it is a long way without a horse. The road is rough. For two hours there is hardly any road at all, and the country has few people. Suppose you lose yourself, what then?" This proposition seemed so piquant that he called to the station-master, and echoed his "What then?" On prudential grounds, both the officials were strongly against the walk.

But they were not to have it all their own way. A sturdy peasant in jack-boots, passing by, put in his oar, "For Marathon? so am I;" and with a nod of agreement our compact of comradeship was settled off-hand. He was a heavy-browed man of muscular build, with a countenance which the hardships of existence had marked without mercy; and he was weighted with vexatious burdens of different kinds. But though on acquaintance he proved to be as dull-witted as one might expect from the conditions of an agriculturist's life in Greece, he had good qualities like the best of us. I offered to relieve him of some of his load, but he would not hear of it. The things were his, why should I be troubled with them? Besides, he was used to carrying weights; did not his bent back show that sufficiently? And the poor fellow slapped his shoulder to point his words.

Without more ado, we twain then walked into the village and to the first of the coffee-houses. Here I drank my friend's health in coffee, and with sober politeness he retorted upon me with the customary Easter salutation, "A good resurrection to you."

Similar interchanges of courtesies were going on in another part of the room, where a band of the soldiers were hobnobbing with certain of their friends who had bivouacked in Cephisia during the night. They were drinking raki, while the swart innkeeper, his

wife, and a boy were hastily chopping up lettuces and onions, and mixing them with olives and oil and vinegar for a grand salad. A Greek salad is one of the few gastronomical pleasures of life in Greece during *Sarakosté*. Snails are another of these Lenten luxuries. A guest was enjoying a plateful of the latter dainties. He picked them from their speckled shells with a bent pin, and ate so fast that the empty shells clattering upon the ground made incessant noise. Snails and salad, with half a pint of native wine, compose a meal perfect in the eyes of a frugal Greek. To a stranger the snails are not inviting, but still, eaten stoically, they are at least tolerable, and with a white sauce they may even be termed palatable. Of the *resinata*, or native wine, something ought also to be said. At the outset it is as bad as an average bottle of physic; but habit makes it, like the snails, endurable. Its name gives the key to its peculiarity. One might as well drink a decoction of turpentine, so strong is the resinous taste and so feeble the flavour of the grape. The truth is that the Greeks infuse the cones of the fir-trees in their wine-vats, the better to preserve their wines. However, this *resinata* has the recommendation of being medicinal; a dyspeptic, for instance, is said to be sure of a cure if he persist in it for some weeks.

But it is time for us to proceed, especially as there is a break in the sky, and the sun of Greece, even in April, is not to be faced for hours at a time with impunity.

Mount Pentelicus is joined to the yet higher range of Parnes by an upland ridge for the most part of naked rock, from the herbs and flowers of which the bees take their honey to Hymettus. On the southern side of the ridge is Cephisia, on the northern is Marathon. Our route therefore was one of gradual ascent for about three hours, with the peak of Pentelicus, now clear from clouds, immediately on the right hand, and the plain of

Attica, an appalling purple black to the eye, stretching far and wide below us on the left hand. For miles no house was visible in the plain. It presented a gloomy expanse of scrub, occasionally broken with big stones and stunted fir-trees. Streams there were none to be seen; though clefts in the red or pebbly earth betokened that in the rainy season the plain has a superfluity of water.

My guide tried to excuse the desolate appearance of his country. "It is not so poor," he said. "See the lentisk all about? Well, they get the raki from that, and the raki is a fine spirit. From the firs, too, we get much resin. Then there are the flowers everywhere; you can't go anywhere without seeing them! And what should we do for honey if we had not got the flowers? And you say there are few houses—well, that is true, but see yonder [and he pointed to a square white blot in the woods at the foot of Parnes], that is a fine house. It is a barrack, and there are hundreds of soldiers there. And at Stamata, where I live, on the way to Marathon, there are many remarkable buildings; while as for Marathon, it is a large city. It has one hundred and fifty habitations, and its land is very good. I remember when it was not safe for a stranger like you to come so far from Athens; but now—bah! you may travel from the sea to the frontier, and you will meet with no harm, except a fever."

We had not gone far on our way when the shouting behind told us that the soldiers for Marathon were afoot. They came on in knots, frolicking and teasing one another like children. Each carried his knapsack, a heavy blue overcoat, and a gun; and yet their pace through the sandy tracks of the bracing plateau was a good four miles an hour. They were the most inquisitive and good-humoured of fellows. No sooner had one batch of them had their curiosity satisfied as to my nationality, the time according to my watch, my name, purpose in visiting Marathon,

and the year of my birth, than another batch came upon us with like inquiries. It became tedious at length, and I resorted to my imagination for some relief; and then in a body they fell upon us with roars of laughter, and upbraided me for my mendaciousness. As for my guide, he was averse to soldiers. After a time he could stand their society no longer: "Will you go with them or me?" he asked. And when it was settled that I stayed with him, we sat down in a tiny dingle of arbutus and oleanders, and, pleading fatigue, let the others go on their own merry way by themselves.

The soldiers were no sooner out of sight than my Greek unstrapped a prodigious circular wooden case from his side, and unscrewed the top of it. "Good wine," he said; and with this (*resinata* of the most patriotic vintage), some lettuces, and a handful of leaves, we made a capital luncheon. No indigestion after such a meal, believe me; and it was with a sigh that the man rehitched his case and got upon his legs. His portable wine-butt weighed about eight pounds avoirdupois empty, and it held three okes, or another eight pounds weight of wine. Yet he was bound round with other encumbrances at least as heavy as his wine-cellar. Small marvel that the poor fellow expressed pleasure when we entered an extensive olive-orchard which was to terminate in Stamata.

"You shall eat again when we get there—in my own house too," he observed; and it was futile for me to insist that my appetite ought to be restrained until I reached Marathon.

Epáno Stamata, the one village between Cephisia and the battlefield, is a pretty place. Its name indicates that it stands on an eminence, or root of a mountain. It looks full at the steepest side of Pentelicus, half way up which is the huge white gash of the marble quarries, dazzling like snow under the sunlight. Olives, grain, and vineyards give colour to the intervening country, and the uncultivated lands are dense with dwarf holly,

arbutus, and lentisk, interspersed with firs. But in no particular does the village itself invite a visitor to stay in it. It boasts of one tall brick building, which my guide had spoken of as a palace for splendour of architecture: this is a powder magazine, and therefore neither a desirable nor a possible place of sojourn. There is also a white church and a wine-shop. A dozen or more other humble houses compose the village itself; and of these my friend's abode was a fair example.

A squab hut, of mud walls and ill-thatched roof, entered at discretion over a dung-heap or through a pigsty, and divided into two rooms—such was the peasant's dwelling. And in the larger of the two rooms, with the native earth for floor, and two or three blackened rafters offering the chief convenience for stowage of the various provisions of the establishment, I was received by the wife of my man with a wondering, "Good resurrection to you." She seemed hardly human, this woman, with her long black hair hanging over her rags behind, and the gaze of an animal in her large, unblenching brown eyes. A few sharp words from her lord, however, soon set her in intelligent movement. Their boy, with a head like an Esquimaux's, who had watched the stranger with the same dumb surprise as his mother, was sent to the wine-shop for some fresh *resinata*. A little pig, hitherto unnoticed in one corner of the room, was chased, squealing, into its sty. Cocks and hens followed the pig. A roll of frowsy matting, on which sundry of the fowls had been tranquilly roosting, was briskly spread on the floor, and another brought forward to serve as a seat. And lastly, with some amiable, but incomprehensible, mutterings, the good soul fetched a lump of brown bread from a shelf under a little blue and white Madonna in another corner of the room, and a paper of rather ancient *mizethra* (cream cheese), which she placed by the side of the bread.

"It is your dinner," said the man demurely; and the two of them squatted

on a third piece of matting on the other side of the hearth, and looked at their guest.

"Ba! Ba!" at that instant came from a remoter corner of the room, and there, tied fast to an olive bough in the midst of lesser twigs of trees for fuel, stood the Paschal lamb of the family, awaiting the hour for its slaughter. It were an impoverished house in Greece that had not its lamb that day; and these peasants were delighted to draw attention to theirs.

"Is it not a fine one?" said the woman. "It is very large for its age, and it is large with fat, not wool."

"And only seven and a half drachmas [between five and six shillings] altogether," added the man.

"Look here, too!" exclaimed the woman, jumping to her feet, and going to a rude cupboard. Thence she drew forth a basin full of pink eggs "for to-morrow," and two flat brown circular cakes studded with pink sugar-plums and almonds. "With these and the lamb and some good *resinata* it will go well with us," she remarked; and even the hard features of the peasant himself relaxed into a smile as he looked at the rich provision they had made for Easter, and began already to enjoy them in anticipation.

When the boy returned with a jug of wine and a new loaf, we began our meal. But its poverty seemed to disquiet the woman, and after a word with her husband, and a furtive glance at the Madonna in the corner, she took one of the red eggs from the cupboard, and, cracking it on her knee-cap, removed its shell.

"For you," she said; and her look of elation almost transfigured her. The egg, be it understood, was hard boiled: it had probably been in the pot long ago.

The boy, meanwhile, stood like one who had seen a miracle; perhaps he expected the house to collapse, as a punishment for this infringement of Lenten rules and ordinances. Not all the arguments of words and gestures

imaginable could induce one of the others to eat an egg with me. "No, no. It is different with you. Our papas [priests] are not your papas," they said; and then they fell to wishing me and each other "happy resurrections" with every sip from their cups of wine.

When the jug was empty, I proposed to go on towards Marathon without further delay. Under the direction of my friend, I thought there would be no difficulty about finding the way. But both man and woman forthwith laughed to scorn the idea that I could safely walk the remaining seven miles unaided. The wine had got into their heads, I fancy: for in no other way could the demoniacal behaviour of the woman be explained. She stood with her lean brown arms outstretched from her rags, and her eyes seemingly enlarged to twice their natural size; and thus by hideous pantomime, moans, and contortions, signified all sorts of disasters with which, as a stranger in a strange land, I might be menaced if I proceeded alone.

"She is right, I will come," said the man, after a little thought. He took an axe from one of the rafters, drew his finger down its edge, and then looked with brief impressiveness at the woman. I pressed some money upon the latter, who was wholly averse to receiving it at first, and was seconded in this by her husband. In the end, however, saying, "It must be little, then," she accepted the coins, and with a promise of seeing her again later in the day, I departed.

For a while we swung lightly through some narrow meadows between beautiful hanging woods. There was a brook in the valley, and kine stood knee-deep in the water under the burning sun. From the lowlands we turned abruptly, and began through rising scrub a climb which was not ended until, about an hour later, we stood on the highest northern spur of Pentelicus, where this falls towards the Straits of Eubœa and the houses of Marathon.

It was not until he had led me to the head of a gorge from which Marathon was in view, that my good friend said a word about returning and leaving me to my fate. Then, with a dry, "There it is—this Marathona," he held out his hand for a grip of farewell, and turned on his heel.

The descent over the sharp-edged rocks into the valley is a quick, though laborious one; and soon the wide blanched river-bed of the Charadrus meets the eye, where it issues from another gorge on its way to Marathon. On the banks of the river are green pastures, and ere long I was in the midst of a flock of long-horned goats, who seemed very curious about the intruder.

But in Greece goats or sheep imply dogs almost as certainly as shepherds, and whoever understands the classical pedigree of the Greek dogs will know that they are a ferocious race of animals, and brave as ferocious. To the eye they are a cross between a mastiff and a colley; but in reality they are a pure breed of their own—the Molossian of old times. Even in the neighbourhood of Athens, where strangers are as common as stones, one of these dogs in charge of its flock will dash at an intruder with all its fangs ready, and, unless opposed with a pluck as convincing as its own, will fasten its teeth somewhere. And in the country, where the shepherd places all reliance upon the fierceness and loyalty of his dog, which he will therefore never curb in the least degree, and where, as often as not, the shepherd goes to sleep in a shady nook, or wanders afield with his gun in quest of game, leaving the dog as his responsible deputy, it is still worse for the stranger. More than once a brace of these gigantic yellow brutes have torn a man in pieces; and they will make a few wolves turn tail without any trouble. No wonder therefore that many a tourist is frightened into a change of plans when he hears of the Greek dogs, and that it is

considered unwise to indulge in pedestrianism unaccompanied by a thick stick and a determination to use it, if need be.

Happily, I had a stick, and happily, no less, the dog on this occasion was on the other side of the river. From an eminence he barked and growled unpleasantly; but either he was no friend to the water, or else he was lazy, for he contented himself with watching my movements until I had left the last of his goats behind me. By that time I was close upon the village of Marathon, and already treading upon its cultivated lands. A little further, and the temptation to sit and smoke a while on the river-bank, and make what I could of the place, was not to be resisted.

With the flashing of the water of the Charadrus in the foreground, and its white houses and stately cypresses in soft relief against the grey background of its northern hills, Marathon was very picturesque and pleasing under the hot noonday sun and cloudless sky. "The splendid Marathon" of Pindar, or Byron's "grey Marathon," was to-day rather Marathon the bright and peaceful. At a little distance, the sunlight on the exact squares of brown and green land in cultivation gave it the appearance of a comfortable model farm on a large scale; but nearing the village, these fields were lost in its more elevated houses, and the fig, pear, and olive trees which surrounded them. It is uncertain whether the Marathon of to-day was the Marathon of twenty-three and a half centuries ago. Probably it was not. The village of Vrana, more to the south and nearer the sea, and nearer also to the mound which, with considerable excuse, has long received veneration as the tomb of the Athenians who fell in the fight, is equally a village of the plain of Marathon, though not so large as Marathona. But Marathona proper at once appeals to the fancy. Its situation, at the head of a gully opening inland from the sea-plain and

dominated on all other sides by treeless hills, is romantic. These hills, however, are not impassable. They are neither high nor rugged, but at the same time they are difficult, because of their stoniness and the thickets of low herbs which crop from their fine rounded humps. And looking from the houses seaward one is, as it were, looking through a cutting three to four miles long, the hills on either side being at the same angle of elevation. Over the hither slopes, to the south of the valley, peers the grey summit of Pentelicus, a superb vantage-post for a beacon. From this grey peak, looming in the distance like something super-terrestrial, it is supposed that the Athenian friends of the Persians signalled, by means of a polished shield to catch the sun, that the city was open to the invaders, if they would but sail round the headland of Sunium without loss of time: Miltiades and the other leaders of the tribes being in the hills on their foolish way to Marathon. But the signal was too late, for Miltiades had by that time left the hills, and beaten the Persians. Moreover, he as well as the Persians saw the shield flash in the sunlight, and understood its portent as well as they. So that, when the Persians rounded the cape, thinking to take Athens by surprise, these victors of Marathon had accomplished their forced march back to the city, and were there once more as its defenders. It is an important feature in Greek history—this crest of Pentelicus looking over at Marathon.

I had not half smoked my cigar when the church bells of the village began to ring out quickly. In a twinkling, the tranquillity of Marathon was gone. Dogs that I had been watching with no friendly eye started from the doorways wherein they had been reposing, stretched themselves, and barked in the snappish way that indicates a tendency to ill-humour. The omnipresent, vociferous Greek donkeys brayed and brayed again: cocks crowed; even the very birds seemed

to be aroused from their siesta, and their uncertain twittering came across the river, made somewhat inharmonious by the gabble of the Marathonian geese in the water at my feet. But louder than all other sounds, or at least more appealing, came the passionate bleat of many lambs tethered to the houses. It was as though they understood that this ringing of the bell, announcing the eve of Easter, was also the signal for their death.

This turmoil set me in movement again. It was necessary to ford the river to reach the village, which is wholly on the other side of the water. Half a mile nearer the sea there is a bridge, but the natives do not use it much except in the rainy season. Men, women, and children go bravely, bare-legged, through the flood. But a first glance at the state of the stream made me pause before going into it. Not only was there much water that day, and running swiftly, so that not many of its boulders, parched and white, stood outside its current; but every stone was massed with myriads of tadpoles, and the river-bed was darkened by the soft, gelatinous swarms. The Charadrus teemed with young life. Noticing my hesitation, a couple of stout Greek dames on the other bank seemed to make an offer of transport upon their broad backs. But this was not to be thought of, and ere long I was seated by them, putting on my boots again. Some Albanians, whose feminine skirts were peculiarly adapted for the fording of rivers, went to and fro carrying fresh lambs into the village from a country sheep-fold. I determined that my stay in Marathon should be very brief: it would be too appalling to hear these plaintive bleatings end in wails and melancholy silence. They should kill their lambs when I was out of the village.

Of the sandy plain of Marathon, what can one say that has not been said often before? Such places do not undergo much change. The marsh of centuries ago is the marsh of to-

day, and the treeless space which offered such good ground for the attack of the Athenians in their extraordinary charge down from the heights upon the astounded Asiatics, is still a treeless space. From the firm beach one looks over the rippling Ægean towards Eubœa, and tries to represent to one's self the bustle attendant upon the stranding here of many hundred Persian ships, and the noisy landing of the scores of thousands of Persian soldiers, already victors in Eubœa, with the prospect before them of the sack of that proud little city of Athens, which had dared to communicate on equal terms with the great Darius. Under the big mound of soil, some thirty feet in height and a couple of hundred paces in circumference, overgrown, like the hills round the plain, with wiry herbs and blood-red poppies, are the Athenians who died in this famous fight, a hundred and ninety-two of them! From a bush on the crest of it one looks out upon the placid sea, the distant mountains of Eubœa, and round about at the bleak hills which are a sarcophagus to the tomb itself.

"The sun, the soil . . . the same;
Unchanged in all. . . ."

Of course however there are those who discredit this mound of Marathon. It is a prehistoric tumulus, they say, and has nothing to do with the Athenians. Is it likely, they ask, that men would raise a miniature mountain like this over the dead bodies of one hundred and ninety-two of their comrades? Besides, the arrow-heads and knives of obsidian found in this tumulus are antecedent to the era of the battle. As if four-and-twenty centuries ago was not an epoch sufficiently pre-historic in itself! Some of the Athenians may have sat on the mound to bandage their wounded legs or arms, or to recover breath; or may have wrestled with certain Persians who met them there in full panoply; but no Athenian ever lay under its stones. Well, it may be so.

But destructive criticism, however sound, will not readily prevail over sentiment. For years yet to come, without a doubt, affecting thoughts will be conceived on this mound, and men will here be lured into salutary self-forgetfulness.

The plain extends along the seashore towards a sharp headland which forms the northern boundary of its bay. It is some six miles long, including its marshes, and about two broad. When Byron visited Marathon, the battlefield was for sale, and he was offered all its square miles for eight or nine hundred pounds sterling. This was certainly a good bargain, and one may regret that the poet did not buy the land and settle for a while in the midst of its associations. It might have been his redemption in those earlier days, when the chief of the black eunuchs was proprietor of Athens, and Chateaubriand never tired of bemoaning the state of Greece: "What a desert! What silence! Unfortunate country! Unhappy Greeks! Shall France one day be stripped in like manner of her glory?"

But the memories of Marathon almost put me in a disagreeable predicament. Looking at my watch, I found that I had but four hours for my walk back into Cephisia for the last train. The descent into the plain had been a rugged one; but it promised to be arduous indeed as an ascent.

And so in effect it turned out to be. At the head of the gorge I lost my way, and found myself stumbling among the stems of the brushwood, on a track that eventually led in a direction away from the nose of old Pentelicus, instead of straight towards

it. There was nothing to do except to return and try again. Nor was this easy, even by the guidance of the most recent recollections. So that it seemed for a while that I should have to choose as cosy a nest in the shrubs as possible until the next morning. It was at this epoch in the day's excursion that I learned to bless those roystering warriors who had started with us for Marathon. For, having at length struck again upon the main track, it seemed clear that there was no safety for a stranger except he could follow some indisputable trail through the Dædalian maze of paths and byways. And such a trail I found in the prints of the hobnails of the soldiers' boots, which led me without further misadventure back to Stamata.

From Stamata I hurried on through the clear and golden light of the spring evening, with all the mountains of Attica distinct before and behind me. Then, all too suddenly, down went the sun in the rear of gaunt Cithæron. But by this time, fortunately, I had done with the hobnails of the soldiers' boots; the road was unmistakable again.

In all the six miles from Stamata to Cephisia, I passed but one mortal man; a sturdy rogue in many colours, with a long gun on his shoulder. He was no bandit; but it may be that his Easter dinner was to depend on his powder and shot. He said a hearty *Kali spera* (Good evening), and went on his way.

The ground was wet with dew, and the stars were bright ere I got into the train for Athens, with hardly a minute to spare.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

MAROONED.

CHAPTER I.

I RECEIVE A LETTER.

I RETURNED to my lodgings in London one night in June in the year eighteen hundred and something, and found a letter lying upon the table. It was from my cousin, Alexander Fraser, and was dated at Rio Janeiro. This was a man whom I had neither seen nor heard of for some years. We had been sent to sea as boys in the East India Company's service, and together had made three voyages in the same ship to Bombay; which in those ambling days of trade, when a four months' passage to the Bay of Bengal was considered a good run, meant a long and intimate association. Through the death of my dear mother I came into money enough to render me independent, and so I quitted old ocean after three years of seafaring. Fraser made a fourth voyage and I then lost sight of him. When later on I wrote to his sisters in the north of Scotland I was told he had left his ship at Bombay to accompany a tea-grower, who had been a passenger in the vessel, to his plantations. That was the last I heard of him. As I held his letter in my hand, memory recalled him as a fair, blue-eyed, bronzed young fellow, exceedingly good-looking, a very nimble and alert seaman, fitter for the navy indeed than for the tea-waggon service, full of spirit and resolution and extremely impulsive.

He wrote to the following effect: first of all, he said, he had heard of me and obtained my address from a friend of mine who had sailed a few months before for Lima, but whose ship had been obliged to put into Rio to repair some damage she had sustained in a heavy gale off Cape Agostino. He

had a long story to relate about his misfortunes in India, how he had been villainously deceived in the character of his associate and almost ruined by him, and how, as he had no wish to die of starvation, he had shipped as a foremast hand aboard a Yankee vessel from which he ran on her arrival at Pernambuco—where he fell in with a sugar-grower belonging to Rio, who offered him a good berth on his estate in the neighbourhood of that town. He had not been long settled when he made the acquaintance of a Mr. and Mrs. Grant, with whose only daughter, Aurelia, he immediately fell in love. Mr. Grant was a Scotchman who had married a Spanish lady of noble birth, and their daughter, Fraser went on to say, was the most majestic, stately, and beautiful woman that ever walked the earth. The parents consented to their betrothal, but objected to the marriage until Fraser was in a condition to support a wife in comfort. One night, very suddenly, Mrs. Grant died. Her husband, who adored her, found her dead at his side, and the shock was so great that both his health and his mind gave way. He declared that he could not support life in a town where every object which met his eye reminded him of his loss; and within a month of Mrs. Grant's death he broke up his home and sailed with Aurelia for England. Fraser added that folks at Rio spoke of Mr. Grant as a well-to-do man and talked of Aurelia as an heiress; but the truth came out when he was gone, and it was then understood that so far from being rich he had just contrived to come to a stand within a few fathoms of the brink of insolvency.

The lovers of course agreed to write by every ship. Fraser was cocksure of being able to support a wife before

another year had run out, and it was settled that he was to send for or fetch her at the expiration of the twelve-month, as there was not the least likelihood of Mr. Grant returning to Rio.

Eight months after the arrival of the girl in England the father died. She wrote to acquaint Fraser with her loss, and hinted quite enough to intimate that she was not only friendless in London, but in poverty. "And now," continued my cousin, "I want you, who were as a brother to me when we were together at sea, to stand me in a brother's stead again in about as trying and perplexing a passage as ever formed part of a man's life. The business I have charge of is so tender, it needs such cherishing, such persistent personal attention, that I am persuaded were I to let go of it to fetch Aurelia I should return to find myself bankrupt. The population of Rio comprises a great number of rogues, and though the people I employ are not worse than the rest, they are rascals nevertheless, and I make no doubt whatever that if I were to turn my back upon them for three months they would ruin me. Now, my dear Dick, this is what you will do for me: you will call upon Aurelia"—here came in the address—"advance whatever money she may require, engage a cabin for her in the next ship that sails for Rio, furnish her with all such delicacies and comforts as your seafaring experiences, backed by a fastidious appetite, will suggest, and then, all this being done, *accompany her yourself*. You start! But, my dear boy, you will do this! ay, indeed you will; for d'ye see, you *must*, Dick. You will need but glance at her to perceive instantaneously that she cannot be suffered to embark alone. And consider how happy it will make her, thrown as she must needs be into the company, not of *our* polished glittering species—the sparkling dandies of John Company—but of men with faces like walnut-shells, with voices hoarse and raw with hard drinking, whose language is thickened and stiffened with

horrid objectionable words—how happy, I say, it will make her to feel that she has the protection of her sweetheart's own cousin, a man of muscle and nerve, who can tell the toughest salt of them all where the flying-jibboom ends and how many gudgeons a liner's rudder hangs on! Consider the ease of mind that I shall enjoy through knowing that you are at her side. Consider again the prodigious delight it will give me to meet you—to thank you—to entertain you—to yarn with you over the past and hearken to the home news you will bring with you. No excuse, as you love me! You *must* come, d'ye see, Dick. Yes, you must absolutely accompany my poor lonely darling girl. You are an idle man, you know; your friend told me you were unmarried when he last saw you, and I have a right to believe, as I certainly hope, that you are single at this minute of reading my letter. The voyage is a pleasant one. Once clear of the Bay, 'tis no more than the pleasant fanning of the north-east trade wind, with a brief instructive halt on the equator for a glance at John Sharkee and the pretty little flying fishes, and then a delightful run to the noblest bit of scenery the wide world over. Reflect a little upon your health and you are sure to discover that a change of air will do you good. And name me an air sweeter than the ocean breeze! Besides, you were never in South America, and cannot therefore imagine the delights in store for you in the shape of the rivers, the mountains, the shining flowers and exquisite fruits of this grand continent, or at all events of that part of it to which I invite you."

And so the letter went on, terminating in a whole jumble of exhortations to me to come—to squire his sweetheart—to behold from the summit of the regal Corcovado the magnificent harbour, the sparkling city, the green country beyond aflame with coloured growths. . . .

It was a letter to set me pacing the

room. The voyage was a considerable one ; and though I had gone to sea for love of ships when I was a boy, a very few months sufficed to break the spell, and I had long ceased, as I believed, to be sensible of any sort of oceanic influence. I sat down, filled a pipe, and entered into certain calculations. I reckoned that a tolerably true course to Rio from the Thames would come hard upon five thousand nautical miles, and as it was hopeless to expect that any British South American trader would average more than one hundred and fifty knots in the twenty-four hours, I judged that though all conditions should prove favourable, the outward passage alone would run me into five or six weeks. Then of course I should have to return, so that I must look upon the round voyage as promising me three solid months, at least, upon a bosom that had ceased to rock me for some years. The first movement of my mind was one of recoil ; but after turning the project over I got to think that, after all, the voyage would prove a complete and healthy change, inexpensive too, and much less troublesome than a trip across the Channel. Possibly the old instincts which had driven me to sea as a lad, and which I had thought dead long ago, lived still, and were now faintly stirring to sudden visions of frothing billows, of the small green moon shearing like a cannon-ball through the flying scud, of the star-touched swell rolling in dark folds silently, of the tropic shore that sweetens the warm breath of the languid breeze with the odours of spices and the perfume of a nameless vegetation. London was hot and dull ; the seaside tedious and commonplace. My excursions abroad formed no genial memories, for in — I nearly died of fever at Brussels, and in — lay ill of a poisonous smell for close upon a month at Florence. Besides, my cousin pleaded to me as a brother and a sailor, and I knew him well enough to feel certain that if he were in my place he would do me this service.

But what sort of a girl was this Miss Aurelia Grant ? My cousin expressed her perfections in the impassioned language of love, and he might possibly be very right in all he said ; but I remember a man who had passed some years in Spain and who knew the Spanish character well, telling me that he took particular notice there was a deal of the mule mixed up in the disposition of the women of that country — a quality, as he described it, of bland and even polite obstinacy, that was, however, very easily excited into a most unpleasant, clamorous, peevish stubbornness. Miss Aurelia was indeed half English ; but suppose the other half of her was not to my taste ? I do protest on my word that I would rather go to jail for a fortnight than be locked up in a ship for a month with a disagreeable woman. Thus I sat debating ; but though I was some distance on the road towards forming a resolution, I cannot say that I had at all made up my mind when I went to bed.

CHAPTER II.

MISS AURELIA GRANT.

NEXT morning I dressed myself with more care than I usually took in this way, though twenty-six years old and not without self-complacency in some respects, and about eleven o'clock drove to the address given me by Fraser.

I found the house in a dull and dingy street out of the Edgware Road. Miss Grant was at home. I sent up my name, and was shown into a little front parlour, gloomy with fallow drapery and the bilious atmosphere peculiar to this part of the metropolis. In a few minutes she entered, and I must confess I sprang rather than rose to my feet, so surprised was I by the girl's beauty and deportment. I had indeed conjectured a tall figure in conformity with my cousin's description ; but imagination had not gone beyond that, with a pair of dark eyes and an upper lip shaded with down.

Now Miss Aurelia Grant had as fair

and delicate a complexion as any that ever I witnessed in the most matchless Englishwoman's face. Her hair was brown, very plentiful, thick and soft, and it had a kind of light of its own upon it as though dusted with gold. Her eyes were black—profoundly so: Spanish eyes in passion and power and meaning, but subdued to an expression of beauty by, as I took it, the English heart in her, that rendered them remarkable beyond my capacity of expression. Her figure was extremely fine, full yet girlish too. She was dressed in mourning, and as she stood looking at me a moment or two in the doorway, I said to myself, This is the handsomest creature I have ever seen!

There was a little blush on her cheeks that brightened the light in her eyes: she smiled and gave me her hand.

"I am indeed glad to see you, Mr. Musgrave. Alexander has talked of you to me again and again. In a letter I received from him yesterday he told me you would call. You are very good to come so soon."

"I shall be truly rejoiced if I can be of service to you," said I, still a trifle confused; "my cousin's description of you—eloquent as his devotion would naturally make him"—here I fumbled for the letter,—"would—perhaps, madam" (we madam'd the ladies in those days of high coat-collars, splendid waistcoats and immense breast-pins), "you would like to read it."

She took it eagerly, and her eyes grew so fond as she read, whilst a look so yearning entered her face—such an expression as the memory of her loneliness might put into her when she should meet her sweetheart again after their long separation—that I felt I acted sneakishly in watching her. She smiled happily when she came to the part in which Fraser spoke of her beauty, and when she had made an end she folded the letter carefully as though it were something precious, and pressed it between her hands as if it

was her sweetheart's own fingers she held.

It seemed to me as I surveyed her that my cousin exhibited uncommon courage in confiding so much beauty as this to the care and attention of a man whom he knew to be young and single, to say no more, for a spell of shipboard that might last for two or even three months. Our eyes met: her colour deepened somewhat, but her brilliant gaze was as steady as the shining of a star. There was a singularly engaging, most unaffected quality or tone of frankness in her voice.

"Alexander has asked you to do him a great favour. It is really *too* great." I seemed to dissent. "It is positively enough, Mr. Musgrave, that you should hire a cabin for me. To make the voyage also! And yet I know he would be overjoyed to see you. Still it is a tedious journey, and if you are like Alexander you detest the sea."

"No," said I, "I believe I shall enjoy a few weeks on the ocean. The fact is, madam, I want time to realize the thing, so to speak,—not to understand it, for of course it is intelligible enough, but to accustom my thoughts to it, you know;" and here I coughed and brought myself up "all standing" as sailors say, for indeed there was something in her shining steadfast gaze that caused me to talk as though I was ill at ease.

"Should you decide to be my companion, Mr. Musgrave," said she, "the voyage will be something to look forward to, greatly as I dislike the sea, or rather existence on board ship." I bowed. "But you will not dream of doing more than securing a cabin for me and helping me in one or two other ways,—if you have the least reluctance. It is quite possible that I may find a pleasant companion among the passengers—if there should be ladies on board. As a rule the captains and mates of the ships that trade to South America are a very rough and rude set of men. Should I be the only passenger, it is natural," she said,

with a little droop of the head, "that I should not choose to be alone in such society."

This was like an appeal in its way, and her manner of speaking rendered it irresistible. Besides, there was Fraser's letter calling upon me to protect her, imploring me as one who was as a brother to do him this great service, and these considerations coming on top of my concern for her loneliness and helplessness, my sympathy with her in the grief that was still recent, and above all the perception that she desired my company and that I should be acting unchivalrously to refuse her, made me whip out, "Miss Grant, it is settled. We sail together. There is nothing to keep me ashore. It will be delightful to meet Fraser again, and I shall find immense satisfaction in feeling that my enjoyment of your society also includes the pleasure of obliging you."

She clapped her hands with a gesture that was like telling you she had something besides English blood in her.

"How good you are! How glad you make me, Mr. Musgrave! I wonder what kind of ship we shall sail in?" she cried, with the vivacity of a mind that has suddenly lost its burden. "She must prove swift! She cannot sail too fast for me!" and here she told me of the vessel in which she and her father had made the voyage home—a clumsy, round-bowed polacca, apparently, that stirred to nothing less than half a gale of wind, and so leaky that the crew were at the pumps for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four; with a bow-legged, beef-faced old swab for captain, whose favourite boast was that he had once swallowed at a draught a bowl of punch containing ten half-pints of rum, whiskey, brandy and water. She described this man and his habits with so much humour as to give me a high opinion of her talent as an observer; and she made me laugh heartily by an account of a quarrel between him and his mate over a pudding—the latter (an Irishman)

beginning it by swearing that he had seen dried currants and raisins growing naturally like capers on trees, and the captain ending it by grasping a lump of the hot and steaming stuff and flinging it plump into the mate's face. Maybe something of the merriment of the tale and her delivery of it lay to my mind in the contrast between the rough sea-anecdote and the dignity, refinement, and beauty of the speaker. But I confess I liked her the better for her archness, and for her easy recital of a story which Miss Prim would consider rather vulgar since it referred to such *very* common people.

Our conversation presently went to her father. He died in the house in which she was still lodging, and she declared that when, after the funeral, she sat down to reflect she did not know what in the world she should do. She had not a friend in England, and of her mother's relatives in Spain she knew nothing. The few pounds her father had left were fast giving out, and she frankly told me that the money she still had would not have carried her on another month. "Why did you not call upon me?" I asked her. But it seems that Fraser had omitted to give my address in the last letter but one he sent to her, and it was only a week or two before he wrote that he had learnt it from my friend whose ship had been forced into Rio.

I was with her for two hours, and never did time pass more pleasantly and quickly. We arranged that I should call for her next day and accompany her to the shops she had occasion to visit, and afterwards make inquiries about the next ship and start on all the necessary preparations for the voyage. She cried when she said good-bye to me. Indeed she had suffered grievously, and now that the darkness was passing she could not meet the first of the dawn without tears.

As to myself, I hardly knew whether my resolution made me glad or sorry

when I came to turn it over. The girl was exceedingly handsome, but then she was not *my* sweetheart. Had her heart been her own a voyage with her must have yielded me a prospect that could not have left me doubting whether I was right in this adventure. But as my cousin's betrothed she was the same to me as if she was his wife. There was no room for sentiment. I was young enough to take this into consideration, and I say, when I reflected upon my determination, I could not satisfy myself that my judgment was as brilliant as my heroism.

On the following morning I called at her lodgings and afterwards passed some hours in watching her whilst she shopped and in paying for her purchases. There was a dignified frankness about her that was very fascinating, and not the less so because it was tinged with melancholy. Her fine eyes expressed so much spirit, there was so much power in the curve and set of her lips, such suggestion of self-reliance in the peculiar floating pose of her head, I felt persuaded that a very great deal of the heroine went to her composition, that she was a woman whose qualities would best discover themselves in a time of extremity, a person by nature so ardent that no theory about her could touch the limits of the romantic exploits she was equal to in the service of the man she loved. These were my thoughts as I sat watching her whilst she handled the stuffs the shopmen put before her, frequently turning to me to speak, when I would notice that every sudden confrontment of her full beauty surprised me as a fresh revelation.

She managed to buy all she needed in one day, which I thought very clever and very kind also. "How long," said I, "will it take you to prepare for the voyage?"

"Oh," she answered, "if you were to tell me the ship sails to-morrow I should be quite ready."

I told her that I would devote the

next day to making inquiries and arrangements, and would do myself the pleasure to call in the evening and let her know what I had done. "At all events," said I, "you would wish me to book ourselves for the next ship?"

"If you please," she answered with anxiety.

"In which case," I observed, "we must not be fastidious. The best procurable cabins will satisfy us and the skipper's appearance need not count. Yet it will not do to sail away in a vessel whose seams yawn and whose hold has been abandoned by the rats. I have some small knowledge of ships, and if the first that offers is not as she should be we must wait for the next."

"I will leave everything to you," she said, "only," looking around with a light shudder—"we were conversing in her lodgings—"I am so very weary of this gloomy house, this dull street; so longing to see my dear one again and the bright sun and the flowers of my own home."

"I will do my best," I exclaimed; "there should be and perhaps will be a choice of ships. If we have to wait, you will suffer me to find you pleasanter quarters."

And with that I bade her good-bye and left her.

CHAPTER III.

THE IRON CROWN.

IN those days a large number of vessels bound to all parts of the world loaded in the Pool, a little way below London Bridge. Steam then was young, and not much was made of it. I have lived to see steamers trading to South America big enough to stow away in their holds many of the sailing vessels which were then carrying goods and passengers to all parts of the world. It is difficult in this age to realize the kind of experiences our forefathers suffered when they took ship—it mattered little to what countries—if it were not the

ports to which the Indiamen were despatched. I have heard my mother say that in her young days country people who proposed a trip to London would make their wills before entering the coach. I do not know that the coach was much more dangerous than the locomotive, but I am certain that there were no limits to the perils which menaced the ocean-borne traveller in the time of the little passenger-ship and smaller passenger-brig; when the sailor was still an exceeding rough son of a gun, charged to the throat with the traditional infirmities of his calling; when no special qualifications were insisted upon as conditions of a man taking charge of a vessel; when ships sailed without side-lights, and when collisions were averted by the easy remedy of whipping the lamp out of the binnacle and flourishing it over the rail; when the cabin-provisions were only a little less coarse than the forecastle-fare, and when a passage that is now made in a week occupied two or three months.

I had obtained the addresses of a few brokers and owners in the South American trade hoping thus to find two or three ships proceeding much about the same time, but it turned out that the first vessel on the berth sailed next day and that her cabin accommodation was full. Her name, I remember, was the *Amazon*. The next vessel, a brig named the *Iron Crown*, did not sail until the 23rd, so that even if she satisfied me we should have to wait eight days. The office of the owner of this craft was in Tower Hill, and whilst I was inquiring about her cabin-accommodation the person to whom I was speaking, motioning towards a man who had entered a moment before, exclaimed:

"Here is the master himself, sir, Captain Guy Broadwater, and he will tell you that a stouter, swifter, more comfortable ship than the *Iron Crown* never sailed out of an English port. Captain, you will confirm me. What is it now," inclining his head and

screwing up one eye as if in thought, "on a bowline with you? A cool thirteen, I believe? Indeed," he cried, chafing his hands and grinning, "we may safely consider the good ship *Iron Crown* the one favourite trader between Rio and the Thames."

"Well," said Captain Broadwater in the hoarse voice of a man who has broken his pipes by rum and years of bawling aloft in gales, "it isn't for me to praise the *Iron Crown*, sir. She can speak for herself. She only needs to know that a man's eye is upon her to talk out. Handsome! Well I knew old Jarge Rowley who laid her keel, and always reckoned him a man without the least flavey of sentiment in his intellectuals until this here *Iron Crown* was launched and lay floating, and then I says to myself, 'Broadwater,' I says, 'swallow your own precious eyes, mate, if Jarge ain't a poet!'"

"You hear what the captain says, sir?" cried the other continuing to chafe his hands.

I took a short survey of Captain Guy Broadwater, and there stood before me a wide-shouldered, exceedingly muscular man of fifty, short, with iron-gray hair and a beard that hung like a bush at his throat, the chin being shaved. He had the smallest eyes I ever saw, and their colour as I now took stock of them seemed red, but I afterwards discovered that this was due to congestion caused by rheumatism, or punch, or both. His nose was of the exact shape of a pear, and being purple at the nostrils and point looked as if it had been lately stung by a bee. His mouth on the other hand was so small as to correspond, as a deformity, with his eyes. When he was not speaking he seemed from the posture of his lips to be trying, but in vain, to whistle. The skin of his face was much burnt by the weather, and it was adorned with a strange subcutaneous filigree-work, or net rather let me term it, of dusky crimson meshes. He was dressed in pilot-cloth, and carried in his hand a bell-shaped beaver, the brim

of which was large enough to furnish out a bishop. Yet ugly and queer as he was, there was nothing whatever in his appearance to offend or prejudice me. I put him down at once as a coarse, unlettered, but good-natured sailor of the hearty lively type, whose physical peculiarities were to a certain extent to be attributed to bad victuals in early life, to too much liquor later on, and throughout to the rough usage of the vocation of the sea when followed before the mast. I told him that I was glad to make his acquaintance, and that I had called with the intention of taking a passage in his ship, though I would not decide until I had inspected her.

"Sir," said he, "I am going aboard myself when I have done my business with this gentleman, and if you don't mind lettin' go your anchor here for five minutes I'll carry ye straight to the vessel."

They withdrew to an inner office where I could hear the growling voice of my captain mingling with the sharp-edged tones of his owner as though there were a mastiff and a pug tumbling and larking behind the door.

The skipper presently emerged and put on his broad-brimmed hat, in which he made so strange a figure that I could scarce forbear a laugh. We walked to the river and were rowed to a brig that was moored in mid-stream.

"Here she is!" cried Captain Broadwater, "look at her, sir! Was there ever beautifuller lines! Observe the lovely swell of the side! It might be the breast of a duck, sir. Mark how clean she comes to the starn-post. In my opinion she's too good to use; she's properer for a show."

There is no reason why he should not have been in earnest, for, as her master, it was conceivable that he should be proud of her. For my part, however, I could find no hint of the charms which threw him into raptures. The vessel was a stout brig of three hundred tons, an excellent sea-boat, no doubt, with the scantling of a line-of-battle ship, but she was certainly no

beauty. She was painted black, with a narrow yellow streak running the length of her sides, and had been newly coppered to the bends; the lustre of the bright metal was under her and she seemed to float in a little surface of pale sunshine. She was loftily rigged for a craft of her size and carried exceedingly square yards, whence I inferred that with her stud-ding sails abroad she could expand canvas enough in a breeze of wind to start an island from its moorings. We gained the side, climbed up a stout rope-ladder and jumped aboard.

There was a lighter on the star-board bow and a number of intoxicated lumpers were hoisting in cargo. It should have been no new scene to me, yet I found it confusing enough. The sails were unbent, and the running rigging unrove, so there were no ropes' ends to trip over. Nevertheless the decks were encumbered with all sorts of "raffle," as sailors term lumber—casks, hencoops, sacks, planks, and I know not what else besides. There was a full-rigged ship a short distance off getting her anchor, and the fellows at the windlass were roaring out with hurricane lungs one of the many working songs with which the British seaman inspires his heart and nerves his hands and legs. The melody awoke echoes long ago silent in me. It was at Cape Town that I had heard it last, and the rough salt air brought the picture before me in a vision so clear, sunbright, real—the blue waters of the wide haven, the groups of ivory-white houses upon the low shore, the polished azure back of the huge Atlantic comber poising its arched summit in a ridge of glassy opal light for a breath ere thundering its burthen of snow upon the beach, the great mountains beyond with streaks of lace-like mist crawling along their brows, as though the viewless spirits of the blue atmosphere up there were spinning a white fabric of exquisite delicacy out of their airy looms for the adornment of those giants' heads—that I seemed to waken with a start to Captain

Broadwater's invitation to step below and view the cabin.

One hears of the Swiss weeping when some one tunes up their national cow-strain. Mariners are a people who have no tears to spare: what they possess in that way they devote to their private woes; but I do think nothing so stirs a man who has been a sailor as the melody of a fore-castle chorus. 'Tis like the wand of a wizard: the curtain rises to it and there before you lies the past—the rolling ocean, the gallant fabric in whose heart you scoured your thousand leagues of sea, your hearty shipmates, the gay Saturday carousal, the girl in the distant home from whose sunny head you snicked the golden wisp, which many a time you have pressed to your lips in some mid-ocean solitude, when there was nobody but the man in the moon and the man at the wheel to see what you were at.

"I have been a sailor myself, captain," said I, as I followed him to the companion-hatch: "and the sound of that stormy chorus out yonder makes me feel a bit swabbish, do you know, for quitting the old life."

"Bin a sailor yourself, hey?" he cried, rounding when at the bottom of the ladder to take a view of me. "Well, an' I dessay it did ye no harm. There's worse people knocking about the world than sailors, though I haven't much respect for that class of 'em which goes by the name of Hands."

"I see. Your sympathies are aft."

"Well, I don't know about that either," he exclaimed rather warmly, as though he objected to my considering that he had any sympathies at all, and methought that his pear-shaped nose as he spoke took a deeper dye; then with a flourish of the arm he said, "this here's the cabin. A noble room, sir. Must board the Indiamen to find the like of it."

The vessel had so much beam that her cabin was larger than I had expected to find it. The furniture was simple enough: a table, lockers for seats, snuff-coloured bulkheads with-

out any sort of ornamentation. At the after end were four cabins, two of a side, whilst forward were other but smaller berths.

"That end's for the passengers," said the captain, pointing aft.

I inspected the accommodation and found it airy and roomy.

"Which are to let?" I asked.

"All," he replied; "how many of you are there, sir?"

"Myself and a lady."

"I reckon there'll be no more then," said he. "Here's four beautiful bedrooms to choose from."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Forwards there," said he, pointing with his nose as a negro does with his chin. "Me an' my first mate lodges there. The bo'sun who serves as second mate lies in the fo'k'sle. There's no interference. You'll be as private as a chick in its egg. Case of more coming I'd take the two foremost berths, if I was you. The helm don't feel to kick so much there, and if the chap at the wheel should warm his toes by stamping you won't hear him plain."

I should have been better pleased with a vessel of twice the burthen of this craft; but then to be sure we should start in the height of the summer when the Bay of Biscay is least formidable—though let me remember that the heaviest gale I was ever in was fifty miles south of Ushant in the month of July—and once clear of those waters we had a right to look for quiet weather during the rest of the passage. The short chat I had with Broadwater on returning on deck confirmed my first impression of him: he was indeed no very polished companion for ladies, but he was well enough as sea-captains of his class and in his trade then went. I was not surprised to find that the vessel did not carry a stewardess. You had to look to the height of the Indiamen in those days for luxuries of this kind. I asked him what sort of table he kept.

"An A 1 copper-bottom table," he

answered. "Salt beef of the primest—roast pork—poultry twice a week—currant dumplings—taking it all round, a list nigh as long as my arm."

"Pretty substantial," I exclaimed.

"Ay," said he, grinning, "there's never no twopenny kickshaws to be found aboard of *me*. No hishee-hashees here, sir, with French names. All's good solid eating,—dishes which makes a man feel that he's dined when he gets up. Give me food that'll coil a chap's appetite down for him. That's why, to my notion, there's ne'er a bit of vittles on this airth to beat a good leg o' roast pork."

I gathered from these observations that Miss Grant and I were not likely to be invariably entertained to our tastes, and that it would therefore be necessary to lay in a stock of wines and stores for our separate use; and having ascertained that I was at liberty to fill one of the hencoops with poultry for ourselves, and that if the other cabins were unlet one of them was at my service as a larder, I took leave of him, and was rowed ashore, and without further ado walked to Tower Hill and engaged two berths in the brig *Iron Crown*, Broadwater master. Also, at this office, to save time, I wrote a letter to my cousin, in which I named the vessel we were to sail in and the date of our departure, and handed it to the owner of the *Iron Crown* to transmit with despatches of his own to Rio by the ship *Amazon* proceeding next day.

CHAPTER IV.

WE EMBARK.

As the brig did not sail for another week and as we intended to join her at Deal, which would give us two or three days ashore beyond the date of her departure from the Thames, I procured rooms for Miss Grant in a private hotel near Bond Street, so that I was within convenient reach and saw much of her. In truth the poverty and melancholy of the street in which she had lodged rendered the very name of

it intolerable to her, and the gloomy influence of the house upon her spirits was made more oppressive yet by the recollection of her father's sufferings and death and her own privation in it.

The change from such lodgings to the comforts of a hotel, the sudden removal from her mind of the distracting burthen of poverty and anxiety, the feeling that I was by her side and that she had a protector in me, and that in a few weeks she would be with her sweetheart and married to him, combined to make another woman of her in those eight or ten days. Her eyes shone with a clearer light, and their dark luminous depths gathered a softness beyond description from the happiness that was in her. A delicate bloom lay upon her cheeks, her laugh was sincere, her smiles full of an honest gaiety. As we walked together I would notice that both men and women stopped to stare after her. I remember an old dandy with his hat cocked and a tuft on his chin, coming to a dead stand on seeing her, then following us and passing as an excuse to turn again to have another look. I will not say that she was insensible to the admiration she excited—she would have been no true woman to feign such a thing—but I cannot conceive that any girl could have shown herself less affected by it.

We took the coach for Deal early on a Friday morning. The journey was long and tedious. It was after sunset when we sat down to the dinner I had ordered in a quaint hotel that looked directly upon the sea; but the moon rode high, clear as crystal in the dark blue air, and her glorious reflection came to the very margin of the beach upon whose shingle the rippling summer breakers trembled into snow in a fan-shaped path of glory that floated as steadily upon the quiet surface as the orb herself in the breathless sky.

After dinner we walked to the esplanade. The luggers lying high and dry looked hoary in the clear and icy light: the seaward-gazing windows sparkled out to the gush of the radi-

ance in silver stars; every shadow lay like an ebony carving upon a sand-white ground. Far away, past the yellow winking spots of the signal lanterns floating off the Goodwins, was the fitful flashing of violet lightning. The planets hung large and burnt richly, and, clear of the sphere of mist-like radiance that circled the moon, the stars shone in such numbers that I never remember witnessing the heavens so crowded. After the roaring of metropolitan streets, the low washing sound of the surf along the coast was inexpressibly soothing and refreshing, and one's blood coursed to the cool sweetness of the ocean atmosphere as to a draught of rare and generous cordial.

There were many ships in the Downs, wan and spectral in the moonshine. Their riding-lights resembled a swarm of fire-flies. By bending the ear you caught from the nearer vessels the sounds of laughter, the thin strains of a concertina, the clank of a chain cable dragged along the deck; or from the further distance the faint chorusing of a crew pulling and hauling aboard some hidden craft that had softly sneaked into the Downs on the top of the subtle tide.

"Which amid that ashen muddle of ships out yonder will be ours, I wonder?" said I.

"How ghostly is the atmosphere that is made by moonlight at sea!" exclaimed Miss Grant sending her glance along the shining wake of the luminary, and then looking into the eastern darkness and talking as if she spoke to herself. "It must be the low-lying stars, I think, which cause the distance to appear so terribly remote. The beauty of such a night as this used to awe me when we were coming to England—it does so now, though I am on dry land. It should be as lovely to me as to others, but it is not so. The mystery of it is too great—the mystery of the silence and the pale air and the whispering of the sea along the shore."

"It may be that what is mysterious

cannot be beautiful," said I, finding talk of this sort a little above my art, though not wanting her to think that I did not understand her either. "Yet I don't know. I have seen eyes in my time as secret as the dark sea yonder, and they were wonderfully beautiful, I assure you."

As I said this a rumbling voice close behind me exclaimed, "Bort, sir? beautiful noight for a row, sir! Water smooth as satin, lady."

I turned and observed a Deal boatman.

"No—we shall have enough of the sea presently. Can you tell me if a vessel named the Iron Crown has brought up off here?"

"What's she loike?" he asked.

"A brig," I said, "three hundred tons, newly sheathed, painted black with a yellow stripe."

"Is her capt'n a man with werry small eyes an' a nose loike a sailor's duff?"

"That's right."

"Then she brought up just afore sundown. Oi was off fishin' with a party at the time, and the chap Oi've described sung out to me to git out of the road;" and he pointed seawards with a shadowy hand, but it was impossible to distinguish any one ship among the congregation there. He hung about me a little as though he would engage me in further conversation and then said, "Werry thirsty weather, sir." I gave him the value of a glass of ale and he left us.

"At the head of human disenchanters," said I, "stands the British long-shoreman with his cry of 'Bort, sir.'"

"Hark!" exclaimed my companion lifting her finger.

It was half-past nine, and the bells out upon the water were sounding the hour. There were probably two hundred sail in the Downs; the tinkling ran in ripples as though a wave of air raised scores of metallic echoes of different tones as it swept onwards. Some of the bells sounded simultaneously; some followed one another

in chimes; a few were mellow, many shrill, more yet of a silver singing cadence. From the pallid remoteness the tones came in faint and tiny sounds, after which fell the silence and you heard nothing but the fountain-like seething of foam upon the shingle.

We returned to the hotel, but I lingered, after Miss Grant had retired, for a long hour upon the balcony overlooking the sea, smoking a cigar and musing much on the girl and my cousin Fraser and the voyage on which we should probably start next day. The moon hung over the Downs, and through the steady rain of her silver twinkled the yellow sparks of the ships' lights. There was a lugger heading for Deal and coming fair down the middle of the ice-like path upon the waters. She floated black against the tremulous shining that went up behind her to the sea-line, and as you marked her sweeps or long oars rising and falling you would have imagined her some gigantic marine insect stealthily creeping shorewards. From every lifted blade the water dripped to the moonshine in diamonds and the *cheep, cheep* of the oars grinding betwixt the thole-pins sent the fancy roaming to the tropic swamp and to the mysterious croakings of the tree-toad.

I was up betimes, but Miss Aurelia was before me. She looked as fresh and as fragrant as Cowper's rose newly washed by a shower.

"The sea," said I, "promises to use you kindly."

"Yes, and I feel well, too, which is better than looking so."

She was robed in black, her dress fitted her excellently, her hair was coiled into the likeness of a crown, her dark eyes were full of fire and life. I did not much like to think of her as being obliged to sit and converse with such a man as Broadwater and with such people as his mates were tolerably certain to prove. But it could not be helped; though when the captain's purple face came into my head I felt

that I should have been ungenerous and mean indeed to have suffered her to sail alone. There was a light breeze from the southward. The upward-bound vessels had got under way, and the picture was gay and brilliant with the crowded white canvas of the numerous craft, the sparkling of the sun in the running waters, the fitful flashings of the wet oars of boats, the light blue sky with a stretch of ivory-like crescents of clouds, resembling new moons linked and compacted going down to the sea-line, where a leaning sail or two gleamed like little obelisks of Parian marble. Miss Grant came to my side and we stood gazing together. Presently a waiter arrived, asked if my name was Musgrave, and said there was a gentleman inquiring for me. A moment or two afterwards Captain Broadwater entered.

He gave Miss Grant a bow that was a sheer convulsion in its way, and said, "I thought I'd look in here, sir, afore I went aboard. There'll be nothing to keep us when you and the lady are over the side. There's not much weight in this here wind, but the tide sarves, and I'm never for waiting when there's a chance to get away."

"You are very right," said I; "but we haven't breakfasted yet,^c captain. There's time enough for that, I hope?" and thinking he was going to object, I added, "You'll join us? Nothing like shore-going food and cooking down to the last moment."

He answered that he had already breakfasted, but that on reflection he felt himself equal to another meal, and the waiter arriving with the ham and coffee we sat down. I have seen men with immense appetites in my day, but no man who ever came near to Broadwater in this way. It was not only the quantity he devoured; it was the rapidity with which he ate. He took a hot roll, tore the crumb out, buttered and then bolted the whole without winking and in a breath. He picked up an egg-spoon, and after in-

specting it an instant, called the waiter and asked him what it was. The waiter explained. "Bring me a proper spoon!" he roared in a voice that caused Miss Grant to start and glance at me with a little air of consternation. The man handed him a dessert-spoon with which he struck the egg as though it had been a sailor's head, then scooped out the inside and swallowed the whole, afterwards seizing another egg, all so quickly that it was like watching the performance of a conjuror. He never offered to speak a word until he had eaten as much breakfast as would have sufficed me for a week, though he made an end before Miss Grant and I had fairly begun. My companion looked at me as if she would say, I told you what sort of people the captains are in this trade! I was more struck, however, by his manner of roaring to the waiter than by the rest of his behaviour. "If this is not a ship's bully all of the olden time," I thought to myself, "let his appetite be called delicate."

He now began to tell me in a hoarse voice about his passage down the river to the Downs, and how a West Indiaman in bringing up at midnight had fouled his cable and nearly run aboard him. "But," said he, "there's no seamanship to be expected from the men who gets command of them big ships. They're hired for their faces and their tricks of speechifying and caper-cutting and grinning out answers without losing their tempers when the ladies bother 'em with questions. Put them into a situation that requires real nautical knowledge and they can only stand and look on. If you want to be cut down, or your spars brought about your ears, them's the gents to show ye how it's done."

All this was very pig-headed talk; but if he should prove, as I suspected, full of salt-prejudices and antique sea-notions, I at all events should not be without one favourite source of diversion during the voyage.

Our baggage was on board the brig. The little we had with us was

conveyed to one of the vessel's boats that was lying off the beach waiting for the captain. Miss Grant sprang to the gunwale and thence to a thwart with inimitable grace that was full of a generous disdain of the extended hand of one of the seamen. I followed, and Broadwater bundled in after me. "Shove off!" he bawled as though in a passion. The boat's head was slewed for the brig, and the three men fell to their oars.

There were fifty things to admire as our little keel was swept forwards: the gray bald stare of the Foreland point with the sheen of the chalk trembling off it upon the blue atmosphere beyond; the ships still at anchor growing large to our approach, their glossy sides twinkling to the rippling lustre in the water like the tremble of sunlight amid the shadows of dancing leaves; the sudden flash of a cabin-window to the movement of the hull as though a cannon had been fired from it; the various colours and devices of a dozen different nations' ensigns languidly fluttering their bright folds from masthead and peak; the line of green and yellow coast sweeping into an airy dimness of pallid cliff as wan in the distance of the brilliant north as the crescent of the moon floating in the noontide heavens; the quaint aspect of the hearty old smuggling town whose foreground of brown shingle gleamed black to the recoil of the washing breaker whilst it offered the saltiest imaginable picture in the shape of fleets of yellow luggers high and dry, and the figures of boatmen lounging, scrubbing, mending nets, and boiling pitch-pots.

There were plenty of things, I say, to look at, yet I do not remember that I took notice of much outside the three men who were rowing us to the brig. They belonged of course to the ship's company. One was a half-blood of a dark olive complexion and eyes like sloes resting on slices of lemon. His hands were as small as a girl's beautifully shaped, though

corned and horny and palm-blackened by the tar and drudgery of shipboard. The others were plain ginger-haired British lobsousers—one with a beard of stubble that projected from his chin like the thatch of a sou'-wester, both knob-nosed and rugged as the shell of a walnut. Their feet were naked, their rough breasts lay bare to the light, their nervous muscular arms were decorated with bracelets, crucifixes, anchors, female figures, pricked in with the pale blue of the sailor's pigment. All three of them wore a sullen look—not the expression of evil-minded men, but of persons rendered sulky and resentful by ill-usage. I saw the half-blood glance at Miss Grant, and a sort of light broke upon his face and swept the dogged air out of it as a smile clears a sour brow; but his eye instantly went from her to Broadwater and fell, a singular look of loathing and hate darkened his countenance, and I witnessed the impulse of a violent emotion in him in the quick savage swing he gave his oar. It was like a curse!

Here were tokens not to please me who, as a man that had passed some years at sea, had preserved an eye for the interpretation of sailors' meanings. If the crew were dissatisfied at this early stage, then old Broadwater and his mates must have gone to work with an incredible promptitude to make their true characters known to them. Had they a grievance? Their provisions would have been fresh meat and loaves of bread down to this point, and they could not therefore know what the fore-castle stores were like. Was the vessel leaky? It was to be hoped she was not. No! it could be nothing less than Broad-

water. Well, if the men were growling now, what would be their posture later on? I was sufficiently well acquainted with the character of merchant seamen to know that often the very best sailors amongst them are those who curse the deepest in their gizzards. I was also aware that there was nothing uncommon in a crew finding plenty of time and excuses to mutiny in a run from Blackwall to the Forelands, going ashore bag and baggage in a body, and obliging the ship to wait off Deal until the crimps could roll a new crew into her fore-castle. All this was, as it still is, in the ordinary course of the ocean life. But the looks of the three thinly-clad fellows made you think of something more significant than the familiar causes of the fore-castle rebellion.

However they pulled too briskly to give me time to consider them very attentively. The boat buzzed through the water, and the brig ahead rapidly enlarged upon the view.

"Is that the ship?" exclaimed Miss Grant.

I answered, yes.

"Is there anything afloat to beat her?" exclaimed Broadwater in a deep-sea voice.

The half-blood turned his head upon his shoulder as if he would have his mates observe what was in his mind by his look.

"Oars!" bawled the captain. "Out boat-hook, you dog!" to the man in the bows. "Good thunder!" he growled, "what is there to make the sojers who ship as sailors nowadays skip, if it ain't gunpowder in their shoes and a lighted match 'twixt their toes?"

We swang alongside and gained the deck.

(To be continued.)

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CRESSY.

CHAPTER XII.

THE master awoke the next morning, albeit after a restless night, with that clarity of conscience and perception which it is to be feared is more often the consequence of youth and a perfect circulation than of any moral conviction or integrity. He argued with himself that as the only party really aggrieved in the incident of the previous night, the right of remedy remained with him solely, and under the benign influence of an early breakfast and the fresh morning air he was inclined to feel less sternly even towards Seth Davis. In any event, he must first carefully weigh the evidence against him, and examine the scene of the outrage closely. For this purpose, he had started for the school-house fully an hour before his usual time. He was even light-hearted enough to recognise the humorous aspect of Uncle Ben's appeal to him, and his own ludicrously paradoxical attitude, and as he at last passed from the dreary flat into the fringe of upland pines, he was smiling. Well for him, perhaps, that he was no more affected by any premonition of the day before him than the lately awakened birds that lightly cut the still sleeping woods around him in their long flashing sabre-curves of flight. A yellow-throat, destined to become the breakfast of a lazy hawk still swinging above the river, was espe-

cially moved to such a causeless and idiotic *roulade* of mirth that the master listening to the foolish bird was fain to whistle too. He presently stopped however, with a slight embarrassment. For a few paces before him Cressy had unexpectedly appeared.

She had evidently been watching for him. But not with her usual indolent confidence. There was a strained look of the muscles of her mouth, as of some past repression, and a shaded hollow under her temples beneath the blonde rings of her shorter hair. Her habitually slow, steady eye was troubled, and she cast a furtive glance around her before she searched him with her glance. Without knowing why, yet vaguely fearing that he did, he became still more embarrassed, and in the very egotism of awkwardness stammered without a further salutation: "A disgraceful thing has happened last night, and I'm up early to find the perpetrator. My desk was broken into, and——"

"I know it," she interrupted, with a half impatient, half uneasy putting away of the subject with her little hand—"there—don't go all over it again. Paw and Maw have been at me about it all night—ever since those Harrisons in their anxiousness to make up their quarrel, rushed over with the news. I'm tired of it!"

For an instant he was staggered. How much had she learned! With the same awkward indirectness, he

said vaguely, "But it might have been *your* letters, you know?"

"But it wasn't," she said simply. "It *ought* to have been. I wish it had——" She stopped, and again regarded him with a strange expression. "Well," she said slowly, "what are you going to do?"

"To find out the scoundrel who has done this," he said firmly, "and punish him as he deserves."

The almost imperceptible shrug that had raised her shoulders gave way as she regarded him with a look of wearied compassion.

"No," she said gravely, "you cannot. They're too many for you. You must go away, at once."

"Never," he said indignantly. "Even if it were not a cowardice. It would be more—a confession!"

"Not more than they already know," she said wearily. "But, I tell you, you *must* go. I have sneaked out of the house and run here all the way to warn you. If you—you care for me, Jack—you will go."

"I should be a traitor to you if I did," he said quickly. "I shall stay."

"But if—if—Jack—if—" she drew nearer him with a new found timidity, and then suddenly placed her two hands upon his shoulders: "if—if—Jack—I were to go with you?"

The old rapt, eager look of possession had come back to her face now; her lips were softly parted. Yet even then she seemed to be waiting some reply more potent than that syllabled on the lips of the man before her.

Howbeit that was the only response. "Darling," he said kissing her, "but wouldn't that justify them——"

"Stop," she said suddenly. Then putting her hand over his mouth, she continued with the same half weary expression: "Don't let us go over all that again either. It is *so* tiresome. Listen, dear. You'll do one or two little things for me—won't you, dandy boy? Don't linger long at the school-house after lessons. Go right home! Don't look after these men *to-day*—to-

morrow, Saturday, is your holiday—you know—and you'll have more time. Keep to yourself to-day as much as you can, dear, for twelve hours—until—until—you hear from me, you know. It will be all right then," she added, lifting her eyelids with a sudden odd resemblance to her father's look of drowsy pain, which Ford had never noticed before. "Promise me that, dear, won't you?"

With a mental reservation he promised hurriedly—preoccupied in his wonder why she seemed to avoid his explanation, in his desire to know what had happened, in the pride that kept him from asking more or volunteering a defence, and in his still haunting sense of having been wronged. Yet he could not help saying as he caught and held her hand:

"You have not doubted me, Cressy? You have not allowed this infamous raking up of things that are past and gone to alter your feelings?"

She looked at him abstractedly. "You think it might alter *anybody's* feelings, then?"

"Nobody's who really loved another——" he stammered.

"Don't let us talk of it any more," she said suddenly stretching out her arms, lifting them above her head with a wearied gesture, and then letting them fall clasped before her in her old habitual fashion. "It makes my head ache; what with Paw and Maw and the rest of them—I'm sick of it all."

She turned away as Ford drew back coldly and let her hand fall from his arm. She took a few steps forward, stopped, ran back to him again, crushed his face and head in a close embrace, and then seemed to dip like a bird into the tall bracken, and was gone.

The master stood for some moments chagrined and bewildered; it was characteristic of his temperament that he had paid less heed to what she told him than what he *imagined* had passed between her mother and herself. She

was naturally jealous of the letters—he could forgive her for that; she had doubtless been twitted about them, but he could easily explain them to her parents—as he would have done to her. But he was not such a fool as to elope with her at such a moment, without first clearing his character—and knowing more of hers. And it was equally characteristic of him that in his sense of injury he confounded her with the writer of the letters—as sympathizing with his correspondent in her estimate of his character, and was quite carried away with the belief that he was equally wronged by both.

It was not until he reached the school-house that the evidences of last night's outrage for a time distracted his mind from his singular interview. He was struck with the workmanlike manner in which the locks had been restored, and the care that had evidently been taken to remove the more obvious and brutal traces of burglary. This somewhat staggered his theory that Seth Davis was the perpetrator; mechanical skill and thoughtfulness were not among the lout's characteristics. But he was still more disconcerted on pushing back his chair to find a small india-rubber tobacco pouch lying beneath it. The master instantly recognized it: he had seen it a hundred times before—it was Uncle Ben's. It was not there when he had closed the room yesterday afternoon. Either Uncle Ben had been there last night, or had anticipated him this morning. But in the latter case he would scarcely have overlooked his fallen property—that, in the darkness of the night, might have readily escaped detection. His brow darkened with a sudden conviction that it was Uncle Ben who was the real and only offender, and that his simplicity of the previous night was part of his deception. A sickening sense that he had been again duped—but why or to what purpose he hardly dared to think—overcame him. Who among these strange people could he ever again

trust? After the fashion of more elevated individuals, he had accepted the respect and kindness of those he believed his inferiors as a natural tribute to his own superiority; any change in *their* feelings must therefore be hypocrisy or disloyalty; it never occurred to him that *he* might have fallen below their standard.

The arrival of the children and the resumption of his duties for a time diverted him. But although the morning's exercise restored the master's self-confidence, it cannot be said to have improved his judgment. Disdaining to question Rupert Filgee, as the possible confidant of Uncle Ben, he answered the curious inquiries of the children as to the broken door-lock with the remark that it was a matter that he should have to bring before the Trustees of the Board, and by the time that school was over and the pupils dismissed he had quite resolved upon this formal disposition of it. In spite of Cressy's warning—rather because of it—in the new attitude he had taken towards her and her friends, he lingered in the school-house until late. He had occupied himself in drawing up a statement of the facts, with an intimation that his continuance in the school would depend upon a rigid investigation of the circumstances, when he was aroused by the clatter of horses' hoofs. The next moment the school-house was surrounded by a dozen men.

He looked up; half of them dismounted and entered the room. The other half remained outside darkening the windows with their motionless figures. Each man carried a gun before him on the saddle; each man wore a rude mask of black cloth partly covering his face.

Although the master was instinctively aware that he was threatened by serious danger, he was far from being impressed by the arms and disguise of his mysterious intruders. On the contrary the obvious and glaring inconsistency of this cheaply theatrical invasion of the peaceful school-house;

of this opposition of menacing figures to the scattered childish primers and text-books that still lay on the desks around him, only extracted from him a half scornful smile as he coolly regarded them. The fearlessness of ignorance is often as unassailable as the most experienced valour, and the awe-inspiring invaders were at first embarrassed and then humanly angry. A lank figure to the right made a forward movement of impotent rage but was checked by the evident leader of the party.

"Ef he likes to take it that way, there ain't no Regulators law agin it, I reckon," he said, in a voice which the master instantly recognized as Jim Harrison's, "though ez a gin'ral thing they don't usually find it *fun*." Then turning to the master he added, "Mister Ford, ef that's the name you go by everywhere, we're wantin' a man about your size."

Ford knew that he was in hopeless peril. He knew that he was physically defenceless and at the mercy of twelve armed and lawless men. But he retained a preternatural clearness of perception, and audacity born of unqualified scorn for his antagonists, with a feminine sharpness of tongue. In a voice which astonished even himself by its contemptuous distinctness, he said—"My name *is* Ford, but as I only *suppose* your name is Harrison, perhaps you'll be fair enough to take that rag from your face and show it to me like a man."

The man removed the mask from his face with a slight laugh.

"Thank you," said Ford. "Now, perhaps you will tell me which one of you gentlemen broke into the school-house, forced the lock of my desk and stole my papers. If he is here I wish to tell him he is not only a thief, but a cur and a coward, for the letters are a woman's—whom he neither knows nor has the right to know."

If he had hoped to force a personal quarrel and trust his life to the chance of a single antagonist, he was disappointed, for although his unexpected

attitude had produced some effect among the group, and even attracted the attention of the men at the windows, Harrison strode deliberately towards him.

"That kin wait," he said; "jest now we propose to take you and your letters and drop 'em and you outer this yer township of Injin Springs. You kin take 'em back to the woman or critter you got 'em of. But we kalkilate you're a little too handy and free in them sorter things to teach school round yer, and we kinder allow we don't keer to hev our gals and boys eddicated up to your high-toned standard. So ef you choose to kem along easy we'll mak' you comf'ble on a hoss we've got waitin' outside, an' escort you across the line. Ef you don't—we'll take you anyway."

The master cast a rapid glance around him. In his quickness of perception he had already noted that the led horse among the cavalcade was fastened by a *lariat* to one of the riders so that escape by flight was impossible, and that he had not a single weapon to defend himself with or even provoke, in his desperation, the struggle that could forestall ignominy by death. Nothing was left him but his voice, clear and trenchant as he faced them.

"You are twelve to one," he said calmly, "but if there is a single man among you who dare step forward and accuse me of what you only *together* dare do, I will tell him he is a liar and a coward, and stand here ready to make it good against him. You come here as judge and jury condemning me without trial and confronting me with no accusers; you come here as lawless avengers of your honour, and you dare not give *me* the privilege of as lawlessly defending my own."

There was another slight murmur among the men, but the leader moved impatiently forward. "We've had enough o' your preachin': we want *you*," he said roughly. "Come."

"Stop," said a dull voice.

It came from a mute figure which

had remained motionless among the others. Every eye was turned upon it as it rose and lazily pushed the cloth from its face.

"Hiram McKinstry!" said the others in mingled tones of astonishment and suspicion.

"That's me!" said McKinstry coming forward with heavy deliberation. "I joined this yer delegation at the cross-roads instead o' my brother who had the call. I reckon et's all the same—or mebbe better. For I perpose to take this yer gentleman off your hands."

He lifted his slumbrous eyes for the first time to the master, and at the same time put himself between him and Harrison. "I perpose," he continued "to take him at his word, I perpose ter give him a chance to answer with a gun. And ez I reckon, by all accounts, there's no man yer ez hez a better right than *me*, I perpose to be the man to put that question to him in the same way. Et may not suit some gents," he continued slowly facing an angry exclamation from the lank figure behind him, "ez would prefer to hev eleven men to take up *their* private quo'ills, but even then I reckon that the man who is the most injured hez the right to the first say, and that man's *me*."

With a careful deliberation that had a double significance to the malcontents, he handed his own rifle to the master and without looking at him continued: "I reckon, sir, you've seen that afore, but ef it ain't quite to your hand, any of those gents, I kalkilate, will be high-toned enuff to giv you the chyce o' theirs. And there's no need o' trapsin' beyon' the township lines, to fix this yer affair; I propose to do it in ten minutes in the brush yonder."

Whatever might have been the feelings and intentions of the men around him, the precedence of McKinstry's right to the duello was a principle too deeply rooted in their traditions to deny; if any resistance to it had been contemplated by some

of them, the fact that the master was now armed, and that Mr. McKinstry would quickly do battle at his side with a revolver in defence of his rights, checked any expression. They silently drew back as the master and McKinstry slowly passed out of the school-house together, and then followed in their rear. In that interval the master turned to McKinstry and said in a low voice—"I accept your challenge and thank you for it. You have never done me a greater kindness—whatever I have done to *you*—yet I want you to believe that neither now nor *then*—I meant you any harm."

"Ef you mean by that, sir, that ye reckon ye won't return my fire, ye're blind and wrong. For it will do you no good with them," he said with a significant wave of his crippled hand towards the following crowd, "nor me neither."

Firmly resolved, however, that he would not fire at McKinstry, and clinging blindly to this which he believed was the last idea of his foolish life, he continued on without another word until they reached the open strip of *chemisal* that flanked the clearing.

The rude preliminaries were soon settled. The parties, armed with rifles, were to fire at the word from a distance of eighty yards, and then approach each other, continuing the fight with revolvers until one or the other fell. The selection of seconds was effected by the elder Harrison acting for McKinstry, and after a moment's delay by the volunteering of the long lank figure previously noted to act for the master. Preoccupied by other thoughts, Mr. Ford paid little heed to his self-elected supporter who to the others seemed to be only taking that method of showing his contempt for McKinstry's recent insult. The master received the rifle mechanically from his hand and walked to position. He noticed, however, and remembered afterwards that his second was half hidden by the trunk of a large pine to

his right that marked the limit of the ground.

In that supreme moment it must be recorded, albeit against all preconceived theory, that he did *not* review his past life, was *not* illuminated by a flash of remorseful or sentimental memory, and did *not* commend his soul to his Maker, but that he was simply and keenly alive to the very actual present in which he still existed and to his one idea of not firing at his adversary. And if anything could render his conduct more theoretically incorrect it was a certain exalted sense that he was doing quite right and was not only *not* a bad sort of fellow, but one whom his survivors might possibly regret!

"Are you ready, gentlemen? One—two—three—fi . . .!"

The explosions were singularly simultaneous—so remarkable in fact that it seemed to the master that his rifle, fired in the air, had given a *double* report. A light wreath of smoke lay between him and his opponent. He was unhurt—so evidently was his adversary, for the voice rose again.

"Advance! . . . Hallo there! Stop!"

He looked up quickly to see McKinstry stagger and then fall heavily to the ground.

With an exclamation of horror, the first and only terrible emotion he had felt, he ran to the fallen man, as Harrison reached his side at the same moment.

"For God's sake," he said wildly, throwing himself on his knees beside McKinstry, "what has happened? For I swear to you, I never aimed at you! I fired in the air. Speak! Tell him, you," he turned with a despairing appeal to Harrison, "you must have seen it all—tell him it was not me!"

A half wondering, half incredulous smile passed quickly over Harrison's face. "In course you didn't *mean* it," he said drily, "but let that slide. Get up and get away from yer, while

you kin," he added impatiently, with a significant glance at one or two men who lingered after the sudden and general dispersion of the crowd at McKinstry's fall. "Get—will ye!"

"Never!" said the young man passionately, "until he knows that it was not my hand that fired that shot."

McKinstry painfully struggled to his elbow. "It took me yere," he said with a slow deliberation as if answering some previous question, and pointing to his hip, "and it kinder let me down when I started forward at the second call."

"But it was not I who did it, McKinstry, I swear it. Hear me! For God's sake, say you believe me."

McKinstry turned his drowsy, troubled eyes upon the master as if he were vaguely recalling something. "Stand back thar a minit, will ye," he said to Harrison, with a languid wave of his crippled hand; "I want ter speak to this yer man."

Harrison drew back a few paces and the master sought to take the wounded man's hand, but he was stopped by a gesture. "Where hev you put Cressy?" McKinstry said slowly.

"I don't understand you," stammered Ford.

"Where are you hidin' her from me?" repeated McKinstry with painful distinctness. "Whar hev you run her to, that you're reckonin' to jine her arter—*this*?"

"I am not hiding her! I am not going to her! I do not know where she is. I have not seen her since we parted early this morning without a word of meeting again," said the master rapidly, yet with a bewildered astonishment that was obvious even to the dulled faculties of his hearer.

"That war true?" asked McKinstry, laying his hand upon the master's shoulder and bringing his dull eyes to the level of the young man's.

"It is the whole truth," said Ford fervently, "and true also that I never raised my hand against you."

McKinstry beckoned to Harrison and the two others who had joined

him, and then sank partly back with his hand upon his side, where the slow empurpling of his red shirt showed the slight ooze of a deeply-seated wound.

"You fellers kin take me over to the ranch," he said calmly, "and let him," pointing to Ford, "ride your best hoss fer the doctor. I don't," he continued in grave explanation, "gin'rally use a doctor, but this yer is suthin' outside the old woman's regular gait." He paused, and then drawing the master's head down towards him, he added in his ear, "When I get to hev a look at the size and shape o' this yer ball that's in my hip I'll—I'll—Ill—be—a—little more kam!" A gleam of dull significance struggled into his eye. The master evidently understood him, for he rose quickly, ran to the horse, mounted him and dashed off for medical assistance, while McKinstry, closing his heavy lids, anticipated this looked-for calm by fainting gently away.

CHAPTER XIII.

Of the various sentimental fallacies entertained by adult humanity in regard to childhood, none are more ingeniously inaccurate and gratuitously idiotic than a comfortable belief in its profound ignorance of the events in which it daily moves, and the motives and characters of the people who surround it. Yet even the occasional revelations of an *enfant terrible* are as nothing compared to the perilous secrets which a discreet infant daily buttons up, or secures with a hook-and-eye, or even fastens with a safety-pin across its gentle bosom. Society can never cease to be grateful for that tact and consideration—qualities more often joined with childish intuition and perception than with matured observation—that they owe to it; and the most accomplished man or woman of the great world might take a lesson from this little audience who receive from their lips the lie

they feel too palpable with round-eyed complacency, or outwardly accept as moral and genuine the hollow sentiment they have overheard rehearsed in private for their benefit.

It was not strange therefore that the little people of the Indian Spring school knew perhaps more of the real relations of Cressy McKinstry to her admirers than the admirers themselves. Not that this knowledge was outspoken—for children rarely gossip in the grown-up sense—or even communicable by words intelligent to the matured intellect. A whisper, a laugh that often seemed vague and unmeaning, conveyed to each other a world of secret significance, and an apparently senseless burst of merriment in which the whole class joined and that the adult critic set down to "animal spirits"—a quality much more rare with children than generally supposed—was only a sympathetic expression of some discovery happily oblivious to older preoccupation. The childish simplicity of Uncle Ben perhaps appealed more strongly to their sympathy, and although, for that very reason, they regarded him with no more respect than they did each other, he was at times carelessly admitted to their confidence. It was especially Rupert Filgee who extended a kind of patronizing protectorate over him—not unmixed with doubts of his sanity, in spite of the promised confidential clerkship he was to receive from his hands.

On the day of the events chronicled in the preceding chapter, Rupert on returning from school was somewhat surprised to find Uncle Ben perched upon the rail-fence before the humble door of the Filgee mansion and evidently awaiting him. Slowly dismounting as Rupert and Johnny approached, he beamed upon the former for some moments with arch and yet affable mystery.

"Roopy, old man, I s'pose ye've got yer duds ready in all yer pack, eh?"

A flush of pleasure passed over the boy's handsome face. He cast, how-

ever, a hurried look down on the all-pervading Johnny.

"'Cause ye see we kalkilate to take the down stage to Sacramento at four o'clock," continued Uncle Ben, enjoying Rupert's half-sceptical surprise. "Ye enter into office, so to speak, with me at that hour, when the sellery, seventy-five dollars a month and board, ez private and confidential clerk, begins—eh?"

Rupert's dimples deepened in charming, almost feminine, embarrassment. "But dad—?" he stammered.

"Et's all right with *him*. He's agreeable."

"But——?"

Uncle Ben followed Rupert's glance at Johnny, who however appeared to be absorbed in the pattern of Uncle Ben's new trousers.

"That's fixed," he said with a meaning smile. "There's a sort o' *bonus* we pays down, you know—for a Chinyman to do the odd jobs."

"And teacher—Mr. Ford—did ye tell him?" said Rupert brightening.

Uncle Ben coughed slightly. "He's agreeable, too, I reckon. That is," he wiped his mouth meditatively, "he ez good ez allowed it in gin'ral conversation a week ago, Rupe."

A swift shadow of suspicion darkened the boy's brown eyes. "Is anybody else goin' with us?" he said quickly.

"Not this yer trip," replied Uncle Ben complacently. "Ye see, Rupe," he continued, drawing him aside with an air of comfortable mystery, "this yer biz'ness b'longs to the private and confidential branch of the office. From informashun we've received——"

"*We?*" interrupted Rupert.

"We, that's the *offs*, you know," continued Uncle Ben with a heavy assumption of business formality, "wot we've received per several hands and consignee—we—that's *you* and *me*, Rupe—we goes down to Sacramento to inquire into the standin' of a certing party, as per invoice, and ter see—ter see—ter negotiate you know, ter find out if she's married or di-vorced," he

concluded quickly, as if abandoning for the moment his business manner in consideration of Rupert's inexperience. "We're to find out her standin', Rupe," he began again with a more judicious blending of ease and technicality, "and her contracts, if any, and where she lives and her way o' life, and examine her books and papers ez to marriages and sich, and arbitrate with her gin'rally in conversation—you inside the house and me out on the pavement, ready to be called in if an interview with business principals is desired."

Observing Rupert somewhat perplexed and confused with these technicalities, he tactfully abandoned them for the present, and consulting a pocket-book said, "I've made a memorandum of some pints that we'll talk over on the journey," again charged Rupert to be punctually at the stage office with his carpet-bag, and cheerfully departed.

When he had disappeared Johnny Filgee, without a single word of explanation, fell upon his brother, and at once began a violent attack of kicks and blows upon his legs and other easily accessible parts of his person, accompanying his assault with unintelligible gasps and actions, finally culminating in a flood of tears and the casting of himself on his back in the dust with the copper-fastened toes of his small boots turning imaginary wheels in the air. Rupert received these characteristic marks of despairing and outraged affection with great forbearance, only saying, "There now, Johnny, quit that," and eventually bearing him still struggling into the house. Here Johnny, declaring that he would kill any "Chinyman" that offered to dress him, and burn down the house after his brother's infamous desertion of it, Rupert was constrained to mingle a few nervous, excited tears with his brother's outbreak. Whereat Johnny, admitting the alleviation of an orange, a four-bladed knife, and the reversionary interest in much of Rupert's personal property, became

more subdued. Sitting there with their arms entwined about each other, the sunlight searching the shiftless desolation of their motherless home, the few cheap playthings they had known lying around them, they beguiled themselves with those charming illusions of their future intentions common to their years—illusions they only half believed themselves and half accepted of each other. Rupert was quite certain that he would return in a few days with a gold watch and a present for Johnny, and Johnny, with a baleful vision of never seeing him again, and a catching breath, magnificently undertook to bring in the wood and build the fire and wash the dishes "all of himself." And then there were a few childish confidences regarding their absent father—then ingenuously playing poker in the Magnolia Saloon—that might have made that publicspirited, genial companion somewhat uncomfortable, and more tears that were half smiling and some brave silences that were wholly pathetic, and then the hour for Rupert's departure all too suddenly arrived. They separated with ostentatious whooping, and then Johnny suddenly overcome with the dreadfulness of all earthly things, and the hollowness of life generally, instantly resolved to run away!

To do this he prepared himself with a purposeless hatchet, an inconsistent but long-treasured lump of putty, and all the sugar that was left in the cracked sugar-bowl. Thus accoutred he sallied forth, first to remove all traces of his hated existence that might be left in his desk at school. If the master were there he would say Rupert had sent him; if he wasn't, he would climb in at the window. The sun was already sinking when he reached the clearing and found a cavalcade of armed men around the building.

Johnny's first conviction was that the master had killed Uncle Ben or Masters, and that the men, taking advantage of the absence of his—Johnny's—big brother were about to summarily execute him. Observ-

ing no struggle from within, his second belief was that the master had been suddenly elected Governor of California and was about to start with a state escort from the school-house, and that he, Johnny, was in time to see the procession. But when the master appeared with McKinstry, followed by part of the crowd afoot, this quick-witted child of the frontier, from his secure outlook in the 'brush', gathered enough from their fragmentary speech to guess the serious purport of their errand, and thrill with anticipation and slightly creepy excitement.

A duel! A thing hitherto witnessed only by grown-up men, afterwards swaggering with importance and strange technical blood-thirsty words, and now for the first time reserved for a *boy*—and that boy, him, Johnny!—to behold in all its fearful completeness! A duel! of which he, Johnny, meanly abandoned by his brother, was now exalted perhaps to be the only survivor! He could scarcely credit his senses. It was too much!

To creep through the brush while the preliminaries were being settled, reach a certain silver fir on the appointed ground, and, with the aid of his now lucky hatchet, climb unseen to its upper boughs, was an exciting and difficult task, but one eventually overcome by his short but energetic legs. Here he could not only see all that occurred, but by a fortunate chance the large pine next to him had been selected as the limit of the ground. The sharp eyes of the boy had long since penetrated the disguises of the remaining masked men, and when the long, lank figure of the master's self-appointed second took up its position beneath the pines in full view of him, although hidden from the spectators, Johnny instantly recognized it to be none other than Seth Davis. The manifest inconsistency of his appearance as Mr. Ford's second with what Johnny knew of his relations to the master was the one thing that firmly fixed the incident in the boy's memory.

The men were already in position.

Harrison stepped forward to give the word. Johnny's down-hanging legs tingled with cramp and excitement. Why didn't they begin? What were they waiting for? What if it were interrupted, or—terrible thought—made up at the last moment? Would they "holler" out when they were hit, or stagger round convulsively as they did at the "cirkiss"? Would they all run away afterwards and leave Johnny alone to tell the tale? And—horrible thought!—would any body believe him? Would Rupert? Rupert, had he "on'y knowed this", he wouldn't have gone away.

"One"—

With a child's perfect faith in the invulnerable superiority of his friends, he had not even looked at the master, but only at his destined victim. Yet as the word "two" rang out Johnny's attention was suddenly attracted to the surprising fact that the master's second, Seth Davis, had also drawn a pistol, and from behind his tree was deliberately and stealthily aiming at McKinstry! He understood it all now—he was a friend of the master's. Bully for Seth!

"Three!"

Crack! Zi-i-p! Crackle! What a funny noise! And yet he was obliged to throw himself flat upon the bough to keep from falling. It seemed to have snapped beneath him and benumbed his right leg. He did not know that the master's bullet, fired in the air, had ranged along the bough, stripping the bark throughout its length and glancing with half-spent force to inflict a slight flesh wound on his leg!

He was giddy and a little frightened. And he had seen nobody hit, nor nothin'. It was all a humbug! Seth had disappeared. So had the others. There was a faint sound of voices and something like a group in the distance—that was all. It was getting dark, too, and his leg was still asleep, but warm and wet. He would get down. This was very difficult, for his leg would not wake up, and but for the

occasional support he got by striking his hatchet in the tree he would have fallen in descending. When he reached the ground his leg began to pain, and looking down he saw that his stocking and shoe were soaked with blood.

His small and dirty handkerchief, a hard wad in his pocket, was insufficient to staunch the flow. With a vague recollection of a certain poultice applied to a boil on his father's neck, he collected a quantity of soft moss and dried *yerba buena* leaves, and with the aid of his check apron and of one of his torn suspenders tightly wound round the whole mass, achieved a bandage of such elephantine proportions that he could scarcely move with it. In fact, like most imaginative children, he became slightly terrified at his own alarming precautions. Nevertheless, although a word or an outcry from him would have at that moment brought the distant group to his assistance, a certain respect to himself and his brother kept him from uttering even a whimper of weakness.

Yet he found refuge, oddly enough, in a suppressed but bitter denunciation of the other boys of his acquaintance. What was Cal. Harrison doing, while he, Johnny, was alone in the woods, wounded in a grown-up duel—for nothing would convince this doughty infant that he had not been an active participant? Where was Jemmy Snyder that he didn't come to his assistance with the other fellers? Cowards all; they were afraid. Ho, ho! And he, Johnny, wasn't afraid! ho—he didn't mind it! Nevertheless he had to repeat the phrase two or three times until, after repeated struggles to move forward through the brush, he at last sank down exhausted. By this time the distant group had slowly moved away, carrying something between them, and leaving Johnny alone in the fast coming darkness. Yet even this desertion did not affect him as strongly as his implicit belief in the cowardly treachery of his old associates.

It grew darker and darker, until the open theatre of the late conflict appeared enclosed in funereal walls; a cool searching breath of air that, seemed to have crept through the bracken and undergrowth like a stealthy animal, lifted the curls on his hot forehead. He grasped his hatchet firmly as against possible wild beasts, and as a medicinal and remedial precaution, took another turn with his suspender around his bandage. It occurred to him then that he would probably die. They would all feel exceedingly sorry and alarmed, and regret having made him wash himself on Saturday night. They would attend his funeral in large numbers in the little graveyard, where a white tombstone inscribed to "John Filgee, fell in a duel at the age of seven," would be awaiting him. He would forgive his brother, his father and Mr. Ford. Yet even then he vaguely resented a few leaves and twigs dropped by a woodpecker in the tree above him, with a shake of his weak fist and an incoherent declaration that they couldn't "play no babes in the wood on *him*." And then having composed himself he once more turned on his side to die, as became the scion of a heroic race! The free woods, touched by an upspringing wind, waved their dark arms above him, and higher yet a few patient stars silently ranged themselves around his pillow.

But with the rising wind and stars came the swift trampling of horses' hoofs and the flashing of lanterns, and Doctor Duchesne and the master swept down into the opening.

"It was here," said the master quickly, "but they must have taken him on to his own home. Let us follow."

"Hold on a moment," said the Doctor, who had halted before the tree. "What's all this? Why, it's baby Filgee—by thunder!"

In another moment they had both dismounted and were leaning over the half-conscious child. Johnny turned his feverishly bright eyes from the

lantern to the master and back again.

"What is it, Johnny boy?" asked the master tenderly. "Were you lost?"

With a gleam of feverish exaltation, Johnny rose, albeit wandringly, to the occasion!

"Hit!" he lisped feebly, "Hit in a doell! at the age of theven."

"What!" asked the bewildered master.

But Dr. Duchesne, after a single swift scrutiny of the boy's face, had unearthed him from his nest of leaves, laid him in his lap, and deftly ripped away the preposterous bandage. "Hold the light here. By Jove! he tells the truth. Who did it, Johnny?"

But Johnny was silent. In an interval of feverish consciousness and pain, his perception and memory had been quickened; a suspicion of the real cause of his disaster had dawned upon him—but his childish lips were heroically sealed. The master glanced appealingly at the Doctor.

"Take him before you in the saddle to McKinstry's," said the latter promptly. "I can attend to both."

The master lifted the boy tenderly in his arms. Johnny stimulated by the prospect of a free ride, became feebly interested in his fellow sufferer.

"Did Theth hit him bad?" he asked.

"Seth?" echoed the master, wildly.

"Yeth. I theed him when he took aim."

The master did not reply, but the next moment Johnny felt himself clasped in his arms in the saddle before him, borne like a whirlwind in the direction of the McKinstry ranch.

CHAPTER XIV.

THEY found the wounded man lying in the front room upon a rudely extemporised couch of bear-skins, he having sternly declined the effeminacy of his wife's bedroom. In the possibility of a fatal termination to his wound, and in obedience to a grim

frontier tradition he had also refused to have his boots removed in order that he might "die with them on," as became his ancestral custom. Johnny was therefore speedily made comfortable in the McKinstry bed while Dr. Duchesne gave his whole attention to his more serious patient. The master glanced hurriedly around for Mrs. McKinstry. She was not only absent from the room, but there seemed to be no suggestion of her presence in the house. To his greater surprise the hurried inquiry that rose to his lips was checked by a significant warning from the attendant. He sat down beside the now sleeping boy, and awaited the doctor's return with his mind wandering between the condition of the little sufferer and the singular revelation that had momentarily escaped his childish lips. If Johnny had actually seen Seth fire at McKinstry, the latter's mysterious wound was accounted for—but not Seth's motive. The act was so utterly incomprehensible and inconsistent with Seth's avowed hatred of the master that the boy must have been delirious.

He was roused by the entrance of the surgeon. "It's not so bad as I thought," he said, with a reassuring nod. "It was a mighty close shave between a shattered bone and a severed artery, but we've got the ball, and he'll pull through in a week. By Jove! though—the old fire-eater was more concerned about finding the ball than living or dying! Go in there—he wants to see you. Don't let him talk too much. He's called in a lot of his friends for some reason or other—and there's a regular mass-meeting in there. Go in, and get rid of 'em. I'll look after baby Filgee—though the little chap will be all right again after another dressing."

The master cast a hurried look of relief at the surgeon, and re-entered the front room. It was filled with men whom the master instinctively recognised as his former adversaries. But they gave way before him with a certain rude respect and half abashed

sympathy as McKinstry called him to his side. The wounded man grasped his hand. "Lift me up a bit," he whispered. The master assisted him with difficulty to his elbow.

"Gentlemen!" said McKinstry with a characteristic wave of his crippled hand towards the crowd as he laid the other on the master's shoulder. "Ye heerd me talkin' a minit ago; ye heer me now. This yer young man as we've slipped upon and meskalkilated has told the truth—every time! Ye ken tie to him whenever and wherever ye want to. Ye aint expected to feel ez I feel, in course, but the man ez goes back on *him*—qu'lls with *me*. That's all—and thanks for inquiring friends. Ye'll git now, boys, and leave him a minit with *me*."

The men filed slowly out, a few lingering long enough to shake the master's hand with grave earnestness, or half smiling, half abashed embarrassment. The master received the proffered reconciliation of these men, who but a few hours before would have lynched him with equal sincerity, with cold bewilderment. As the door closed on the last of the party he turned to McKinstry. The wounded man had sunk down again, but was regarding with drowsy satisfaction a leaden bullet he was holding between his finger and thumb.

"This yer shot, Mr. Ford," he said in a slow voice, whose weakness was only indicated by its extreme deliberation "never kem from the gun I gave ye—and was never fired by you." He paused and then added with his old dull abstraction, "It's a long time since I've run agin anythin' that makes me feel more—kam."

In Mr. McKinstry's weak condition the master did not dare to make Johnny's revelation known to him, and contented himself by simply pressing his hand, but the next moment the wounded man resumed—

"That ball jest fits Seth's navy revolver—and the hound hes made tracks outer the country."

"But what motive could he have in

attacking *you* at such a time?" asked the master.

"He reckoned that either I'd kill you, and so he'd got shut of us both in that way, without it being noticed; or if I missed you, the others would hang *you*—ez they kalkilated to—for killing *me*! The idea *kem* to him when he overheard you hintin' you wouldn't return my fire."

A shuddering conviction that McKinstry had divined the real truth passed over the master. In the impulse of the moment he again would have corroborated it by revealing Johnny's story, but a glance at the growing feverishness of the wounded man checked his utterance. "Don't talk of it now," he said hurriedly. "Enough for me to know that you acquit *me*. I am here now only to beg you to compose yourself until the doctor comes back—as you seemed to be alone, and Mrs. McKinstry——" he stopped in awkward embarrassment.

A singular confusion overspread the invalid's face. "She hed steppt out afore this happened, owin' to contrary opinions betwixt me and her. Ye mout hev noticed, Mr. Ford, that ginrally she didn't 'pear to cotton to ye! Thar ain't a woman a goin' ez is the ekal of Blain Rawlin's darter in nussin' a man and keeping him in fightin' order, but in matters like things that consarn herself and Cress, I begin' to think, Mr. Ford, that somehow, she ain't exakly—*kam*! Bein' *kam* yourself, ye'll put any unpleasantness down to that. Wotever you hear from *her*, and for the matter o' that, from her own darter too—for I'm takin' back the foolishness I said to ye over you about your runnin' off with Cress—you'll remember, Mr. Ford, it warn't from no ill feeling to *you*, in her or Cress—but on'y a want of *kam*! I mout hev had *my* ideas about Cress, you mout hev had *yours*, and that fool Dabney mout hev had *his*; but it warn't the old woman's—nor Cressy's—it warn't Blain Rawlin's darter's idea—nor yet *her* darter's! And why? For want o' *kam*! Times

I reckon it was left out o' woman's nater. And bein' *kam* yourself, you understand it, and take it all in."

The old look of drowsy pain had settled so strongly in his red eyes again that the master was fain to put his hand gently over them, and with a faint smile beg him to compose himself to sleep. This he finally did after a whispered suggestion that he himself was feeling "more *kam*." The master sat for some moments with his hand upon the sleeping man's eyes, and a vague and undefinable sense of loneliness seemed to fall upon him from the empty rafters of the silent and deserted house. The rising wind moaned fitfully around its bleak shell with the despairing sound of far and for ever receding voices. So strong was the impression that when the doctor and McKinstry's attending brother reentered the room, the master still lingered beside the bed with a dazed sensation of abandonment that the doctor's practical reassuring smile could hardly dispel.

"He's doing splendidly now," he said, listening to the sleeper's more regular respiration: "and I'd advise you to go now, Mr. Ford, before he wakes, lest he might be tempted to excite himself by talking to you again. He's really quite out of danger now. Good night! I'll drop in on you at the hotel when I return."

The master, albeit still confused and bewildered, felt his way to the door and out into the open night. The wind was still despairingly wrestling with the tree-tops, but the far receding voices seemed to be growing fainter in the distance, until, as he passed on, they too seemed to pass away for ever.

* * * *

Monday morning had come again, and the master was at his desk in the school-house early, with a still damp and inky copy of the "Star" fresh from the press before him. The free breath of the pines was blowing in the window, and bringing to his ears the

distant voices of his slowly gathering flock, as he read as follows :

"The perpetrator of the dastardly outrage at the Indian Spring Academy on Thursday last—which, through unfortunate misrepresentation of the facts, led to a premature calling out of several of our most public-spirited citizens, and culminated in a most regrettable encounter between Mr. McKinstry and the accomplished and estimable principal of the school—has, we regret to say, escaped condign punishment by leaving the country with his relations. If, as is seriously whispered, he was also guilty of an unparalleled offence against a chivalrous code which will exclude him in the future from ever seeking redress at the Court of Honour, our citizens will be only too glad to get rid of the contamination of being obliged to arrest him. Those of our readers who know the high character of the two gentlemen who were thus forced into a hostile meeting, will not be surprised to know that the most ample apologies were tendered on both sides, and that the *entente cordiale* has been thoroughly restored. The bullet—which it is said played a highly important part in the subsequent explanation, proving to have come from a *revolver* fired by some outsider—has been extracted from Mr. McKinstry's thigh, and he is doing well, with every prospect of a speedy recovery."

Smiling albeit not uncomplacently at this valuable contribution to history from an unfettered press, his eye fell upon the next paragraph, perhaps not so complacently :

"Benjamin Daubigny, Esq., who left town for Sacramento on important business, not entirely unconnected with his new interests in Indian Springs, will, it is rumoured, be shortly joined by his wife, who has been enabled by his recent good fortune to leave her old home in the States, and take her proper proud position at his side. Although per-

sonally unknown to Indian Springs, Mrs. Daubigny is spoken of as a beautiful and singularly accomplished woman, and it is to be regretted that her husband's interests will compel them to abandon Indian Springs for Sacramento as a future residence. Mr. Daubigny was accompanied by his private secretary Rupert, the eldest son of H. G. Filgee, Esq., who has been a promising graduate of the Indian Spring Academy, and offers a bright example to the youth of this district. We are happy to learn that his younger brother is recovering rapidly from a slight accident received last week through the incautious handling of firearms."

The master, with his eyes upon the paper, remained so long plunged in a reverie that the school-room was quite filled and his little flock was wonderingly regarding him before he recalled himself. He was hurriedly reaching his hand towards the bell when he was attracted by the rising figure of Octavia Dean.

"Please, sir, you didn't ask if we had any news!"

"True—I forgot," said the master smiling. "Well, have you anything to tell us?"

"Yes, sir. Cressy McKinstry has left school."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir; she's married."

"Married," repeated the master with an effort, yet conscious of the eyes concentrated upon his colourless face. "Married—and to whom?"

"To Joe Masters, sir, at the Baptist Chapel at Big Bluff, Sunday, an' Marm McKinstry was thar with her."

There was a momentary and breathless pause. Then the voices of his little pupils—those sage and sweet truants from tradition, those gentle but relentless historians of the future—rose around him in shrill chorus :

"WHY, WE KNOWED IT ALL ALONG, SIR!"

HOW THE GERMAN SOLDIER IS MADE.

BY AN ENGLISH COMPANY-OFFICER.

THE army which we ourselves, together with the rest of Europe, are not ashamed to confess in a greater or less degree to copying, is that which in 1866 and in 1870-1 showed to the world at large what could be achieved by scientific administration, a stern discipline, and the most exact training and education of every individual officer and man. On the higher organization of the German army many excellent works are in existence, and many articles have from time to time been published in various journals and magazines. But of the system of training which has brought the individual soldier to such a standard of excellence, of the discipline of the army, of the relations of the officers to their men, of the knowledge of his profession displayed by every officer, of the spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice which pervades all ranks from the Emperor to the private soldier, it is much to be regretted that so little has been written in England, though such matters are probably much more interesting and certainly more instructive to the majority of military readers than details of mobilization or of the organization of army-corps.

The present writer, having had opportunities of seeing much of the German army, not only during the season of preparation in garrison, but also in most favourable circumstances at the recent autumn manœuvres, hopes through a slight sketch of all that he has seen and heard to make good in some degree this deficiency. Taking first what has and always will be the most important factor in the preparation of an army for war, namely the training of the men which

actually form the army, it will be necessary to divide it into two distinct parts, the first being their military education, and the second their physical training.

It must, however, be borne in mind that from the day on which the German recruit joins the army, both of these go hand in hand; and that they are so closely connected that it is often difficult, in judging the results, to distinguish between that which is brought into practice owing to the lessons of theory, and what has become a second nature in the man through constant physical training. The point of perfection to which the military education of the non-commissioned officers and men of the German army has been brought, is indeed to English ideas astonishing. It is probable that by questioning the individual soldier, or observing him at the time of the manœuvres, a better idea will be obtained of the pains which have been taken to make him what he is, than by any other means. The German military year commences, as is well known, in November—that is to say, the fresh batches of recruits then arrive to take the place of the men who, after serving two or three years with the colours, are passed to the reserve. In ten months from that time, or at the beginning of the following September, when the autumn manœuvres are about to commence, we will see what these recruits have become during that period. Pick out any one of them at random from the ranks and ask him questions on any possible duties which are likely to fall to his lot to perform in war, and for any one who has had to deal with persons of that class from which

the majority of soldiers are usually drawn, it is almost impossible to understand by what means the country clown or the mechanic of ten months ago has been converted into the intelligent soldier of to-day. If, for example, he is questioned with regard to his duties as a sentry in an outpost line, his answers, showing a thorough practical knowledge of what would be required of him, and what information he would expect to receive from his superior—on the position of neighbouring sentries, his piquet, etc., where the principal roads lead to, what is known of the enemy, the names of neighbouring villages, heights, or rivers, and many other points too numerous to mention here,—are all given with a readiness and intelligence which very few English officers would expect to find in the rank and file of their companies. Exactly the same intelligence is displayed in the important duty of patrolling. Whether in an open or much enclosed country, approaching a village or entering a wood, in fact in any possible circumstances, each separate man knows exactly what it is his duty to do. The following translation of a report, actually sent in by a private soldier, picked out casually by the writer from the ranks of a German company and placed in command of a small patrol at the time of the autumn manœuvres, will perhaps show as well as anything else to what a point of excellence military education can be brought. The report is translated as literally as possible, the names of individuals and places mentioned in it only being suppressed, and is as follows :

Estate of S—, 30th August,
7 p.m.

From Fusilier H—'s Patrol.

TO 1ST LIEUT. B—,—I have been forward with my Patrol in the direction of F—, by the Estate of S—, as far as K—, and have returned to the Estate of S—. Here I can see an Infantry detachment about one section strong on the march on the D— high road, almost on a level with K—, while an Infantry patrol of the enemy is marching two hundred yards to the east of

K—, and is keeping on a level with the section which is marching on the high road. I imagine the Section marching on the high road and the Patrol to be for the protection of a march [*Marsch-Sicherung*]. My Patrol remains here and continues to observe them.

(Signed) H—.

Now it must be obvious that soldiers so educated are in every way superior beings from a military point of view to those of a past era, when to be smart at drill was the beginning and end of existence. And it should be remembered that this intellectual training does not tend to produce only a few geniuses to be exhibited on special occasions. One of "The Times'" correspondents at the recent German manœuvres said very truly of that army that, "It is characterized by a uniformity, that is one of the main secrets of its success. After having seen one army corps, a foreigner may simply multiply it by eighteen and safely say that he has now got a perfect idea of the German army." In just the same way it may with equal truth be stated that one soldier represents the five hundred thousand men who form the peace establishment of the German Empire.

Let us next turn to the subject of musketry, which in these days of rapid loading and accurate rifles is so serious a question in all armies, and to the improvement of which, owing to our severe lesson in the Transvaal in 1881, such great efforts have been directed in our own. In Germany the greatest possible trouble is taken by the company-officers to train their men on the range to a skilful use of their rifle, the instruction including not merely shooting, as with us, at both standing and disappearing targets, as well as most practical field-firing, but further such useful practices as aiming and firing from behind trees, walls, breastworks, and indeed from any rest which men would be likely to find at hand in the circumstances of war. To such practical instruction must be attributed to some extent the constant

and intelligent use which the German soldier makes of his spade. At manœuvres on almost every possible occasion, even under a hot fire when the man is likely to have to hold his ground for a short time only, the spade, hung as in our army at the side, is produced, and should time forbid efficient cover being obtained, a few sods merely are cut out and thrown forward to form a rest for the rifle.

Besides this practical musketry, every man has further a theoretical knowledge of the use and capabilities of the weapon in his possession, which is unknown in our army. This is well exemplified in what is known as *Gefechtsmässiges Einzelschiessen*, or the training of the man to use his own judgment in firing during a fight, to a proper understanding of which principle the Germans attach the highest importance. For instance, a man called out from the ranks is shown an enemy kneeling down, we will say, at some distance off, and is then asked how he would proceed to act. We will suppose that he judges the distance to be 250 yards. This being so, he will describe what he must do if acting entirely on his own judgment, in some such words as these: "I should shoot at him, because if I use my weapon properly I can expect to hit a single man kneeling up to 250 yards. I must use the small or 300 yards sight, and must aim as low on the man as I can, because the half height of the man kneeling, or about 2 feet, and the trajectory of the bullet at 250 yards, or about 1 foot 9 inches, nearly agree. I should hit him in the stomach. I must fire kneeling, as I should be unable to take proper aim lying down." He would further be certain to give just the same sort of information, no matter what the distance was estimated to be, within a range of 600 yards, as beyond that distance no single marksman would be expected to use his own judgment in firing. He knows, for instance, that he may expect to hit all objects in any

position up to 200 yards, a single man kneeling up to 250, two men together kneeling up to 350, three men together standing or a single horseman up to 450, and so on up to 600 yards. When firing with the standing or 200 yards sight, he knows exactly at what part of an object within that range, whether it be a man lying down, kneeling, or standing, or a horseman, he must aim; and this knowledge is not learnt parrot-like, to be forgotten almost as soon as learnt, but is deduced from an accurate knowledge of the trajectory of the bullet at all distances. Such theoretical teaching will perhaps be scoffed at by many as altogether superfluous, and it is only mentioned here to show what is and can be done in a wonderfully short space of time to train men as soldiers. At the same time, it is only right to add that the Germans, who have so much practical experience of what modern war really is, and who are the last people to waste most valuable time in teaching the recruit anything not absolutely necessary, consider such training as most essential as a means to a proper fire-discipline. Again, follow a company in the fighting line at manœuvres and mark the way in which every sight is carefully adjusted to any named distance and changed at each rush forward, even when the men are excited by a rapid advance. The present writer was a witness of a scene at the manœuvres where a company officer, who had noticed a man fail to change the sight of his rifle at a fresh distance, at once told him off for extra guard-duty, this indeed being no light punishment after the men have been marching and fighting pretty well the whole day. Compare such fire-discipline as this with what one but too commonly sees and hears at Aldershot field-days — words of command for troops to fire and no distance named, or if named, not attended to.

And yet no one for one moment doubts the vast importance of the strictest fire-discipline in modern warfare.

Captain C. B. Mayne, R.E., our best authority on the subject, in the introduction to his excellent work on "Infantry Fire Tactics," thus writes with perfect truth on the question: "In the next war, the nation which has best educated its troops to the true character of modern fighting, by teaching them to do in peace what they will have to do in war, and by subordinating to that end the whole training of the soldier, will have placed itself in a position to have gone at least a long way on the road to gain success." Yet one more fact while on the subject of fire-discipline, which shows the anxiety in Germany to turn even the slightest circumstance to useful account for instruction. At fights in the course of the manoeuvres it is a most common sight to see, if an advancing line is checked, a single man sent out to pace the distance up to the enemy's firing-line, in order that the distance which has been estimated by the commanders may be thus practically tested. Every fight is thus made the means of giving both officers and men most excellent practice in judging distance in as near as may be the exact circumstances of war.

Enough has perhaps now been written of the intelligence brought out by education in the German soldier to show much may in a very short time be instilled into even the dullest brain. There is, however, one subject which in the German Army is so nearly connected with the military education of the soldier, and which is of such paramount importance in every army, that it can hardly be passed over in silence. For young soldiers it is often said that an iron discipline is a necessity, and it is common to hear German discipline so described. Such a description is so far true that crime, as in our military parlance offences against discipline are termed, is visited with a sternness which in itself would be a strong deterrent to wrongdoing. But it may be doubted whether the mere dread of punishment would in any army cause such an absence of serious

crime as is the case among the thousands who serve the German Emperor. One has only to peruse the works written for non-commissioned officers and soldiers by such men as the present head of the general staff, the Graf von Waldersee, Field-Marshal von Moltke's successor, and by others, to thoroughly understand that the discipline of the German army has its origin in far higher motives. The one sentiment which breathes throughout these works is, that to be a soldier—that is to say, to be called to wear the uniform of the Emperor and King, and to protect with arms the Fatherland and the Religion, is an honour; "An honour," writes the Graf von Waldersee, "because the holiest law of the soldier's calling is honour." This sentiment is so deeply felt by the whole nation that the individual soldier is everywhere respected on account of the uniform which he wears, and he himself soon comes to feel the responsibility of self-respect which his uniform carries with it. For this reason a drunken soldier is, even in large garrisons, very rarely seen, and drunkenness is far from being a common source of trouble in the German army. The manoeuvres also, which from the last week in August till nearly the end of September take place throughout the length and breadth of the land, are alone sufficient proof of the state of discipline which is everywhere prevalent. During this period the troops, sent long distances by rail from their own garrisons to gain the advantage of manoeuvring in an entirely new and unknown terrain, are everywhere billeted on the inhabitants. In spite of the burdens which such a system implies for householders of every degree, the advent of the soldiers for their own sake is hailed everywhere as a pleasurable excitement, and indeed is a real help. Even after the hardest day's work it is quite common to see during the evening hours the men in their cool white summer fatigue-dress helping the peasants in the harvest-

field, or by an hour's work in their host's gardens repaying, as best they can, the kindness and hospitality with which they have been received.

Turning now to the physical training of the German soldier, the results, as seen during the manœuvres, are hardly less striking to the English military mind than are those of the intellectual education. Of the mere drill much need not be said; suffice it to mention that it is hard to imagine anything more perfect, and that it worthily represents that exactness in every movement which has been cherished as a tradition in the Prussian army since the days of Frederick the Great, though such exactness is also now combined with that rapidity and elasticity and, in consequence of the new Infantry Drill Regulations, one may also add simplicity, which the altered conditions of modern warfare demand. But to demonstrate in what a state of physical fitness every man is, we will give a brief outline of the work performed in one day this autumn at the manœuvres by a certain German company, such a day's work, it must be noted, being nothing exceptional or at all out of the common. The company mentioned had spent the previous night in bivouac, a large portion having been on picquet duty in the outpost line, with the want of sleep and great fatigue attendant on such a duty. At 8 A.M. it broke up from its bivouac and moved off to the rendezvous specified in orders for the force to which it belonged, every man looking as clean, and all his equipment and arms as bright, as if he had just stepped out of barrack-yard. From this time forward our company was constantly marching and fighting till 2.30 P.M., when it reached the village where the men had their quarters, and one would have supposed that they would now be left in peace to enjoy their well-earned rest. However, shortly after 6 P.M. the general directing the whole manœuvres arrived with his staff and ordered the alarm to be sounded. In

two minutes half a company, or about sixty men, were on the ground, and in thirteen two whole companies, the last arrivals having come from a large farm half a mile distant from the village. It is true that on the present occasion those companies, being in quarters near the new outpost line, were in what are termed "alarm-quarters", that is to say, it was incumbent on them that they should be ready to turn out at a moment's notice; but it may be remarked here that the rule in time of war or at manœuvres is that all troops quartered in a village or a part of a town must, without any previous warning and indeed without bugle-sound, the order being carried from house to house according to a prearranged plan, be assembled at a given rendezvous in marching order, and ready to go anywhere within ten minutes of such an order being sent out. It may appear to many that, the men being scattered in various directions, or cleaning their effects and certainly more or less *en déshabille*, such an ideal is an impossibility, but the present writer has seen it carried out at manœuvres as nearly as possible with success under the exact conditions given above. As soon as the two companies were assembled the general announced his intention of marching off to attack a post of the enemy, distant about four and a half miles as the crow flies, for the defence of which he did not consider that proper precautions had been taken. The post was attacked just as darkness was falling, with some partial success, though it must be admitted that the defenders were hardly caught napping. The return march, by a mere track through the forest, had to be conducted in darkness that might be felt. In spite of everything which the men had gone through during the previous twenty-four hours and of the fearfully fatiguing nature of such a march, when they were constantly stumbling over felled trees or floundering into deep ruts, with the further disadvantage of missing the right track,

so far were they from grumbling or complaining of fatigue that they rather seemed to enjoy the work, making the forest echo with their grand marching choruses as soon as the column was safely out of earshot of the hostile patrols.

Yet one more fact while on the subject of the physical endurance of the German soldier, and it is one which an English officer will perhaps find it very hard to credit. At the end of a fortnight of such work as has just been described, each man, too, having on his back the full weight which he would have to carry in war, as is at all times and on all duties the case with the infantry soldier, out of a whole brigade on peace-strength, with the addition of cavalry, artillery, pioneers, train, &c., or nearly 4,000 men, there were in the hospital designated for this force only 13, these being for the most part only slight cases of footsoreness. If a comparison is desired, let any army surgeon at Aldershot be asked how many cases even one such day's work would bring into hospital! One has, however, only to be a witness in a garrison-town of the constant severe bodily exercise to which the soldier must from the day of joining his company submit—the hours spent on the parade-ground, and the daily searching course of gymnastics, running, and jumping during the winter and spring months, and during the summer the long marches and sham-fights either with the company or with the battalion, commencing usually at 5.30 A.M. and lasting till 12 or 1 P.M., often with more work in the afternoon—to thoroughly comprehend that every muscle is as hard as iron, and that, so far as capability of undergoing fatigue or bearing the hardships of a campaign is concerned, a German army on first taking the field is as fit to march anywhere as the most war-tried force of veterans.

Of the non-commissioned officers, the *Unter-offiziere* of the German Army, it is perhaps sufficient to say that to

them, under the supervision of the officers, the education and training of the men are in a large measure due. Further, it is only necessary to see the *Aufgaben*, or tactical problems, which during the winter months are set them by the company-officers to work out, to feel convinced that, so far as a sound military education is concerned, any one of them would be capable of taking the place of his officer, should the chances of war make it necessary for him to do so. Yet these *Unter-offiziere* are, it must be remembered, almost without exception men with less than twelve years' service, as after that time they have a claim on the Government for a place either on the railways or in the post-office or in some other administration.

Now, it may well be asked, what is the secret through which in the course of a few months such marvellous results are achieved? Should a German officer be asked such a question, he would undoubtedly answer that the one thing which allows of such a high standard of discipline and instruction throughout the whole army is the "company-system". Now what is this company-system? To put it briefly, it is the principle that the captain commanding a company is *personally responsible* for the men under his command attaining in a given time a certain standard which is laid down by regulation for the whole army, and is perfectly understood by every officer and non-commissioned officer. On joining the army the recruit is posted to a company, in which for the next two or three years he will remain and which he must look on as his family, of which it is a common saying in Germany, the captain is the father and the *Feldwebel*, or colour-sergeant, is the mother. The company again is subdivided into *Korporalshaften*, that is to say, each non-commissioned officer has so many men under his own immediate supervision; and just as the captain is responsible to the officer commanding the battalion for the discipline and instruction of his men, so is the non-

commissioned officer answerable to the captain for the training of the recruits intrusted to his care; such responsibility being indeed a very stern reality, as it is on the results of the work intrusted to him that the advancement and promotion of every individual directly depend. In the method of training his men the captain is practically unfettered by regulations, the only thing required of him being that his company shall be always in a state of the highest possible discipline, and that every man shall have reached that standard of proficiency in his military duties which is laid down by regulation at the time of the company-inspection. A foreigner, who is brought for the first time in contact with the German soldier, will be told that he can never understand what he is really capable of, nor the system by which he is trained, till he has been present at one of the company-inspections. These take place in the presence of the officer commanding the three battalions which form a German regiment, usually about Easter, that is, as soon as the recruits of the previous November are considered fit to take their place in the battalion, and are of the most searching character. It will indeed be no pleasant moment for the captain if every man under his command has not reached that high standard of excellence which has been after all but faintly described in the foregoing pages. As the General Staff of the German army is the head which thinks for the whole body and the organization is its life, so it is the companies which are the flesh and blood which form it, and it is on the state of the companies that the health of the whole depends.

This brief sketch of the *personnel* of the German army would in no sense be complete without some short account of the officers, though it would be far too large a task to attempt in so short a space to give more than the merest outlines of the system which has made them a model for almost every army in the world. A gentle-

man by birth, the whole life of the German officer is devoted to his profession. Unless one has seen what is required of him it is not possible duly to appreciate the patriotism and self-sacrifice which enables men of the highest social standing, in spite of small pay and terribly slow promotion, to endure the monotony of work under such a system, where the recruits come year after year, to remain only just so long as is necessary to convert them into efficient soldiers. In addition to the immense amount of actual physical work demanded of him, it is imperative that he shall constantly be extending his theoretical knowledge of war. From the day on which he obtains his commission he is bound to be ever striving to become a master of his profession. Ignorance is not tolerated in any rank, no matter how exalted; indeed it may truly be said that the higher the officer rises the greater must be his professional attainments, for every one from the highest to the lowest, each in his own degree, must be capable of criticizing in a soldierly and efficient manner all work performed by those under him. Ever under the immediate eye of his superior, it is as impossible that real merit should go unrewarded as it is that incompetence or lack of zeal should pass unnoticed. We have already seen that the captain and his subalterns must be able to conduct the tactical studies which the non-commissioned officers have to carry out under their direction. In like manner the officer commanding a battalion must in his turn be so far the superior in professional attainments of the officers under his command that they may gain real instruction from his teaching. As a proof of this may be cited the tactical schemes to be worked out by the officers junior to the rank of captain, which he must set and afterwards criticize, and more especially the *Uebung's Reise*, or Journey of Instruction, lasting some days, which each year all the officers of the battalion undertake under his

direction, and which it is common to hear German regimental officers describe as the occasion when they have an opportunity of studying the art of war in its higher branches. Passing to the still more exalted ranks, we find exactly the same thing. The general, whether he commands an army corps or only a brigade, will never allow any manœuvres or series of manœuvres which have been carried out under his supervision to conclude without then and there delivering his *Kritik* on the same. These *Kritiken* are indeed regarded as being of the utmost importance in the German army, all the actual work of a field-day being looked on as utterly wasted without them. To be capable of thus collecting round him men so highly educated in their profession as are the officers under his command, and then lecturing them it may be for an hour or more, if necessary dealing out censure in no uncertain manner, and this be it remembered absolutely impromptu, it will be understood that a German general must be no mean master of his art. Of the use of these *Kritiken* let one instance be sufficient. The Prince Frederick Charles, when commanding an army corps, felt obliged on one occasion to criticize most severely certain movements for which a colonel commanding a German regiment—a man holding much the position of a general commanding a brigade in our army—was directly responsible. This censure was dealt out with so unsparing a hand that the officer concerned, feeling it to be inconsistent with his military honour to serve longer as a soldier, or perhaps knowing that he was only voluntarily accepting the fate which would otherwise be compulsory, ordered his second in command to lead the regiment back to quarters, and indeed never again drew his sword. Such an instance gives further a good idea of the spirit of criticism dominant in the German army, namely, that where possible errors of judgment shall be leniently dealt with, direct censure, unsparing when merited, being reserved for repeated sins of

omission or commission, which, whether arising from incapacity or ignorance, would be likely, if repeated in time of war, to endanger the safety of the army or of any part of it.

To draw comparisons is always an unpleasant and a thankless task; and to many it may seem absurd to compare in any degree the small volunteer army, which Englishmen of the present day consider sufficient to ensure the safety of their own land and of India, at the same time protecting British interests all over the world, with the vast army, raised by conscription, which now exists in Germany. "Why," it will be and often is asked, "compare a nation like England and her army, which has such utterly different duties to perform, with Germany or France, which are placed in such a position that they must look to their land forces alone for the protection of hearth and home?" The answer to such a question is simple. England does not and cannot admit that she has resigned all interest in European affairs. She does not because, apart from all considerations affecting her pride of place as a Great Power, she has still specific engagements in relation to the neutrality of Belgium, to say nothing of the preservation of Turkey as an empire. As a proof that as a nation we recognize such liabilities it is admitted that all the energies of our military administrators are at present directed to holding two army corps in constant readiness to take the field should we be forced to take a part in a European war. In the next place, England cannot, and be this most emphatically said, deny that her army may have duties to perform, as opposed to the modern armies of the Continent: firstly, because there is Russia, with her gigantic military forces always in readiness, creeping daily nearer to the frontier of our vast Eastern possessions, ever consolidating what she acquires during her advance; and secondly, because it must be clearer and clearer to every thinking man

that an invasion of England by a foreign Power becomes yearly, nay almost daily, a greater possibility, and that, though the fleet is and must remain our first line of defence, still the mere law of self-preservation demands that we should have such a second line as will for ever prevent the idea of an invasion of England being regarded as even a possibility by the hardest of leaders. It would be useless here to attempt to convince Englishmen that an invasion of England is possible if all that has been written on the subject lately, and the recent naval manœuvres, have already failed to bring it home to their minds; but it may be incidentally mentioned that German officers who have studied the question in the thoroughly scientific manner which is usual with them are of opinion that such an invasion is, under conditions which not only may, but are even likely to occur, not merely a possibility, but in existing circumstances a probability.

The present writer, however, in no way professes to discuss the question as to whether in point of numbers the forces which we now have are, owing to the exceptionally favourable circumstances of our frontiers both at home and in India, sufficient to undertake the duties which may fall to their lot. His sole object now is to compare, by a deduction from facts already stated, our actual material with the material of the armies of the Continent. Now it is notorious that in all these the most vigorous exertions are being made to equal that excellence of individual training and general organization which eighteen years ago made Germany the first military power in Europe, and still causes her to be considered as such; so that in considering the English soldier in relation to the German, against whom it is most unlikely that he will ever have to fight, we are, however, only comparing him with some possible future antagonist against whom he may be pitted in defence of England's vast possessions, if not of England

herself. It is true that for civilized warfare we also pretend to copy much that is German, but while grasping at the shadow of the original, is it not a fact that we have to a large extent allowed the substance to elude us? So far as the higher organization of our army is concerned, thanks to men who still direct its destinies, much has been done in late years. It must however be left to any unprejudiced man who knows our army to say whether in the seven years during which our men remain with the colours we make them as efficient for modern warfare as the German recruit is turned out in about as many months. Is the fire-discipline of our army in a satisfactory condition? Is the military education of our non-commissioned officers and men all that it ought to be, or all that it might be? Are their physical powers developed in a way which fits them to sustain the hardships of war in Europe or elsewhere, if suddenly called on to do so, as their superior physique—superior even now according to the standards of height and chest measurement to that of every Continental nation—ought to guarantee? Is, above all, the discipline of our army, is the feeling of the nation at large towards those who wear Her Majesty's uniform, what any true-hearted soldier would wish to see them? Can it be doubted that the system of billeting the troops on the inhabitants, which alone makes the manœuvres for such a vast army possible in Germany, would in present circumstances be regarded as a curse by the people of England? In a word, does any Englishman, be he soldier or civilian, feel that the English army is at present as efficient as it might be made? Yet all must agree that our army, small as it is, should by reason of that very paucity in numbers, be for quality the finest in the world. And why, it must be asked, is this not the case? We have at the head of our army men who for professional attainments are second to none; we have as regimental officers men of

whom any nation may well be proud—men who for patriotism, for zeal in their profession, if they but get the chance, and for readiness to undergo any hardships, yield the palm to none. We have, too, as a German officer who had seen much of our men once admitted to the present writer, the finest raw material, physically and intellectually, in the world; and in spite of all this it must be plainly stated that our army as a whole compares unfavourably with the hosts of Germany.

The reason, however, is not hard to find.

The one thing to which, as has been before remarked, the Germans ascribe the high training and discipline of their army, is just the very thing which we have not got. A company-system without the personal responsibility of the captain for the efficiency of his company is a mere farce. A company-system can hardly indeed be said to exist in our army. The responsibility of our captains and company-officers is *nil*, as compared with the German standard; the sole test of their fitness for promotion or the reverse being some slight skill in making a pretty map of a piece of country or the temporary knowledge of the weight of infantry crowded on a bridge, and of such like details, to the utter exclusion of that which should after all be the true test of the performance of their duty, namely, the state of their company. The reproach is often cast at our officers that they do not and will not work, but what inducement is there, in all conscience, to tempt a man to work? Of the officer who does nothing and knows nothing, nothing is expected; while the man who devotes himself heart and soul to his duty gets no thanks for his pains, and is only regarded as the proper person to do what his less keen comrade has left undone or is unable to perform. It would be about as reasonable for the British public to expect officers in present circumstances to throw all their energies into their work as it would be for

the proprietor of any large commercial business to expect constant zeal and persevering labour in his clerks and subordinates if their prospects remained the same, no matter how their work was performed or if no burden of responsibility rested on their shoulders.

Let us then change such a system! First and above all let the work of each and every company-officer be clearly defined, and let him be personally responsible that this work, as tested by a searching inspection, conducted by a senior officer who does not belong to his battalion. If owing to laziness, ignorance, or incapacity, physical or intellectual, he is unable to fulfil his appointed task, let it be understood as a matter which will not admit of dispute, that he shall make way for another who can and will do so. Such a change, so far from being opposed by the majority of English officers, would be gladly welcomed by them, as introducing a reality into their daily work which is wanting now.

But no man can be asked to bear a heavy load of responsibility unless at the same time the means are given him which will make his task, not an easy one perhaps, but at least a possible one. The recruits which the German captain has handed over to him will, he knows well, remain under him two years at least, or three if necessary, so that from the day on which they join his company he is able to begin a regular, well-defined system of training and education, with the results which we have already seen. But with us the proper training of the soldier for modern warfare in the line battalions at home is, as matters now stand, on every account an impossibility. From one year's end to the other, at no fixed periods, recruits, singly or in batches, come to them with an irregularity, bred of the fact that we must take them when we can get them, which defies systematic training. The length of their stay is as uncertain as their

arrival, being solely regulated by the capricious needs of a hungry battalion abroad, so that to attempt to train them up to a given standard would be a task which no responsible man could or would undertake.

The vital question therefore which we have to face at present in connection with our army is, whether the disadvantages of voluntary enlistment and the exigencies of our colonial service are such as to preclude all possibility of a practical company-system in our battalions at home. In the conditions of service in India, where battalions are constantly kept up to their full strength and where the men are certain to remain with them four or five years, it must be admitted that there is nothing which should prevent a thoroughly effective company-system being introduced at once. This article, however, deals rather with the state of our army at home. In the case of any great European war in which we may be concerned, it will be from our troops in England that we shall have to form our expeditionary force, as it is admitted by all authorities that we cannot venture to withdraw a British soldier from our Eastern possessions. It is therefore imperative, both for the safety and honour of England, that our battalions at home shall be effective and ever ready for war, instead of being, what they are at present, mere depots for the linked battalions abroad. But before there is a chance of such an ideal being reached and of the company-system becoming in consequence practicable, it is in the highest degree necessary that not merely shall the arrival of recruits be at definite periods only, but also that they shall remain long enough in England to become efficient soldiers before being sent abroad. Is this, even with our present machinery, a possibility? Referring only to the infantry of the line, the true backbone of the army, we find that in present circumstances we maintain a force of, roughly speaking, 70,000 men abroad and 60,000 at home. The period for

which recruits at present engage is seven years, hence it is obvious that 18,600 recruits annually enlisted would, if there were no decrease besides the regular passing of time-expired men to the reserve, be amply sufficient to complete our establishment. In 1887 some 21,000 recruits were enlisted for the line battalions of our infantry. It must, however, unfortunately be stated that the great majority of these recruits were required to replace not what may be called the normal waste, that is to say, the transfer of men to the reserve, which in 1887 was but 7,341 men, but over 13,000 ineffectives in addition, who were utterly lost to the service of the country from various causes, among which desertion and discharges owing to sentences of courts-martial were very important items, 1,327 only being returned as death-casualties. So long as there is so terrible a gap as this to be annually filled, it is perfectly obvious that the best endeavours of our military administrators will be in vain, and that the efficiency of our army is bound to suffer somewhere. Before therefore we can hope to have that steady flow of men through the ranks which alone makes a company-system, such as exists in the German army, practicable, it is above all else requisite that some means shall be devised to check this unnecessary waste, and it would seem that this can be effected in one of two ways only. Either the army must be made so attractive that it will compete on most favourable terms in the labour-market, so that recruits will be ever readily obtained, and the soldier in the ranks shall regard his position, both for sentimental and material reasons, as a most fortunate one; or compulsory service in some form or other will have to be faced in this country. By making the army attractive it is not meant that recruits should be induced to enter it merely from a desire to wear a smart uniform or to do a minimum of work and obtain a

sufficiency of food, only to be cast loose on the world at the end of seven years perhaps to starve, merely because they are reserve-men, as is but too often the fate of the British soldier at present; but rather that men shall feel that by becoming soldiers they will be honoured as the defenders of their country, and that at the end of their service, if their conduct has been good, they will be in a position to certainly obtain such employment as they are fitted for.

It is ridiculous to say that if Englishmen would but seriously face the question, some scheme could not be evolved by which the Post-Office, the Police, our dockyards, and railways, and other innumerable channels of employing labour might be made to annually absorb a few thousand men of good character already imbued with a spirit of strict discipline. The Corps of Commissionaires, raised by the energies of a private individual, is alone a proof of what might be done if the nation would but stir itself in the matter.

Before leaving such a subject it is only right to add that, if Englishmen wish to have an efficient army raised by voluntary enlistment, they must pay for it. With regard to our present expenditure for military purposes, as compared with that of other nations, the following fact is significant. It has been conclusively proved by an able writer¹ that, while our annual disbursement on our military forces is about £18,000,000, Germany has, in addition to the fearful burdens and the commercial losses entailed by conscription, been for the last fifteen years spending very nearly double

that sum on her army and her military preparations.

Of what has been written in the foregoing pages, the following conclusions seem to be a fair summary:

(1) That with an undoubtedly superior raw material, we do not by any means attain the same results as Germany does in the training and education of the soldier.

(2) That the excellent results which she obtains are due above all else to a proper company-system, which allows of real systematic training of the recruit, and of immense responsibility being laid on the junior officers.

(3) That in present circumstances such a practical company-system is an impossibility in England, the chief causes being the uncertain arrival of the recruits and the equally uncertain duration of their stay in a company.

(4) That no remedy can be found for the above till the terrible waste of strength, due to desertion, etc., and not to natural causes, ceases to exist, as such a waste defies all attempts at systematic administration.

(5) That it is by the statesmen of the country and by the nation at large, rather than by military administrators, that some remedy for this curse will have to be discovered.

Greater numbers than we have at present are not asked for; but it is asked that the soldiers which we have shall be properly trained and disciplined and so serve as a model of excellence, if not to the world at large, at any rate to our own auxiliary forces, and it may be hoped at no distant date to the armies of a Greater Britain, which must be the dream of every patriotic Englishman. This not merely the safety of England's vast empire and of India especially, but also of England herself most imperatively demands.

¹ In two articles on "Germany's Military Economy," by Captain à Court, Rifle Brigade, which appeared in the "Army and Navy Magazine," February and March, 1888.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

THE middle of the seventeenth century in England was an age of confusion and transition, of great movements among small men, and the singular fascination which these last possess for us is due in the main to the relative rather than the intrinsic qualities of the time. In the Civil War England stood just on the edge of the modern world, yet still retained the last traces of the splendours of the Renaissance: she had not fallen quite away from the memory of the age of Shakespeare. But her statesmen and poets were all of the second rank, if we except the two great figures of Cromwell and Milton. The depressing effect of Mr. Gardiner's history on names so distinguished even as those of Strafford or Pym or Hampden is only equalled by the sinking of heart with which one turns from a poetry where Herbert takes almost the first place; for Wither, though he lived into the Restoration, in spirit and temper as well as in the date of his best work is the contemporary of Browne and the later Elizabethans. The springs of poetry had not run dry, but the volume and strength of the stream fell away every day more sensibly. No period is inconsiderable in history which contains such events as the execution of Charles, the victory of Santa Cruz, the appearance of the "Comus"; but in their isolated greatness these events only seem to mark more strongly the mediocrity of the time in words and action.

Yet never in any period did the English character show itself in more perfect men and women; never was such heroism and goodness as that of the persons who give to this age the quality by which we most care to remember it. Out of a debased wit, a dissolute literature, a corrupt court, rose the finest flowers of courtesy and

sanctity. The mass of the nation indeed was more deeply religious in its ordinary thought and practice than it ever has been before or since. But in the reaction from the extremes of Puritan austerity and Anglo-Catholic mysticism it seemed as though religion itself might perish, had it not been for the pure remnant who held straight forward between the two and kept England alive.

And so the poetry of this period, though with that one great exception it count none but minor poets, has a delicate charm which appeals to some more and to some less, but which never can be wholly lost. The names of Vaughan, Crashaw, Herrick, are such as would leave our literature perhaps the poorer, certainly the less sweet for their withdrawal. And alongside of these in virtue of a little beautiful work must be set another, better known as a statesman than as an author, and less happy in either literature or politics than in the beauty and goodness of his life; Sir Richard Fanshawe, Knight and Baronet, one of the Masters of the Requests (so runs the roll of his titles in his wife's words, *si qua est ea gloria*), Secretary of the Latin Tongue, Burgess for the University of Cambridge, and one of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council of England and Ireland, and His Majesty's Ambassador to Portugal and Spain.

Like so many of his contemporaries he had a restless and eventful life, though not one distinguished beyond others of that time in action or suffering. But the share he took in the Civil Wars and the Restoration is made very vivid to us by his wife's incomparable memoirs, the most charming and individual of any English memoirs of the period, Mrs. Hutchinson's not excepted. It is from this volume (printed for the first time in

1830) that we mainly know him. Lady Fanshawe wrote the story of her own and her husband's life during her long widowhood. Of their fourteen children but a son and four daughters survived, and it was for the former, "my most dear and only son," that she wrote.

Richard Fanshawe was the fifth son of Sir Henry Fanshawe of Ware Park in Hertfordshire, Remembrancer of the Exchequer, one of the magnificent high officials of the later Elizabethan period. Sir Henry had a gentleman's acquaintance with scholarship and music, and his garden at Ware Park was famous for its collection of flowers, herbs, and fruits. Brought up amid the opulence of this stately house and garden, of which Bacon's two essays may give a general idea, the boy was sent to school at Cripplegate under the celebrated Thomas Farnaby, and afterwards to Jesus College, Cambridge. Soon after leaving Cambridge he went abroad and travelled in France and Spain, was for a time Secretary to the Embassy at Madrid, and returned to England in prospect of succeeding to the lucrative dignity of King's Remembrancer just when the Civil War broke out and threw everything into confusion. He was thirty-four when he went with the King to Oxford in 1642. From that time forward his life was one of restless wanderings only broken by long periods of forced inaction. Like the Greek fisherman in Callimachus, he might hardly meet a homeless or a shipwrecked man without tears for his own fortune :

οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς
ἴσχυος, αἰθυίῃ δ' ἴσα θαλασσοπορεῖ.

Oxford was crowded with Royalist families huddled together round the double Court at Christ Church and Merton, living almost as though in a besieged city, even before the Parliamentary troops had drawn closer in on the south and east, and while Rupert's cavalry still commanded the lower valley of the Thames. Among

these were the Harrisons, another Hertfordshire family connected by marriage with the Fanshawes. The mother had died three years before, and on her death-bed had left the charge of the whole family to her eldest daughter Anne, then a girl of fifteen. The description she gives of her girlhood is too charming to be put into other words than her own.

"Now it is necessary to say something of my mother's education of me, which was with all the advantages that time afforded, both for working all sorts of fine works with my needle, and learning French, singing, lute, the virginals and dancing, and notwithstanding I learned as well as most did, yet was I wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time, for I loved riding in the first place, running, and all active pastimes ; in short, I was that which we graver people call a hoyting girl ; but to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight, but upon my mother's death, I then began to reflect, and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childishnesses that had formerly possessed me, and, by my father's command, took upon me charge of his house and family, which I so ordered by my excellent mother's example as found acceptance in his sight. I was very well beloved by all our relations and my mother's friends, whom I paid a great respect to, and I ever was ambitious to keep the best company, which I have done, thank God, all the days of my life."

When summoned to Oxford by their father, the Harrisons found themselves sadly off. Contributions and confiscations had exhausted their means :

"We, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed, that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience, for, from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street, and from rooms well furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret, to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered, no money, for we were as poor as Job."

Here these two young people were naturally thrown into close intimacy ; and surely there was never a prettier couple than the handsome young statesman and scholar, dear to all his

companions, called familiarly Dick by the King and entrusted by him with affairs of a magnitude above his years, and the beautiful girl of eighteen, so high-spirited and tender-hearted, "very well beloved by all" and frankly and innocently "ambitious to keep the best company." It was hardly a time for marrying or giving in marriage. The Royalist cause was already going down, even before the shattering blow of Marston Moor. Means they had none, though both families had been among the wealthiest in England: "we might truly be called merchant adventurers, for the stock we set up our trading with did not amount to twenty pounds betwixt us." But on this, and on the slender warrant of the King's promises and the chance of recovering their own fortunes, they were married in the little church of Wolvercot, just by Godstow, on May 18th, 1644.

Henceforward, till the conclusive defeat of the Royalist party, their life was one long romance; and separate or together they were always sustained through poverty, sickness, and danger by the same constant affection, the same unquestioning piety, the same unconquerable loyalty. Now the young wife is left penniless in Oxford, with her first baby dying in her arms. A letter comes from her husband at Bristol on a bright May day, enclosing fifty gold pieces.

"I opened first my letter, and read those inexpressible joys that almost overcame me, for he told me I should the Thursday following come to him, and to that purpose he had sent me that money, and would send two of his men with horses. But that gold your father sent me when I was ready to perish, did not so much revive me as his summons. I went immediately to walk, or at least to sit in the air, being very weak, in the garden of St. John's College, and there with my good father communicated my joy. We heard drums beat in the highway, under the garden wall. My father asked me if I would go up upon the mount to see the soldiers march, for it was Sir Charles Lee's company of foot, an acquaintance of ours: I said yes, and went up, leaning my back to a tree that grew on the mount. The commander seeing us there, in compliment gave us a volley of shot, and

one of their muskets being loaded, shot a brace of bullets not two inches above my head as I leaned to the tree, for which mercy and deliverance I praise God."

At that time the road which now leads to the Parks between Wadham and Keble turned after passing the garden of St. John's, and ran slantingly into the highroad of St. Giles' through what appears from maps of the period to have been an unenclosed meadow. Along this road and at the back of the college garden ran the terraced walk, part of which remains (in a somewhat dirty and dishevelled condition) at the present day, with a "mount" crowned by a summer-house at either end. The northern one of the two mounts still overlooks the roadway; but it appeared, in June of the present year, more strongly to the nose than to the eye.

Now in the height of the war they have to fly hastily to the Isles of Scilly, and are set ashore half dead with cold and exposure, and plundered of all their baggage by the seamen: there they live three weeks and odd days without fire and almost without food, the beds near swimming with the sea: "and truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last". Now, while waiting at Portsmouth for a ship to take them to France, they are fired on while walking on the beach by two Dutch men-of-war: hearing the bullets whiz by, "I called to my husband to make haste back, and began to run, but he altered not his pace, saying, 'If we must be killed, it were as good to be killed walking as running'". Now they meet Sir Kenelm Digby at Calais, who tells extraordinary stories for a whole evening at the Governor's table, ending with an account of the celebrated barnacle, the shell-fish to appearance that, sticking upon old wood, becomes in time a bird. After some consideration, they unanimously burst out into laughter, believing it altogether false; and to say the truth, it was the only thing true he had discoursed with them: "that was his

infirmity, though otherwise a person of most excellent parts, and a very fine-bred gentleman”.

After the King's death they crossed to Ireland, where the last remains of the Royalists were keeping up a hopeless struggle: a sudden flight at four o'clock of a November morning, “through thousands of naked swords”, alone saving them from capture when Cork went over to Cromwell, and he “went through as bloodily as victoriously”. They sailed at last for Spain from the “disconsolate city” of Galway, and “left that brave kingdom, fallen, in six or eight months, into a most miserable sad condition, as it hath been many times in most kings' reigns, God knows why! for I presume not to say; but the natives seem to me a very loving people to each other, and constantly false to all strangers”.

The voyage was not without its adventures.

“We pursued our voyage with prosperous winds, but with a most tempestuous master, a Dutchman, which is enough to say, but truly, I think, the greatest beast I ever saw of his kind. When we had just passed the Straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns. He called for brandy; and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds. This was sad for us passengers; but my husband bade us be sure to keep in the cabin, and the women not to appear, which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war, but if they saw women they would take us for merchants and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door; I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from

discretion; but it was the effect of that passion, which I could never master. By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turk's man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, ‘Good God, that love can make this change!’ and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage.”

No sooner had they landed at Malaga than the ship by the negligence of a cabin-boy (not the same cabin-boy, let us hope) was blown up in harbour with the loss of a hundred men.

On their way through Spain they visited

“the goodly vast palace of the kings called the Alhambra, where buildings are, after the fashion of the Moors, adorned with vast quantities of jasper-stone; many courts, many fountains, and by reason it is situated on the side of a hill and not built uniform, many gardens with ponds in them, and many baths made of jasper, and many principal rooms roofed with mosaic work. Here I was shewed, in the midst of a very large piece of rich embroidery made by the Moors of Grenada, in the width as long as half a yard of the true Tyrian dye, which is so glorious a colour that it cannot be expressed: it hath the glory of scarlet, the beauty of purple, and is so bright, that when the eye is removed upon any other object it seems as white as snow.”

After being shipwrecked off Nantes, they finally reached Paris; whence Sir Richard (he was now created a baronet) went to join the King in Scotland. He was taken prisoner after the battle of Worcester, and brought under guard to Whitehall, where for more than two months of that wet autumn he was kept in close confinement and in daily expectation of death.

“During the time of his imprisonment I failed not continually to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery Lane to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out of King Street into the bowling-green. There I could go under his window and softly call him: he, after the first time excepted, never failed to put out his head at the first call: thus we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels. He directed

me how I should make my addresses, which I did ever to their general, Cromwell, who had a great respect for your father, and would have bought him off to his service upon any terms”.

Terms were at last arranged; and for the next seven years the Fanshaws lived quietly as prisoners on parole, first in Yorkshire and then in or near London. It was during these quiet years that most of his literary work was done. “He never used exercise but walking, and that generally with some book in his hand, which oftentimes was poetry”, and his writings show a scholar’s acquaintance with the best ancient and modern poets. In all he wrote a good deal, but the greater part consists of translations from the Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. He is one of the many translators who have wasted themselves over the hopeless tediousness of the “Lusiad”. But, besides a little graceful original work, his reputation rests chiefly on his beautiful translation of the “Pastor Fido”, on a small volume of translations from Virgil and Horace, and on a curious and clever piece of work, a rendering in Latin verse of Fletcher’s “Faithful Shepherdess”.

Guarini’s famous pastoral, which appeared in 1590, seems at once to have obtained a European reputation, before which even that of the “Aminta” paled. In the original it passed through countless editions, and it was soon translated into all civilized languages. The first English version was Dymock’s (1602) which largely modelled the “Faithful Shepherdess”. Fanshawe’s translation itself passed through five editions: “apud nostrates etiam”, he says elsewhere, “vel bis coctus et me interprete numeratur in deliciis”.

There is not space here to enter into a discussion of the history of pastoral. But no sufficient account has yet been given of its true nature and value, nor of the immense place which it held in English poetry from its beginnings in Spenser till it dwindled away in the frigidity of Shirley. It was the one

flowering time of pastoral in England: like some delicate exotic, this form of poetry seems to require conditions of soil and temperature which may not concur for many generations together. Just then a period of reaction from great tension naturally sought relief in this beautiful and artificial world, where, in Chapman’s lovely phrase,

“flowers and founts and nymphs and
semigods,
And all the Graces find their old abodes.”

It is a form of poetry which seems unreal to us now; more so than other forms, because it speaks in what is to us a strange language. But that language was then real and intelligible: it was part of the common thought of the civilized world. And all forms of language are in their different ways conventional, one hardly more essentially so than another, though now one and now another may seem at the time to express things more vividly and really. But this much must be borne in mind, that the essence of pastoral is wholly misconceived if it is taken to be in any way a description or transcription of nature. It deals much with outward things, but it makes no attempt at consistency or accuracy in the way in which it looks on them: they are the arbitrary or even fantastic flower-border of its text, which always remains the same, the desire after rest, the thirst for beauty. *Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori*: it is not the coolness of real Greek spring-water nor the softness of live Italian meadow-grass of which it murmurs: its cry of unsatisfied longing,—

Ποιμὴν δὲ μάκαρ, εἴθε κατ’ ὄρεος ἐπροβάτευνον
Κάγῳ—

is lifted up towards no earthly hills. Perhaps as language is made the subject of more curious study a certain fantastic quality tends to become fixed in it; and the more remote and arbitrary the symbolism of literature (in the widest sense of that word) becomes, the more closely are writers bound

together, as in some craft or guild, by the common knowledge, so to say, of the secrets of their profession, such rules of art and such dexterities of hand as can be taught and transmitted. It is at such times that the obsolete phrase of the republic of letters has a real meaning.

A singular example of this tendency to seek a common language is offered in another work of Fanshawe's. The tiny and rare volume of 1658, entitled "*La Fida Pastora, Comœdia Pastoralis Autore FF Anglo-Britanno*," is a translation into the current Latin verse of the seventeenth century of Fletcher's "*Faithful Shepherdess*"; an attempt, as he says in the curious preface, to obtain for English ware a free market throughout the world, and to vindicate for the English Muses a place not below those of ancient and modern Italy. The translation is very interesting, and much better than one would expect from the extraordinary dog-Latin of the title. Some of it does not rise above school-boy's level, but it succeeds on the whole in its principal object of being readable. The blank verse and rhymed couplets are translated in hexameters: the beautiful short couplets, in the writing of which Fletcher had so facile and perfect a mastery, into hendecasyllabics, which imitate with wonderful skill the silver speed of the English metre; and some of the lyrics, oddly as it sounds to the scholar, into rhymed accentual Latin. One passage may be quoted, the famous "*Shepherds all and maidens fair*."

"Pastores et amabiles puellæ,
Omnes claudite mox greges ovili;
Condensatus enim nigrescit aer;
Magnum nunc quoque sol iter peregit.
En ut stillula basiat cadauca
Quicquid rideat herbulæ per agros,
Florum pendula sericis coronis
Ut crystallinus ordo fibularum.
En nubes gravidas polo ruentes:
En noctem Styge Vesperum vocantem,
Qua surgente subit gravis saluti
Caligo vapor umidique flatus
Lascivam faciem super volantes
Horum ala trepidante pascuorum;
Qui quacunq; cadent ibi innocenti
Nec flori neque gemmulæ favebunt."

But a better measure of his scholarship than this is given in the third of the small volumes of translations, that of 1652, containing, besides passages from Virgil and Ausonius, some fifty odes of Horace. His noble version of the fourth *Æneid* was not executed till later, and was published in 1664. A gentleman's scholarship, if so antique a phrase be yet allowable in an age when the thing it expresses is fast ceasing to exist, is shown in these translations to perfection. His odes are full of turns of phrase that render some subtlety of the Latin with incomparable skill. What could be happier than this rendering of *partem solido demere de die* (i. 1)?

"There is that neither scorns to taste
Old Massic, nor *half days to waste*
Under a shady poplar spread,
Or at a babbling fountain's head."

Or of the *rura quæ Liris* (i. 31)?

"Not fields which quiet Liris laves,
And eats into with silent waves."

Or again, in spite of some phrases which even then may have bordered on being quaint, the noble and melancholy cadences of the *Æquam memento* (ii. 3). It is given here with the spelling unaltered.

"Keep still an equal Minde, not sunk
With storms of adverse chance, not drunk
With sweet Prosperitie,
O *Dellius* that must die,
Whether thou live still Melancholy,
Or stretcht in a retired Valley,
Make all thy howers merry
With Bowls of choicest Sherry.
Where the white Poplar and tall Pine
Their hospitable shadow joyne,
And a soft purling Brook
With wrigling stream doth crook;
Bid hither Wines and Oyntments bring,
And the too short Sweets of the Spring,
Whilst Wealth and Youth combine,
And the Fates give thee Line.
Thou must forgoe thy purchased Seats,
Ev'n that which Golden *Tiber* wets,
Thou must; and a glad Heyre
Shall revel with thy Care.
If thou be Rich, born of the Race
Of Antient *Inachus*, or Base
Liest in the street; all's one;
Impartial Death spares none.
All go one way: shak'd is the Pot,
And first or last comes forth thy Lot,
The Pass, by which thou 'rt sent
T' eternall Banishment."

"The fates give thee line ;" "liest in the street"; "thou must . . . thou must," echoing with such startling skill the sombre *cedes . . . cedes* of the Latin: these small felicities show the scholar who is also a craftsman in language on his own account.

After Cromwell's death the Fanshawes were allowed to cross to France, and returned to England with the King at the Restoration. Two years later Sir Richard was made Ambassador to Portugal, recalled the next year, and after a short stay in England appointed to the splendid position of Ambassador to Spain. On June 26th, 1666, he died at Madrid of a malignant fever at the age of fifty-eight. His body was brought to England and interred in the family vault at Hertford, and afterwards removed to the church of St. Mary at Ware, where his monument may still be seen in a side chapel off the chancel.

He was not unhappy in the time-liness of his death. A quarrel between him and the Hydes had made his position at Court very uncomfortable, and he was actually under recall to England when he died. The England to which he would have returned must have grown more and more distasteful to him. On her way home Lady Fanshawe received the news of the burning of London: a symbol, written in large letters, of the decay into which the England of the Restoration was sinking. He had formerly hailed what seemed the settled peace of the early reign of Charles the First in terms beautiful in their hyperbole.

"Only the island which we sow
(A world without the world) so far
From present wounds, it cannot show
An ancient scar.

"White Peace, the beautifull'st of things,
Seems here her everlasting rest
To fix, and spreads her downy wings
Over the nest.

"As when great Jove's usurping reign
From the plagued world did her exile,
And tied her with a golden chain
To one blest isle ;

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"Which in a sea of plenty swam,
And turtles sang on every bough ;
A safe retreat to all that came
As ours is now."

These words were cruelly falsified by the Civil War; but the Civil War never brought England into such degradation as the Dutch fleet in the Medway and the infamous Treaty of Dover.

And one result of the long struggle had been the permanent embittering of the English temper. Puritanism sank back into itself more and more; the vice and purposelessness of the great world became yearly more flagrant and intolerable.

"Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and
moon
Were in the flat sea sunk":

but never in England had this been so nearly the case. Out of this darkness he was released.

But before taking leave of Lady Fanshawe I cannot forbear giving two more extracts from this most charming of books. Both may be classed under the head of ghost-stories. The scene of the first is in Ireland in the winter of 1650-51.

"From hence we went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's, a lady that went for a maid, but few believed it. She was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Thomond. There we stayed three nights, the first of which I was surprised by being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock, I heard a voice that awakened me. I drew the curtain, and, in the casement of the window, I saw by the light of the moon a woman leaning into the window through the casement in white, with red hair and pale and ghastly complexion: she spoke loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, 'A horse'; and then with a sigh more like the wind than breath she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I pulled and pinched your father, who never woke during the disorder I was in, but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and shewed him the window opened. Neither of us slept any more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England; and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith which should defend them from the power of the devil,

which he exercises among them very much. About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of hers, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o'clock; and she said, 'I wish you to have had no disturbance, for it's the custom of the place that, when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be dead. This woman was many ages ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden and flung her into the river under the window, but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house.' We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly".

This quaint story is in the very vein of the romantic drama, a winter's tale, such stuff as dreams or as plays might be made of. The humour of the opening and closing words is one out of a hundred touches that make Lady Fanshawe like one of Shakespeare's women to us, pure-souled and free-hearted as only the best women are. Contrast with it this other story, of three years after the Restoration.

Simply as it is told, the naked horror of the narrative is hardly equalled by what tragedy or history records of household furies and prodigious sins, the darkly uttered terrors of the houses of Thyestes or Cypselus.

"There lives not far from Canterbury a gentleman called Colonel Colepeper, whose mother was widow unto the Lord Strangford. This gentleman had a sister, who lived with him, as the world said, in too much love. She married Mr. Porter. This brother and sister being both atheists, and living a life according to their profession, went in a frolic into a vault of their ancestors, where, before they returned, they pulled some of their father's and mother's hairs. Within a very few days after Mrs. Porter fell sick and died. Her brother kept her body in a coffin set up in his buttery, saying it would not be long before he died, and then they would be both buried together; but from the night after her death, until the time that we were told the story, which was three months, they say that a head, as cold as death, with curled hair like his sister's, did ever lie by him wherever he slept, notwithstanding he removed to several places and countries to avoid it, and several persons told us they had felt this apparition."

J. W. MACKAIL.

NAMES IN FICTION.

"MAMMA is writing: Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Twysden request the honour of Admiral and Mrs. Davis Locker's company at dinner on Thursday the so-and-so."

If a man (as Steerforth's friend would have said) ever had any time to himself, which in the case of man that lives by writing is a wild and impossible supposition, he might find less interesting amusements in literary *bric-à-brac* than the making of a small collection not exactly of "beauties" but of literary passages, each of which should exhibit some literary peculiarity in its most perfect form. It would be a delightful and endless pastime for a lazy old age, inasmuch as it never could be finished, never could be exactly satisfactory, and yet would always be pleasing. And the *virtuoso*, in the English not the foreign sense of the word, would have a long search before he could find an example to beat the sentence of Thackeray's quoted above as an effort in a certain kind of fictitious nomenclature. Scott's Kennaquhair runs it hard, at least for English ears; but out of the works of Thackeray and Scott there is nothing so good, and in them there are few things of the kind, if any, better. The excellent Admiral and his wife, moreover, supply a capital text for some little discourse on the literary equivalent of what the technical language of heraldry calls *armes parlantes*:—to wit, names which speak the character.

In poetry the thing is of course very early, but as prose fiction is later than poetry, so the development of this particular fancy in authors appears to be later even in the history of prose fiction itself. In such serious Greek novels as remain to us, for instance, there is no trace of it at all. Daphnis and Chloe, Theagenes and Chariclea, Leucippe and Cleitophon, Chæreas and

Callirrhoe, with all their company, correspond not to the Newcomes and the Davis Lockers, but to the Lovels and the Belvilles. Indeed one could hardly expect anything of the kind until the romance passes into the novel of manners and of satire. And we find it, sure enough, in the first examples of such work of any importance that we have—the work of Lucian. In that delightful work the examples which had been set by Aristophanes and the other playwrights (for the trick appeared on the stage long before it appeared in novels) is worked out well, but perhaps more sparingly than we might have expected. The name of that agreeable but naughty handmaid in the "Lucius", that "damsel very audacious and full of grace", is an ingenious instance of the kind, and so are the denominations of the satraps of the realms of sleep, "Taraxion the son of Mateogenes, and Plutocles the son of Phantasion". But so little of Lucian's work is directly narrative that he had not very much scope for amusing himself in this way after the example of his master Aristophanes. In the scanty remains of Latin fiction there is even less of this sort of thing. The names in the "Satyricon" (except Circe, which can hardly be called an example) have little or no allusiveness, and if Apuleius copied the Greek "Ass" in his Latin one (which is disputed, though perhaps needlessly), he went out of his way to discard Palæstra for Fotis. In mediæval romance there is something of a tendency to revive the practice, but it is slight and primitive in expression. There is little "play" in the names, even when they are indicative. What is called mediæval simplicity, which was in many ways much less simple than people think, certainly appears in the abundant use of such appellations as Orgueilleuse,

Blanchefleur, and so forth. Indeed these are hardly instances of our kind :—a kind which however always continued to be represented on the stage. Every one who has read or even turned over the early English drama knows how fond our dramatists were of simply labelling their characters, sometimes carrying the practice so far as he who, after christening one character by an impossible designation, makes another say, "Oh ! that speaks him." This, as has been remarked, it could not well help doing, considering that it had been manufactured for the purpose. The practice, though in such extremes rather a childish one, took such firm hold of at least the comic theatre that so long as we had a classic drama it was never abandoned, and can hardly be said to be obsolete yet.

When we turn to the beginnings of the English novel it so happens, by a rather curious chance, that each of the three persons who are commonly and rightly regarded as founders adopted one, and for the most part one only, of the three possible systems of naming characters. Bunyan pushes the "speaking-name" to its farthest possibilities, yet, oddly enough, without any of the reproach which not unjustly attends Sir Politick Wouldbe and Sir Novelty Fashion. The illustrious Aphra Behn followed the Greeks, of whom she knew nothing, and the French romancers of the Scudéry school, of whom she knew much, in selecting the most flowery names she could find. Defoe, in accordance with his general principle, simply took the ordinary names of ordinary English life where he had occasion for names at all, though now and then, as in *Roxana*, he had no objection to a sounding stage name. And these three practices prevail throughout the eighteenth century, little or no attempt being made at that combination of a possible and ordinary sounding name with a double meaning, which Thackeray brought to such extraordinary perfection. Nothing could be much better than *Gulliver*, but Swift

did not pursue the vein far. Fielding, as we should expect, mixes up all the kinds, giving indeed to most of his principle persons ordinary names, but frequently adopting the stage-style (as in *Allworthy*, Colonel Courtly, Mrs. Slipslop, Tom Whipwell the coachman, Snap, Bagshot, and so forth), admitting *Lindamiras*, and *Bellarmines* when he feels disposed, and perhaps we may say adding a new kind—that of the purely grotesque name with no particular undermeaning, such as *Trulliber*, *Blifil*, *Hebbers*, which his imitator Dickens was afterwards to carry to such lengths. Richardson takes ordinary, or at least actual and well-known names, but always with an inclination towards finery in his choice. Sterne is almost wholly fantastic, without any particular tendency, except in grotesque Latin, to one particular kind of fantasy. Smollett, so like and so unlike Fielding in other ways, maintains in this particular way the same likeness in dissimilarity. Trunnion, Hatchway, Pipes,—these are instances of quite the infancy of the art, and Tom Whipwell (which at least sounds like a possible name) is a long way ahead of them. The minor novelists of the century remained equally within the circumscription of the ancient lines. Miss Burney never attempts the making of names in our sense: that eccentric person the author of "John Bunce", who, after being perhaps somewhat overpraised, seems to have sunk into unmerited reverses, has also little if anything of the kind; the eminent Bage, whom few people would ever have read if it had not pleased Sir Walter to put him in the *Ballantyne* novels, has less: Dr. Zachary Caudle is the nearest attempt that Sir Fretful Plagiary (so gods him call, but he is known to men as Cumberland) makes in the edifying work called "Henry"; while the "Man of Feeling" and Mrs. Radcliffe also yield nothing to the inquirer. When the century ended men had got little, if at all, beyond Sir Politick Wouldbe and Sir Novelty Fashion, except for

the, in both senses, almost inimitable nomenclature of Bunyan and a few hints in Fielding.

We have called Bunyan inimitable in both senses, and so he is. Although the public attention has been too much concentrated on the "*Pilgrim's Progress*", one need go no further than to the universally known passages of that book to see at once what can be done with simple ticketing, and how difficult, if not impossible, it is to do it again. The ever memorable consultation of the jury at Faithful's trial is enough for our purpose, and surely it may again be quoted.

"And first among themselves, Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, 'I see clearly that this man is a heretic.' Then said Mr. No-Good, 'Away with such a fellow from the earth!' 'Ay,' said Mr. Malice, 'for I hate the very look of him.' Then said Mr. Lovelust, 'I could never endure him.' 'Nor I,' said Mr. Live-loose, 'for he would always be condemning my way.' 'Hang him! hang him!' said Mr. Heady. 'A sorry scrub!' said Mr. High-mind. 'My heart riseth against him,' said Mr. Enmity. 'He is a rogue,' said Mr. Liar. 'Hanging is too good for him,' said Mr. Cruelty. 'Let us despatch him out of the way,' said Mr. Hatelight. Then said Mr. Im-placable, 'Might I have all the world given me I could not be reconciled to him: therefore let us bring him in guilty of death.'"

It is probably impossible to find anything better than this old favourite of the public, for, as Mr. Clive Newcome observes with much sense, "You can't beat the best, you know". But there are hundreds of other things in the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" and the "*Holy War*" almost as good. Yet good as they are, they are clearly good where they are and not elsewhere. If in an ordinary novel of ordinary manners we met Mr. Lechery, Mrs. Filth, and some others, we should not only (let us trust) be shocked, but should certainly be bored. The same danger attends the less abstract but equally improbable Fashions and Absolutes and Harkaways of the stage. Having made up our minds (generally with much reason) that the stage does not hold up the mirror to nature, we pardon these things and are in a way amused

by them. But as for the last eighty years or nearly so the novel has been supposed to be a copy of life without footlights or scenery or making-up, these simple methods of deception hardly seem to suit it.

It has been hinted that the first successful attempt to unite the advantages of the play upon words with the advantage of not taxing the reader's credulity and good nature too greatly came from Scott. There had been attempts at the thing before, no doubt: no man, not even the greatest, ever makes a clear and clean start. But the second person in English literature, the enchanter who could play on every string save one—the string of pure passion—in the whole compass of the instruments of prose and verse, the man whom fools judge to be inferior in this or that kind simply because he was proficient in almost every one, the most inexhaustibly fertile of modern imaginations, the most naturally skilful of modern talents, the hardest worker, the most genial playfellow, the kindest heart, and the largest though the least pretentious brain of two centuries:—in other words and to drop a clumsy and useless periphrase, Sir Walter Scott seems to have been responsible for refreshing fiction with this as with many other devices. Kennaquhair has been noticed: *Waverley* itself, the very beginning of his work, in word-making, is hardly if at all less happy, though it may be feared that a very large proportion of readers are not aware that it is an actual name of old standing, and perhaps not a very small proportion never connect it with the fact that the hero was "not exactly famous for knowing his own mind." Killancureit is not so happy as Kennaquhair, but it has to those who are acquainted with the oddities of Scotch nomenclature a certain false air of probability. In Clippurse and Hookem we fall quite back into the older and ruder style. The farms of the excellent Mrs. Margaret Bertram, Singleside, Lover

less, Lie-alone, and so forth, rather tend to be classed in this lower form; and with Lieutenant Taffril in the "Antiquary" we retire more than half a century back to the days of Smollett. Indeed it seems probable that Scott exercised the humour, the fancy, and the wit which he possessed in such remarkable measure in a very haphazard way in this direction as in others. There may be doubts about Fairservice,—it sounds as if it might have been a name; but Captain Coffinkey deserves I think place on quite the right side of the line; while the Devil's Dick of Hellgarth, that "gentle Johnstone" who frightened poor Oliver Proudfoot so terribly, and Roger Wildrake, of Squattlesea Mere in the moist county of Lincoln, are far on that side. It might be an abuse of the reader's patience and the editor's space if one were to go through all the beloved volumes in quest of "speaking names": but it is quite certain that in Scott they hold a position not to be paralleled before in respect of the two characteristics of being suggestive in meaning and at the same time not glaringly impressive or improbable as appellations. Stanchells for a jailer is one of the happiest: Goldthred for a mercer not quite one of the most happy; and the Rev. Simon Chatterly for a clergyman (if Scott had had a little more local knowledge of England he would have improved on this and made it Chatteris, unless by chance he had feared the effect on the Wemyss family) is better than Dr. Quackleben for a doctor. But a comparison of the most felicitous examples among these exhibits clearly enough what is aimed at by the practitioner in this kind:—a little gentle appeal to the intelligent and risible faculties without quite such a demand on general credulity as is involved in the allegorical and the stage systems. Except in a dream one cannot well away with Mrs. Filth, even though she was "as merry as the maids"; it requires at least some share of what some persons are believed to

call stage-illusion to make one put up with Captain Absolute. But as for Waverley, the thing, even without the Gazetteer, makes no demand upon credulity at all; and there have been persons, by no means actual fools, who had never even thought of the certainly not deeply-hidden meaning of Newcome. The practice in short gives a kind of additional relish to fiction: it is a little joke between author and reader not pushed obtrusively far, and yet establishing that feeling of mutual understanding and companionship in secrets which is so delightful to the poor human mind.

Scott did not, however, teach this knack to his contemporaries and followers as a rule. Miss Austen has nothing of it: her demure and sedate humour (for there has been one woman who was a humorist) either not needing or not liking this masculine trick. Miss Edgeworth tried it now and then, but not eminently. It is needless to say that the Jameses (not that it is wished to insinuate any ignorant contempt of James) and their like did not attempt it. Peacock was very fond of speaking names; but he affected for the most part the broadly impossible kind, such as Mr. Anyside Antijack, Mr. Feathernest Derrydown, and so forth. His chief excursions in the more refined variety are, like the Foster, Jenkison and Escot of "Headlong Hall," elaborate puns in the veiled obscurity of a learned language, and were probably suggested by Rabelais, whose own work is the greatest storehouse of such things anywhere to be found. Still Glowry is excellent of its kind. Captain Marryat also, when he affects this kind of name at all, takes the straightforward line with his *Simples* and *Easys* on the one hand, his *Disparts* and his *Muddles* on the other. Dickens, as has been said, struck out for himself or borrowed from Fielding an entirely different trick, that of observing all the most out-of-the-way names he could find in real life and using them up for his personages. It has

been held, if not established, by inquirers into this sort of thing that not even the most impossible-sounding of Dickens's names is an actual coinage or invention.

It is scarcely necessary to go through the other novelists of the second quarter of the century—Theodore Hook, Bulwer, Lever, and the rest. For it may be said with pretty general safety that they made few if any experiments in the more elaborate kind of speaking or punning name, such instances as Jack Brag and Major Monsoon not coming properly within the definition. Disraeli was remarkably happy with Tadpole and Taper, less so with Mrs. Guy Flouncey. And so we come to the author who, refining upon Scott and devoting no small part of his own peculiar combination of thought and whim to the matter, has left us examples probably unapproachable and certainly unapproached by any of his own followers. Anthony Trollope, in such things as Sir Warwick Westend for Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Pessimus Anticant for Carlyle, merely relapsed into comparatively childish things instead of following his model.

As is generally the case with such gifts Thackeray's faculty for allusive nomenclature appeared early but not in its best or most matured condition. It is at first a little rudimentary: Yellowplush for a footman, Deuceace for a gambler, Roundhand for an accountant, though amusing enough are not exactly masterpieces, and are quite of the old school. But their great author developed them, even as he developed the other ancient and somewhat infantine trick of misspelling, into something truly sublime. You may find examples in all stages throughout his works, in the most unexpected places as well as in the most expected, and sometimes arranged with a symmetrical and systematic whimsicality which is to be found nowhere else. Like certain great artists in other arts he makes his names in sets:—beautiful names which lesser men would fondly preserve and repeat throughout a whole

book, while this prodigal throws off a whole series of them for a mere parenthesis. Such is "Lady Crackenbury Mrs. Chippenham, and Madame de la Cruchecassée the French Secretary's wife", where Mrs. Chippenham, thrown in with careless ease between the others, is what an enthusiastic Frenchman of 1830 would have called pyramidal. Who but Thackeray would have taken the trouble or spared the genius to make Thistlewood the family name of the house of Bareacres? or have flung away the Count von Springbock-Hohenlaufen on a single mention? or have not grudged to drop from the current pen "M.M. de Truffigny (of the Perigord Family)"? Portansherry is not difficult, and is probably a reminiscence of Portanferry, for Thackeray was as true to Scott as it behoved the greatest genius of the second division of the century to be to the greatest genius of the first. But how noble, how plausible, is the house of "Tiler and Feltham, Hatters and Army Accoutrement Makers!" Nor to some tastes at any rate are those instances the least pleasing where the author seems to indulge in pure burlesque without any hidden meaning, as in the assembly which was attended by "the Duchess Dowager of Stilton, Duc de la Gruyère, Marchioness of Cheshire, Marchese Alesandro Strachino, Comte de Brie, Baron Schapzuger [*Sic*. But should it not be "Schabzieger"?] Chevalier Tosti," &c. And Mrs. Winkworth? And "Mrs. Hardyman who had had out her thirteen sisters, daughters of a country curate, the Rev. Felix Rabbits and married eleven of them, seven high up in the service"? and "Baron Pitchley and Grillsby"? But we should have to construct a complete *index nominum* to the thirteen volumes in order to do justice to this subject. The fancy, never degenerating into antic or mannerism, grew on the author as he lived, and the last paper but one that he ever wrote, the last that he ever finished, has that ingenious list of the

Pall Mall Clubs which ends with the Ultratorium, so pleasantly and unexpectedly appended to its neighbour.

There are, it is believed, some excellent persons, and a great number of persons not so excellent, to whom this sort of thing brings no comfort but the reverse. Their objection to these little jokes, these little words to the wise, between author and reader is part of a still larger objection which is felt by the same persons, or the same class of persons, to anything allusive or cryptic in literary style. Ill-natured but acute judges have set this down as closely connected with the immortal sentence of the immortal Scrub, as part of the general resentment which is felt at those who laugh consumedly where the jest is not clearly seen. It is certain, however, that the practice when pursued discreetly gives much delight to other persons who are perhaps better worth consulting; and that the whole subject of names and their appeal is a curious and a rather mysterious one. There is a critic, rather a ferocious critic in his way, who admits quite frankly that he is never a fair judge of any novel where the heroine is named Margaret, not because of any particular associations with any bearer of that name, but because the name itself exercises an automatic fascination on him and disposes him to shameless partiality. The feeling, though it once found a mistaken expression

which gave rise to the long reign of the Lindamiras and the Bellarmines is a perfectly genuine feeling. And as is the romantic attraction, so is the comic. It appeals to those to whom it does appeal and not to others: a sentence which may seem hopelessly unphilosophical, but which really contains the root of all critical philosophy. But though it is impossible to go behind these elemental sorceries, it is possible to draw some inferences about the way in which they usually make themselves most attractive. For instance, except in a very short story, a very capricious or glaring use of the "speaking name" would be usually anything but successful. The names of this class which have been used for constant recurrence in long novels have, since the refinement of the art at any rate, been such as do not violently challenge recognition of their double meaning. Crawley, Newcome, Waverley, all these might be ordinary patronymics, with no agnominal appropriateness to the individual at all. The punning element in them is not teasing or obtrusive: it may suggest itself at right moments and a little heighten the interest, but that is all. If the more fantastic kind of suggestion is introduced, it must be, as we have seen in commenting on Thackeray's practice, introduced but casually and not too much relied on. It is a *hors d'œuvre*, not a dish.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SANDRO GALLOTTI.

Sandro Gallotti,—sir, your slave!
 What service does your honour seek?
 Stand closer, pray, if you would speak,
 For there be babblers here who rave,
 And hang with hints my fair repute.
 Fat Beppo there, who tunes his lute,
 Has switched his ears this way to catch
 The reason why my humble latch
 Should yield admittance to your feet.

Step in, sir; never fear Pepete,
 He's blind and toothless; so's the hag,—
 Ho, mother! see if you can wag
 Your ears an hour in yonder yard.
 Now, sir, the door is safely barred,
 And I stand by to know your will.
 But first, let me the glasses fill.
 The wine is good; perhaps you know
 I have a vineyard, where the flow
 Of Arno stopped Moroni's flight.
 He was a monk, a foolish wight
 Who pencilled some fair lady's face,
 And straightway loved it, losing grace
 With honest folk: and one dark night
 Rode forth to seek the western hills,
 The lady with him;—but their wills
 Were sadly crossed: pursuit was swift;
 They rode them down, and never shrift
 Was shorter than they gave to him.
 For this fact my remembrance takes,
 That, when the dawn was showing dim,
 They spilt his blood among the stakes.
 Forgive the tale, I'd no design
 To tell it through; yet by the rood,
 I think the young monk's amorous mood
 Still circles in this golden wine.

But now, sir, let me know your quest.
 This portrait! yea, the man is blest
 Who sees in heaven a fairer face.
 It has the lovely oval form,
 Deep twilight in the eyes, yet warm,
 And laughing with an airy grace.

This dagger, too, and on its hilt
I read *Isole* in letters gilt.
And what is this you hand to me?
Another portrait,—ah, I see
A youth this time of mournful mien,
A face a maid would muse upon,
And one, sir, I have sometimes seen
In paintings of the loved *St. John*.
But stay, upon a closer view,
I think I know the features well;
Ay, by my soul, and I could tell
A tale of them that touches you.
For know, one night-fall, it fell out
That as I stood within the shade
Of that south-wall of yours, and made
Remonstrance with a sorry rout
Of scarecrow sins, I turned, and heard
The myrtle bushes near me stirred;
And there stepped forth, at stealthy pace,
A form with this same mournful face.
I marked it very well; it went
Straight to the chapel, doubtless bent
On prayer, and softly entered in.
And following close, I thought to win
The fragrance of his holy mood,
And therein gain such grace as would
Ease hell's hot foretaste in my soul.
Beneath the rose-hung porch I stole,
And loosed my sword against surprise;
And seeing how the night was fair,
Thought that with some *donzella's* eyes
A rhymers might its charm compare.
A moment then I paused, and made
Christ's emblem on my sinful breast,
And so, with some vague doubt possess'd,
Right swiftly passed into the shade
That wrapt the chapel's western wall.
And, standing close, I thought I heard
A rustled mantle, and the fall
Of footsteps pacing to and fro;
And then, somehow, the darkness stirred,
And shrunk into the aisles, and lo!
A fluent shaft of moonlight fell
On traceried arch and imaged cell,
And I beheld the youth again.
And was it love, or was it pain,
That made his eyes so sadly fair?
The waving curls of his dark hair
Fell from his brows, and seemed to cast
A pallor o'er his face, wherein
The features of an antique past
Bespoke high claim to princely kin.
Fearful he seemed of some surprise,
For now and then his hand would grip

The dagger-hilt, that my quick eyes
 Saw shrewdly lurking on his hip.
 And as he moved a pace apart,
 I saw, what my poor sight opprest,
 A ruby in a golden heart
 Flash its resentment on his breast.
 Now, sir, if haply I had been
 The common stabber that they say,
 That gaud would have been mine, I ween,
 Before the breaking of the day.
 But, as I live, I had no thought
 To foul my soul with further sin,
 And did but seek to come within
 The motive that so strangely brought
 This youth at midnight in my way.

"Isole! Isole!" I heard him say,
 And then "Isole!" as though his breath
 Bursting the very seals of death,
 Went forth to seek its own again.
 And then, methought, a muffled strain
 Of music stirred the slumbrous air,
 And wooed the heart, and lured the brain
 With odours to its silver lair,
 A sun-lit glimpse of something fair,—
 A palace-garden old and sweet,
 A great King's daughter dreaming there,
 Her lover harping at her feet.
 And as I shook my senses free
 From these soft languors, like a flame
 That licks the darkness up, there came
 A form so fair, she seemed to me
 The offspring of a fabled race.
 I marked the sorcery of her face,
 I saw her immemorial eyes,
 Her lips, the Orphir of Love's sighs,
 The carven mystery of her breast;
 And one blush rose methought lay dead
 Upon her cheek, and all her head
 With aureate hair was effloresced.

She passed—one pause—and then they met;
 And every boundary that was set
 Betwixt their souls was swept away.
 They knew not that the world still lay
 Around them in its ceaseless fret.
 Nor that their souls' ecstatic flight
 Was clipped with clouds of death and night.
 They knew but Love,—in him they saw
 Their God, their worship, and their law.

They met to part; 'twere vain to tell
 The anguish born of their farewell.

I know a tear came stealing down
From some old corner dry and brown.
And wreaked an outrage in my eye.
And how they went, I know not, I—
I turned to go, and then a laugh,
Like to a dagger's jagged half,
Shivered the stillness of the night.

And do I read your thoughts aright?
It is your will that they should die,
Nor make your life a haggard lie?
Your will, sir, is my own. I'll take
Two hundred nobles down; the stake
Of my poor life is haply more.
They shall not meet in dalliance sweet,
Nor sigh, as riding down the street
Their severed lots they do deplore.
And she for you no more shall be
The gentle lady, bright, and free,
Who laughs i' the sun, and looks so fair,
And mocks you with her eyes and hair.
She dies to-night,—and so does he!
Farewell! how soon the twilight faints!
Relieve your mind of all its fears,
And may God's Mother and the Saints
Preserve your life for many years.

H. P.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

A HIGHLY intelligent French traveller, who recently marched from Siberia across the Pamir to Dardistan and British India, has thus described the feelings of Asiatics towards the two Christian powers now encamped side by side on the vast valleys of that continent.

"The Russians prevail in the view of all Asia; and, since their finances do not permit them the prodigality practised by the British, it is chiefly with their military display that the impression is produced, while the others create astonishment by the depth of their money-bags. The nations and tribes by whom India is surrounded are used to the idea of holding out the hand to their rulers, and are always surprised if they do not receive something. By their manner of begging it is easy to see that they consider they have a right to largess; and they take the English not for powerful warriors but for very wealthy traders who have founded their power upon piles of rupees. Nothing is more fragile. The courage of the English, and their marvellous public works and fine railroads are admired; yet people's looks are turned towards Russia with an expectation of good things. It is difficult to deserve the gratitude of Asiatics, or to satisfy them: even those in India are not satisfied. We know not what they may hope from change; perhaps they are only sharing a childish curiosity common to many communities. But we do know that many a malcontent has said, 'When the Russians come all that will change.' When will they come? Will they ever come into India? We are not competent to answer such questions, we are ignorant of the future, but we know that some expect them, and that many expect to live to see them come."

We may make what allowance we like for French liveliness. M. Bonvalot's knowledge of languages does not probably permit him to converse very freely in Turkish, Persian, and Hindostanee, and to collect the suffrages of the speakers of those tongues: he is evidently fond of antithesis and a telling style. But he is assuredly by no means unfriendly to the British or a pessimist critic of their Indian administration. This is what he says of it elsewhere:

"No fault is permitted; and those who hold the helm have their ears strained, their eyes opened, are disquieted by the merest nothing. They display a will, an intelligence, an activity, that are admirable. . . . They are a handful of men devoted to a hard task of development; and they perform it to the wish. But *they are not conquerors*: they have never proceeded by way of invasion; they made no entry with colours flying; they slid into the land, where they find their work the less difficult that among millions of men they dominate by prodigies of address. They show all that can be done by shopkeepers having coherence in their ideas. But, do what they may, and say what they will, their power looks as if it were constructed of expedients: they go against the stream—which is fatiguing for the strongest swimmers—whilst other rulers follow the stream, which is far more convenient."

Once more we must make allowances. But it is not the less true that, in Asia as in Europe, there are numbers of persons who are drawing comparisons between the two powers in question, and who believe in the wickedness of Russia and in the weakness of England as in two facts positive and invariable. As to the latter point, time alone can show. The British may have never actually conquered India; though it will probably be admitted that they have done something that way, and by those who know the facts that at least they have in Afghanistan and other quarters shown some of the qualities of conquerors. M. Bonvalot attributes to them the power of the purse, and good business-habits combined with courage; and he holds that the Asiatics with whom they are concerned are very sensible to liberal treatment—in which statement he obviously includes Asiatics beyond the sphere of direct English rule. But, if all this be on their side, their position is clearly not without certain advantages. Still the main question is not there at all. The point on which it is essential to have accurate information is the attitude of the great northern power. Is the Russian military occu-

pation of countries on the Afghan frontier a menace, a deliberate preparation, of hostile action against British India, or is it not?

Certainly, there is a vast number of persons who will reply in the affirmative without a moment's hesitation. Some people appear to think that Russia is the incarnation of all that is false, ferocious, and irreconcilable; they talk of the testament of Peter the Great, they view every mile added to the Trans-Caspian Railway as another step in the fulfilment of an unavoidable destiny. Others, of a more sanguine or of a more combative character, teach us that these things, though not of fateful portent, are a challenge that should at once be accepted, a provocation to a quarrel which must end in favour of the wealthier power, and cannot be too quickly fought out. A third party thinks that British interests may be best consulted by letting sleeping dogs lie.

Nevertheless, on an attentive study of events past and present, all these views may furnish some ground of contradiction. Not that there is not in each of them—excepting perhaps the last—some small grain of truth; no error, perhaps, is really dangerous that does not contain such elements. The famous “testament,” though known to be spurious as a document, embodies some national aspirations; the Russian progress in Central Asia is a movement which gives the nation that makes it a purchase upon possible opponents; the British in India must, on their part, show vigilance and strength. But the history of the past is there, to show that antagonism between the two nations is no necessity; and the existing state of things may well be regarded as confirming that impression, and showing that there is plenty of room for the co-existence of both powers, in their fullest strength, in Asia and in the world. It is very doubtful if the Russians could take India if they desired to do so. They could only make a reasonable attempt to do so

by the help of the robber-tribes of Central Asia and Afghanistan, whom the people of India look upon with feelings similar to those of the Romanised Britons for the Picts and Scots. The legions of England might not, of themselves, suffice for the defence of India; but there is every reason to believe that they would receive ample and adequate support from the native troops in the British service and in the service of the protected princes of the country, and that this would be backed up by the good-will of the wealthy and respectable classes, lovers of peace, and possessed by a hereditary dread of northern rapine. This is not the place to discuss at any length this much-vexed question. Military officers, on either side of the frontier, seem to think such an undertaking feasible; statesmen, however, will decide when ever decision may be requisite. Thus much may be here remarked:—that a Russian force of at least fifty thousand fighting men would probably be the indispensable nucleus of an invading army; and at the immense distance to which it would have to be taken from its base of operations such a force would be entirely dependent on the country between Merv and Candahar for its means of transport and of subsistence. The rulers of British India, on their side, with railways and depôts all along the frontier, and with subsidized friends among the Afghans, would be watching to take advantage of every check. It may be assumed that the Russians would be supported by hordes of predatory cavalry, but these would cost more than they were worth by eating up the country and exasperating the native population. The warlike tribes of Afghanistan would be ready to swoop upon the invaders at every chance, as they once did upon us; no more ruthless molesters of a retreat were ever seen. In rear of the advance would be the Turcomans, not easily tamed, and inspired by any feelings but those of love for their late conquerors. Such a column would be a long while getting to Candahar; and where would the

forces of British India be in the meanwhile? These things must be known to the Czar and his advisers, and are likely to have full weight in their counsels, especially if they found the present masters of India courteous and friendly without relaxation of readiness and watchful resolution. The Russians are well aware of all this: they are further aware that, in addition to the formidable nature of the original enterprise, they would, in case of success, find themselves confronted by the still greater difficulty of governing the country when they had got it. They may well be deterred from the ambition of undertaking a task which—as M. Bonvalot sees—taxes severely the powers of a race far more advanced than themselves in political skill and experience. The members of the Russian Government are powerless even to give domestic, economic, commercial, or financial, welfare to their own people. Why should they voluntarily add to these unsuccessful labours the cares of a new and distant land whose chief wealth consists in a population of paupers?

Why then, it may be asked, do the Russians seem so bent on making it appear that they contemplate the invasion of India? They are not madmen; and no sane person will give up his sheep and oxen to go forth in the pursuit of chimæras. Not only does this conduct of theirs savour of fatuity; it is also a constant breach of the comity of nations. Unmeaning as the menace may seem to serious statesmanship, it is not the less a source of political unrest, an unceasing cause of hæmorrhage and depletion to the finance of British India. Such treatment is not proper or becoming from one people to another with whom friendly relations are professed.

An explanation was furnished, in the hearing of the present writer, by a distinguished Russian officer. The apparently threatening attitude of Russia is, according to this supposition, due to a total misunderstanding caused by mutual ignorance. The British nation has, somehow, been

taught that it is bound to oppose certain mysterious designs on the peace of Europe; Russia is held out to them as a power of lawless ambition such as France was held to be in the time of Lewis the Fourteenth. The Russians for their part overrate the degree to which the British are prepared to act upon these lessons; and they are determined to set up a permanent demonstration on England's most vulnerable point, with the view of neutralising that action.

That Russia is not solely to blame for such misgivings, nor essentially or necessarily inimical to England, will be clear to any attentive and unprejudiced student of history. And it is to be remembered that, when we speak or read of Russia we are mainly concerning ourselves with the case of one human being. Russia, of course, may be otherwise regarded. When, for instance, a book comes out upon Russia, we expect to find it, in the main, devoted to a description of the Russian people. When, again, we contemplate the attitude of Russia in details of diplomacy or commerce, it is chiefly of the official class that we are thinking. But, in regard to great lines of policy, Russia means the Czar (or Czarina) for the time being. There are then—if the expression may be allowed—three Russias; and the Russia with which other nations have, on the whole, to reckon, is the one which is represented by a ruler who, in matters of foreign policy, is all-powerful and—except when he is insane—almost omniscient. There was an instance, in the very opening of the current century, when a crazy Czar went near to doing mischief; but Paul was soon abolished, in the interests of his dynasty and country. As a rule the Czars have been wonderfully well-informed persons; and whatever misunderstandings have prevailed between Russia and other nations, the fault has never been wholly—perhaps not often even partially—theirs. It may indeed be said that Nicholas, in his famous conversation with Sir Henry Seymour, did not show that he under-

stood the feelings and wishes of the English; but it has been made quite clear by Mr. Kinglake that Lord Aberdeen and some other Englishmen were no wiser. So that, if the Czar did then fall into perilous error, he went wrong in the best company. The fact is that the government of a free country is far less trustworthy in such matters than that of an absolute monarch following a traditional policy: each ministry may have a foreign policy of its own; and the beliefs and ideas of the public are constantly changing and affecting the conduct—and even the existence—of cabinets. The absolute monarch on the other hand will know what he desires, and act consistently. Taking this clue in our hands, let us thread the labyrinth of the past three or four generations, and see what has been the tendency of Russia since she began to take a part in the game of European politics.

In 1755 Great Britain was almost at her lowest ebb. Beaten by the French in North America, and threatened in her Hanoverian possessions by a league between France and Prussia, she had no army worth mentioning; and the population of the British Islands, unarmed and undisciplined, was overwhelmed with impotent terror at the prospect of a French invasion. Parliament at this juncture positively refused to organise the militia. Fox and Newcastle then actually proposed to confide the defence of the country to foreign mercenaries. Yet it was at such a moment that the Court of St. Petersburg concluded an alliance with that of St. James, and promised the aid of fifty-five thousand men for the defence of Hanover. The alliance eventually came to nothing; but that was by no fault of the Czarina, who was thrown over by the English as soon as they found that the King of Prussia would oppose the entry into Germany of Russian troops. George the Second, trembling for his continental territory, hastened to conclude a treaty with Frederick; and the Russian Czarina was left in the lurch.

During the remainder of the century, Russia, though at enmity with most of the Great Powers, continued friendly to England, and British officers rose to high employment in her service. Then came the crazy Paul, and a great "Russian scare", extending for the first time in the direction of India. But it quickly passed away. In 1801 the Czar was murdered, to the great relief of his own subjects and many others; and his successor, the refined and liberal-minded Alexander the First, hastened to conclude a convention with Great Britain. In 1807 the two Powers united to protect Turkey against French aggression; but the Sultan finally disregarded their counsel, took the side of Bonaparte, and declared war against Russia. Here again, it was not Russia that misbehaved. England—who had caused the rupture by forcing the Dardanelles—suddenly retired from the contest, once more leaving her ally in the lurch.

Lastly, we find these Powers united with one another and with France in the defence of Greece. Once again the English inconsistency prevailed. The attack on the Turkish empire which ended with the battle of Navarino gave dissatisfaction to the British nation, and Lord Goderich and his Cabinet went out, to be succeeded by the Tories under Wellington. From that period may be dated the ever-growing estrangement of the two once friendly nations. For a few years indeed the questions of Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform occupied the English people and their rulers to the almost total exclusion of foreign affairs. But, as these questions were disposed of, the restless activity of Lord Palmerston began to exert itself in the direction of the "Eastern Question", and a number of movements, which from any other point of view but his were chiefly gratuitous, began to take place. On June 20th, 1839, he pronounced it his opinion that it was necessary to save the Ottoman empire from "an exclusive protection, which would

sooner or later prove fatal to it if France and England were not agreed". That was a bold note to sound, whether it had a meaning or not. This doubt exists, because towards the end of the following year the same minister entered into an acrimonious correspondence with France, which led to the exclusion of that country from the league of the Four Powers, and which might have had even more serious consequences but for the fall of the Thiers Cabinet on October 20th. Attacked on the subject of his foreign policy in 1848 by Messrs. Urquhart and Chisholm Anstey, Palmerston defended himself by the declaration that "England should have neither eternal friendships nor eternal enmities"; and he went so far as to say that he adopted the maxim of Mr. Canning, that "the interest of England was the shibboleth of peace"—a maxim which will not perhaps be found the easier of comprehension the more it is studied. But a few years earlier this pacific minister had entered with a light heart on the Afghan war, as a means of checking Russian progress in Asia.

What, on the other hand, was the policy of Russia, represented by the Czar Nicholas and his experienced minister, the veteran Count Nesselrode? It was one of such patient wisdom that a French diplomatist who had once been hostile was won over to give them his entire confidence. Thus writes the Marquis de Castelbajac, in 1852:

"If he exercises despotic power he is not the less for keeping account of the religious sentiments and national character of his people, for that is the source of his power. I do not believe in the longings of Russia for Turkey. Since I have been here I have been cured of the Western ideas of her ambition. The policy of Catherine has been abandoned by Nicholas. Ever since 1848 his main solicitude has been for the re-establishment of order in Europe and the development of commerce, agriculture, industry, morals, and administration in his vast empire. It is in these that he finds the foundations of the real power and prosperity of Russia and the sufficient employment of his life. The hereditary Grand Duke has the same ideas. But the Czar will never consent to having the gates of the Bosphorus and the Baltic shut against him, to

having Constantinople occupied by any of the Great Powers, or the Sound by Germany. Not that he wants either for himself; he is persuaded that the possession of Stamboul would be the dissolution of the Russian empire and the signal for a general war."¹

How the British ministers responded to the friendly attitude of the Czar is well known. In February, 1853, he made them an offer which was completely in accordance with his assurances to M. de Castelbajac of the previous year. "The sick man", he said to Sir Hamilton Seymour, "is dying, and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding" [always the wish for an "understanding"!], "and this we should do if I could hold but ten minutes' conversation with your ministers. . . . There are several things that I will never tolerate. I will begin with ourselves. *I will not tolerate the permanent occupation of Constantinople by the Russians.* . . . But neither will I tolerate its occupation by any other of the Great Powers." He ended, as we all know, by sketching an imaginary distribution of the effects of the moribund Turk, in which the English Government would be left free to take possession of Egypt and of Crete. Our ministers violated the Czar's confidence; with the help of Turkey, France and Sardinia they destroyed his navy, decimated his army, bombarded his chief maritime arsenal, and broke his heart. And all because he offered to share with them in the administration of an expected lapse, their share of which they have since appropriated. The British appropriation has followed the hints of the unfortunate Czar. They have taken Cyprus—which seemed to suit them better than Crete—and so far as we can see at present, they have taken Egypt. It is difficult to perceive what ground of complaint they have against Russia, whatever reasons Russia may have to distrust or disturb them.

¹ M. de Castelbajac, May, 1852, in Rothan's "Souvenirs Diplomatiques."

Since these things were done the centre of gravity in England has shifted. The democracy, instead of conspiring and fighting against the State, has been admitted within its walls. The power which, in the last century, passed from the Crown to the landed aristocracy, is now passing into the hands of the whole people. But the vast majority, in spite of the establishment of universal and compulsory education, is not yet completely instructed as to the external relations of the country. The Irish question distracts attention; and the absorbing necessity of working for a livelihood leaves the labouring classes little leisure for the study of foreign politics. It is the more necessary that the facts should be clearly examined and a right direction given to public opinion. It is above all things necessary that a more homogeneous character should be given to English policy. If Turkey in Europe is doomed by her own incurable disorder, and Austrian power threatened by incompatibility of discordant elements; if Russia, above all, is a great and growing nation at unity with itself; if these things be so, it well behoves the land of modern political progress to avoid unnecessary conflicts with the land of strength not yet developed. If these things be not so, then we are in the position of the Greeks in the time of Philip, and the hour is come for the appearance of a new Demosthenes. *Absit omen!*

What makes it the more important for the Government of Britain and of British India—which ultimately is but one—to decide quickly is this: the development of petroleum on the shores of the Caspian, already immense, promises to be almost inexhaustible, coming as it does from comparatively recent formations. Consequently, there can never be any difficulty—so far as fuel is concerned—in running troops by train in any direction throughout Central Asia. General Annenkoff has shown how

easy it is to lay down light railways in that flat country. Accordingly, we are told by a recent Russian writer that “if these lines produced no other advantage than that of accelerating the establishment of a friendly understanding between England and Russia, they would have already rendered a prodigious service to humanity. And this understanding cannot long tarry after the two Powers, placed side by side on so many points, shall be convinced that a struggle between them would be, for one and the other, but a bloody and barren suicide; while, on the contrary, they have mutual advantages to gain in working together for the regeneration of the East. On the day when this great truth—unfortunately too long ignored—shall be announced by Russia and England, the peace and prosperity of the Eastern world will find themselves established on an imperishable basis.”¹

The *savant*, it will be seen, says the same as the Czar and the General. There is need of an “understanding.” It is for the people that boasts of its wisdom, knowledge, love of peace, and mission of civilization, to vindicate its reputation for intelligence, to cast away its own errors, and to invite the conterminous power to meet her half way. It is the irresistible instinct of Russia to seek expansion towards the sea; and England has no real interest in joining those who would obstruct this natural aspiration. The strength of Russia is her inaccessibility, enabling her to strike her antagonists and retire into a place of safety. The more she spreads abroad the less she can retain that advantage. If she once comes to the sea she will be permanently bound to be on good terms with the chief naval power, unless indeed that power should have already insisted on making her a foe.

H. G. KEENE.

¹ M. P. de Tchihatchef, in the “Revue des Deux Mondes.”

SOME LESSONS FROM THE BIMETALLIC CONFERENCE.

THE Conference of the Bimetallic League, held at Manchester in April last, was a very remarkable and interesting event. It was remarkable in the first place for its catholicity: politicians from every camp appear to have found common ground in bimetallism, and the angry recrimination of party politics was laid by the soothing influence of a common bond of interest. Nor is it merely in politics that we have to note this pleasing feature; for at the Conference we find assembled representatives of the Liverpool, Birmingham and other Chambers of Commerce, representatives of many Chambers of Agriculture and of many Trades' Councils. In bimetallism we find no antagonism between the interests of commerce, agriculture and labour, and it is surely a matter of interest and congratulation to find merchant and farmer, capitalist and labourer co-operating in furthering a common cause; but we refrain from waxing eloquent over the blessing of unity, on reflection that they had met to talk about money, a subject in which we have all so deep an interest. Then, too, there was something peculiarly fit in making Manchester the scene of the Conference. We look back to the time when Manchester led the van in preaching the gospel of Free Trade, and when another League (the Anti-Corn-Law League) was formed there. But it must not be lost sight of, that the Bimetallic League will have to fight its way under different conditions. It was a much easier thing to create enthusiasm over the abolition of the corn-laws than it will be to create it over the substitution of bimetallism for monometallism. In the first place questions of taxes and duties come home to every one, and every-one will lend a willing ear to any

proposal for lightening the burdening of taxation. But it is quite otherwise with questions of monetary policy. So long as things go on with tolerable smoothness, the ordinary man cares little and knows less about the monetary system under which he lives. It is a dry and abstruse subject, about which he feels that he ought not to trouble himself but leave it to wiser heads than his own. It is only when he can be made to perceive that there is something so wrong as to affect him directly, that he can be got to feel any interest in the matter at all. Then, again, bimetallism does not appeal to any class interest or bias in the way that the corn-laws did. Then it was the interests of manufacture and commerce against the interests of landowners; to some extent the interests of the town against those of the country. But it is not so with bimetallism; it seems clear that there is nothing like a war of classes involved in the matter. The only interest which seems as a whole to oppose bimetallism is the banking interest; and even that opposition is a faint-hearted one, because some of the bankers profess to believe that the introduction of bimetallism would have no effect whatever. It would appear, then, that the League will have this difficulty to start with, that, whatever be the importance of the subject, they will have great difficulty in creating that enthusiasm which is necessary to carry any great movement to success; they will, in short, have for some time to be patient enough to preach in the wilderness, and to gather adherents singly and by degrees. It must be admitted too that at present the League lacks the glamour of a Cobden or a Bright, able though its leaders are. Possibly they will arise in time, and we shall have the

union of the hour and the man ; but meanwhile the League can doubtless do much to advance its objects.

In the next place the proceedings of the League, the papers read and the addresses made, are full of suggestion and interest. They are as full of interest to the ordinary reader as they are to the political economist ; and it may safely be said that, while on the one hand everyone interested in the commercial prosperity of his country will find in them much instruction, the professed student of economical science will either learn something he did not already know, or he will find his knowledge enhanced with new arguments and fresh illustrations. He will find how the same subject can be approached by different minds from as many different points of view, and will recognise that the poet was not altogether wrong in describing truth as a gem with many facets.

In the first place, we see illustrated with undeniable force the fact that political economy and practical life are not so alien as some people would have us believe. It is customary with some to sneer at political economy, and to say that it is all very fine in theory, but that it is altogether unpractical, and, for all the use it is in everyday life, might just as well be relegated to Saturn. This is something like the charge brought against logic, that no one in ordinary writing or conversation stops to syllogise ; as if that proved it was advantageous, or rather, not disadvantageous to neglect the laws of correct thinking. Some people talk as though political economy were some arbitrary system, whereas it is nothing of the sort. Professor Nicholson put it very well at the Conference when he said that Adam Smith no more invented political economy than Harvey invented the circulation of the blood. Now the Bimetallic Conference will have done good service if it does nothing else than show that this charge against political economy is a groundless one. We find two professors of the science co-operat-

ing with men of the most practical character — merchants, farmers, and labourers. It proves that the practical life of men and women in the State is closely bound up with the laws of economic science ; and the statesman can no more ignore them than the physician can ignore the laws of the living organism.

Another thing we find illustrated by the proceedings of the League is the extraordinary difficulty of political economy. This is shown by the differences of opinion revealed. This difficulty arises in two ways : first, there is the difficulty in getting at the facts, and then there is the difficulty of reasoning from the facts when you have got them.

We will take the first difficulty to begin with. It is clear that, in social inquiries, of the two inductive methods open to us, we are almost entirely excluded from experiment, and are reduced to observation alone. But the difficulty of observing the facts in society is extraordinary, and it is obvious that, if our facts or data are inadequate or incorrect, to draw inferences from them is mere trifling. This difficulty is well brought out by the Bimetallic Conference. There is, for instance, the question whether, as a matter of fact, the rate of wages has fallen or not, and if so to what extent. One would imagine that it should not be a very difficult thing to give a decisive answer to this question. Yet when we compare the statements made at the Conference with one another, and with what we read elsewhere, there appears to be a hopeless divergence of opinion. Mr. Gibbs refers to a writer in "The Times", who states that, as a result of inquiries made throughout England, it had been established that wages had fallen little or not at all. On the other hand Mr. S. Smith states that wages have fallen fifteen or twenty per cent. on an average since 1873, and that employment has been so irregular and uncertain that the great Trades Unions have been almost swamped by claims

for relief. Mr. J. C. Fielden says that since 1874 the wages of miners have fallen at least fifty per cent., of the cotton factory hands seven or eight per cent., and of the labourers in the building trades fourteen per cent. Mr. Everett puts the fall of farm-labourers' wages at four shillings a week. But these statements are quite at variance with those made by such inquirers as Mr. Giffen and Professor Leone Levi, who concluded that there had been a considerable rise in wages. Then, again, there is the question whether or not there are many unemployed, and if there are, whether the number is increasing. One would imagine that there should not be any insuperable difficulty in answering this question. The writer in "*The Times*", Mr. Gibbs says, laid it down that the East End of London was crowded with unemployed men. Mr. J. C. Fielden says that "the cry of the unemployed has been heard each succeeding winter (for several years) in our great cities, our seaports, and our large towns", and that "this cry is simply the muttering of a coming storm". Mr. G. D. Kelley maintains that Mr. Fielden's figures are much too low. Mr. S. Smith says "that all our great cities have had to cope with masses of unemployed people". But all these statements sound very strange in face of the facts discovered by the Committee appointed to give work to the unemployed in London in laying out public gardens. It would appear from the report of the Committee that out of the whole number who applied for work a considerable percentage never came to receive it. The presumption is either that they were able to get work elsewhere, or that they preferred idleness and a scanty subsistence on the proceeds of crime, the latter alternative being, let us hope, the less probable. It would appear also from the same report that of those who did accept work a number were able to leave afterwards, either finding work elsewhere or emigrating. As to the

remainder, the Committee found that it was impossible to help them, being either physically or morally unfit to perform any decent work at all. Of this unfortunate and miserable residuum it can be said with certainty that, whether trade be good or bad, whether we have bimetallism or monometallism, they will always be unemployed. The curse lies in themselves and not in the commercial policy under which they live. Then again the Labour Correspondent to the Board of Trade has just reported that during the last few months the number of the unemployed has diminished, and the figures he gives are not at all such as to make one believe that there are "masses of unemployed people". It is extremely difficult to reconcile the various statements made on this subject, and it seems well nigh impossible to discover the real condition of the labouring classes. We have on the one hand members of the League speaking of "the muttering of coming storms", "social cataclysms", and the like; on the other hand, at the Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace, we hear the pæan of the Triumph of Labour, and orators growing eloquent over the Emancipation of Labour. Now one thing is quite clear, that we must decide on adopting one course or the other. It is absurd that on one day we should be asked to put on sackcloth and ashes and to pray to avert the coming cataclysm, and on the next day that we should be put down as cold and apathetic for not going into ecstasies over the triumph and the emancipation of labour. We must take our stand on one platform or the other, but before we can decide, we must get some really authoritative information. At present it would seem that we have no authority, but that we are at the mercy of more or less self-constituted inquirers. Any one who could devise some means of arriving at the true facts of the case would perform a real service to political economy, because for political economists to try to look for economic

laws amongst a mass of inaccurate and uncertain data is to build on sand and make bricks without straw. In connection with this matter one cannot feel particularly grateful to Mr. Fielden, who tells us that "the usual methods by which employment in the country is gauged, such as the savings-bank test, the pauper returns, and the returns of imports and exports, are in many respects quite misleading". This is cheerful news for those who have employed the usual methods. But the worst of it is that Mr. Fielden does not tell us what the true methods are. He is something like a man who on the high seas tells the captain that his compass and sextant are so inaccurate as to be worthless, and there leaves him.

We have now dealt with some of the difficulties as to the facts, and will proceed to deal with the difficulties presented by the divergences of opinion arrived at upon facts universally accepted. Take, for instance, the fall of prices. It would appear to be admitted on all hands that a substantial fall in prices has occurred since 1873; but when we come to ask the cause of the fall we are at once met with the most embarrassing variety of answers. Several causes are offered; the appreciation of gold, the demonetization of silver, the development of cheap machinery and cheap transports, and the increase of instruments of credit. Now the monometallists assert that the appreciation of gold and the demonetization of silver have nothing to do with the fall in prices, but that the true causes are the others just named. The bimetallicists say that the appreciation of gold, or that the appreciation of gold together with the demonetization of silver, are in the main the cause of the fall, though they admit the operation of the other causes. For instance, Mr. S. Smith says, "We do not deny that various subordinate causes have contributed to produce this depression", but he asserts that "the demonetization of silver is in the main contributory to the heavy fall in prices". It

would be much more satisfactory if the bimetallicists were to make some attempt to show to what extent the various causes have severally contributed to the fall. It would obviously much strengthen their case if they could show that the causes other than the monetary ones had only a very small effect in reducing prices, whereas prices had fallen greatly. But they content themselves by merely asserting that the fall of prices is too great to be explained by other than monetary causes. And even in the discussion on the true cause of the fall there is not quite an absolute agreement as to the facts; for while the bimetallicists assert that gold is appreciated, or in other words that gold is scarce, the monometallists say that gold is not scarce, but on the contrary plentiful. Mr. William Fowler, for instance, a director of the National Discount Company, says that he cannot believe in the scarcity of gold because money is cheap, and Mr. Currie, the banker, says the same thing. Mr. Wells, the American economist, goes so far as to say that the years of falling prices in England have been characterized by an excessive supply of money and currency. So that we are met with diametrically opposite answers to the question whether gold is scarce or not.

We will next take another point closely connected with the fall of prices,—What is the effect of the increase of instruments of credit? Mr. Grenfell says that he cannot conceive but that the effect of their increase would be to raise prices. Sir H. M. Meysey-Thompson says, "I believe that all experience shows that in times of increasing currency and rising prices the instruments of credit have, instead of decreasing, increased with the increasing supply of currency". Yet the monometallists assert just the contrary. What a surprising difference of opinion on a small point!

But perhaps the most interesting difference of opinion arises on the question,—Is a fall of prices a good thing? It is indisputable that a fall

of prices has taken place; and the bimetallicists are therefore naturally met at the outset with the objection that they have no ground for complaint. It must be admitted that the objection is a grave one. It is almost an instinct in man to try and get things as cheap as possible. When a man emigrates to a new country he very naturally inquires the cost of living there; if he hears that things are cheap, he thinks that the place is a desirable one, but if things are dear, he will think twice before going, unless with the prospect of proportionally high wages. Cheapness, then, in itself is an eminently desirable thing in the eyes of most people. But the bimetallicists say, "No, it is not, or rather it may not be so always; it depends on how the cheapness was brought about". The labouring man would probably be somewhat surprised if told, on his way home from marketing, that he was mistaken in supposing he was any the better for having bought his things cheap. The bimetallicists would address him somewhat in this fashion: "My good sir, that cheapness you take such delight in is no blessing to you at all, but rather a curse. Had it been brought about by increase of production, then all would have been well, but, alas! it has been brought about by a change in the proportion between commodities and money". Surely this would sound sheer folly in the ears of a man whose grand object in life it is to get things cheap without puzzling his head about reasons. Yet this is the argument of the bimetallicists. Mr. Smith says, "We do not deny that the cheapening of commodities in a natural manner, such, for instance, as that of cotton fabrics by the inventions of Watt and Arkwright, is a benefit to mankind; but we do assert that the artificial lowering of prices by changing the standard is a great evil". And then he goes on to say that the only class who suffer from a rise in prices are the "annuitants, fund-holders, and others in receipt of fixed money payments", and

that the rise in the value of gold has "re-distributed wealth to the great injury of the producing classes". Now as the receivers of fixed money payments are usually the wealthy and the producers are the poor, it follows, according to Mr. Smith, that the wealthy are benefited by a fall in prices, while the poor are injured. Yet this, one would say, is in flat contradiction to common sense, for surely low prices are a greater boon to the poor than to the rich. The bimetallicists are therefore reduced to maintaining a paradox. And just as one sin leads to another, so is it necessary to have recourse to a paradox to support a paradox; namely, that in a poor country things may be very cheap. Mr. Coke, for instance, in support of the bimetallic position, says that "commodities are always easy to purchase in a poor country. In the interior of India where there was poverty, a sheep could be bought for a rupee, a hundred pounds of wheat for the same sum". But on the other hand the bimetallicists can fairly retort that those who maintain that over-production is the cause of the fall of prices, are themselves guilty of a paradox. Mr. Taylor puts it fairly enough in this way, that to say that over-production is the cause is to say to the working classes, "You cannot have enough clothing, and you cannot have enough to eat, because there is too much of it". This is tantamount to saying that, if over-production be the cause, though there are plenty of cheap goods within reach of the labourer, he has no money to buy them; that he is in the position of a hungry man in a market who has lost his purse, or who has mislaid the key of a well-stocked larder. It must be admitted that this is almost an incredible state of affairs. Surely a country that can produce in large quantities must have great motives to produce, or in other words must be most prosperous. And how is it conceivable that when there is an alleged over-production there can be no buying-power in the hands of the labourers?

No production can go on without labour, and where there is labour, there wages will be paid. Surely, then, this over-production implies payment of large quantities of wages, and how can it be said that, where things are admittedly cheap, and where by implication there is a large distribution of wages, the working-man has no buying-power? So that while, on the one hand, the monometallists are driven to maintain either that cheapness may lead to starvation in the midst of plenty, or that, in the alternative, cheapness is always a good thing, their opponents, on the other hand, in order to maintain their position, are compelled to resort to the assertion that cheapness is not always the same thing, that there is one sort of cheapness and another sort of cheapness, and that cheapness may be a blessing or a curse, according to its quality. The bimetallicists may be right, but this sort of reasoning does not appeal to the ordinary mind of the plain-thinking mortal, with whom cheapness pure, simple, and absolute is a most blessed thing. Again, then, we see how many and curious divergences of opinion can arise over the endeavour to get a plain answer to what most people would say was a plain question, namely, Is cheapness a good thing?

Another question equally unsettled is the relation of the rate of discount to the quantity of gold. We have already referred to the difficulty of getting a unanimous answer to the question of fact, Is gold scarce? And to what we have already said on this point we will just add this, that Mr. Gibbs in responding to the toast of the bimetallic cause did give some sort of answer to this question. His words were: "He [Mr. Fowler] says gold is not scarce. No, of course not; it is not scarce positively, but relatively. The question is not whether there is a quantity of it, or too little, or too much; what affects prices is the amount of money there is relatively for what it has to do". Surely this

is a strange sort of answer. The division of scarcity into relative and absolute is a distinction without a difference. Nothing is ever in itself plentiful or scarce. Plenty and scarcity must be relative to something, and it seems absolutely meaningless to speak of a thing as scarce or plentiful absolutely. Gold is no exception. It is either scarce or it is not; and to say that it is not scarce absolutely but relatively, seems to be merely playing with words. What would be thought of a commander who was asked to say whether corn was scarce in his garrison or not, and who replied that he did not know, but that all he could say was that it was scarce relatively?

The monometallists say that the rate of discount does indicate the quantity of gold. The bimetallicists meet this with a flat contradiction; and, what is more, point to instances which show that low discount does not indicate a plenitude of money, which, in a country using a single gold standard, is gold. For instance, Mr. Gibbs points to the years 1843-1851, as being years when the average rate of discount was 3*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* per cent. and when gold was scarce and the years 1852-1860 as being years when, though the rate of discount was 4*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* per cent., gold was three times as plentiful. He instances also Mexico, where though the rate of interest is from twelve to four per cent., yet silver is so abundant as to be the chief article of export. These instances at least seem to prove that the rate of discount and the quantity of money are not so closely connected that any slight movement in one would cause a corresponding movement in the other. But on the other hand it seems difficult to believe that any violent diminution in the quantity of gold would be unaccompanied by a rise in the rate of discount. The difficulty here lies in the confusion of capital and money. Mr. Gibbs says that "the loan of gold and the loan of capital are not convertible terms". Probably not; but surely gold forms

some portion of capital, and if so, what portion is it?

There is one aspect of the monetary question on which there seems to be no disagreement. And that is the difficulties that arise under the present monetary system in our dealings with India and other silver-using countries. The Bimetallic Conference has brought out in very strong colours the impediments thrown in the way of our commercial intercourse with those countries by the fall in the value of silver; and it is only natural that in Manchester, the centre of a district whose prosperity has suffered from this very cause, full stress should have been laid upon this aspect of the question. Indeed this appears to us by far the most important element in the bimetallic controversy. If there were no silver-using Indian Empire doing an immense trade with England, the Bimetallic League would lose perhaps the strongest reason for its existence. There can be no doubt whatever that the present condition of things brings serious loss on the English manufacturer and involves the Indian Government in ever-increasing financial difficulties, though the Indian people do gain by it to some extent. The Bimetallic Conference will have done good service if it calls still greater attention to a very serious evil. But putting out of sight this aspect of the question, it is not very apparent that a change in our monetary standard would be an unmixed good. And we would wish to direct the attention of the League to several points, which want explanation. First of all it seems to be assumed by the bimetallicists that the depression of trade we have witnessed for some years past was bound to go on increasing, so long as the

single gold standard was continued. Mr. Gibbs, for instance, very eloquently talks of sending "gold and silver, linked together as true yoke-fellows, through the fields of commerce, agriculture and industry, leaving the blessings of prosperity and plenty in their train". Mr. S. Smith says that the monetary difficulty will recur, "like an attack of rheumatism or lumbago", and that "the patient will never know continuous good-health". If the bimetallicists are not over-stating their case, the evil should be growing and the depression of trade increasing. Yet on the contrary, the Board of Trade Returns and the Railway Traffic Receipts show a very decided improvement in trade during the last six months. We are entitled, we think, to ask the bimetallicists how they account for it. Lastly we would suggest, as worthy of consideration, whether it may not be the case that the great prosperity of the years 1850-1870 was an inflated and unnatural prosperity, and that the present condition of things is in fact the more natural one.

But it is chiefly upon the bearings of the Conference on political economy that we wish to lay stress, as illustrating the peculiar difficulties of that science. The discrepancies in statements of fact, on which we have briefly touched, paint in striking colours the crudeness and inadequacy of our methods of ascertaining social phenomena. There is indeed much still to be done and to be learnt in political economy; but in spite of all the hard things said of it, it has always something to say that is worth listening to, whenever any question of commercial policy is under discussion.

C. B. ROYLANCE KENT.

MRS. BROWNING.

I.

UP to the present time there has been no regular biography of Mrs. Browning. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has indeed written an article in the "Dictionary of National Biography," but this from the nature of things could not be much more than a record. Now, however, in the series of "Eminent Women," Mr. Ingram has attempted to supply the want; and after reading his book through more than once we are bound to say that we regret that he has been first in the field. However, as Mrs. Browning herself says, "we get no good by being ungenerous, even to a book;" so we will content ourselves with saying that as the most enthusiastic readers of Mrs. Browning would allow that her writing is occasionally disfigured by faults of taste, it is a just Nemesis that her first biography should be intrusted to a writer who has little else that is characteristic of him.

When Mr. Horne in the "New Spirit of the Age" gave some biographical particulars about Miss Barrett to the public, she wrote to him as follows:—"My dear Mr. Horne, the public do not care for me enough to care at all for my biography. If you say anything of me (and I am not affected enough to pretend to wish you to be absolutely silent if you see any occasion to speak) it must be as a writer of rhymes and not as the heroine of a biography. And then as to stories my story amounts to the knife-grinder's with nothing at all for a catastrophe. *A bird in a cage* could have as good a story. Most of my events and nearly all my intense pleasures have passed in thoughts." And again later, when the paper had appeared:—"You are my friend I hope, but you do not on that account lose

the faculty of judging me or the right of judging me frankly. I do loathe the whole system of personal compliment as a consequence of personal interest. I set more price on your sincerity than on your praise, and consider it more closely connected with the quality called kindness. I want kindness the rarest of all nearly . . . which is truth".

Those are Mrs. Browning's own deliberate views, written it is true in early life, as to her own biography. A biography need not be critical, but this only applies to a biography written by a contemporary friend, and even then it must be absolutely faithful. Any one who sits down to trace the history of one with whom he had no personal acquaintance, when that life is closed by death and rounded by the past, is bound to make some effort to discriminate. In Mr. Ingram's book the quality of discrimination is conspicuously wanting. He has evidently conceived an ideal and done his best to transmit it to others. That he has not altogether succeeded in disguising his heroine is no fault of his; as Miss Barrett complains in another sentence of the letter from which we have been quoting,—"he has rouged her up to the eyes".

We shall not here do more than touch on two or three of the most salient points of the biography.

The impression which the life leaves upon a reader is strangely mixed. The intellect with which we are brought into contact is profoundly impressive; the spectacle of a life so vivid and untiring, so hopeful and ardent, lived under the pressure of constant physical suffering and the still more marked presence of morbidity both of thought and feeling, is inspiring and moving. But there is a want of wholesomeness about a great deal of it; there is a

sense of failure somewhere. This reveals itself in its concrete form perhaps most clearly in the fact that with all the presence of high and animating thoughts, with the resolve of self-dedication to the poetic office, with the assiduous and systematic labour to cultivate the art of expression, yet obscurity seems to haunt so many efforts, and that the sense of discrimination so frequently appears to slumber. Mrs. Browning as a letter-writer is disappointing; again and again there is a touch of true feeling, a noble idea, but with all this there is a certain want of penetration, a wearisome seriousness of thought, which of all qualities is the one that ought not to obtrude itself, a certain strain—a *scraping* of the soul, as Tourgénéff has it. And this may, we think, be best expressed by the pathetic words that fall from her in the letter already quoted: her history was that of a *bird in a cage*. Not only from the physical fact that she was for many years of her life an invalid, but mentally and morally also she was caged, by imaginary social fictions, by certain ingrained habits of thought; and, last of all, as a passionate idealist, she saw with painful persistence and in horrible contrast the infinite possibilities of human nature and the limitations of low realities.

She spent a happy if precocious childhood, and by the age of fifteen was already condemned to that bitter isolation of invalid life which, when it falls on a strong and vivid personality, has, fortunately for human nature, a marvellously purifying and ennobling effect. Intellectual effort became first the anodyne of physical evil, then the earnest aim of her life.

She never seems to have doubted as to the form that her impulsive need for expression was to take. "You," she writes to her father in the dedication of her second volume of poems, "you are a witness how if this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me, it must have fallen from ex-

hausted hands before this day". And again in the preface: "Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself, and life has been a very serious thing; there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. *I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry*, nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being—but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain". There is something very impressive about the earnestness of this. Its fault is perhaps that it is a little too outspoken: and, from a human point of view, we cannot help regretting that she did not a little more fall into that error which she so indignantly repudiates: if she had mistaken pleasure a little more, not perhaps for the final cause, but for one of the primary causes of poetry, we cannot help feeling that she might have done, if not such earnest, at least more artistic work.

One of the things that one expects to find in the biography of a poet is a detailed account of methods of composition. It is interesting to know whether morning or evening hours were devoted to writing; whether the act of composition was slow or quick; whether the poem was worked out in the mind before it was transmitted to paper; what proportion finished compositions bear to unfinished; whether incomplete work was ever resumed; whether the observation of language was systematised in any way. All these things one is particularly anxious to hear in the case of a poetess whose work bears at once traces of hasty and of elaborate workmanship, whose vocabulary is so extraordinarily eclectic, whose rhymes are so peculiar and often, we must add, so inexplicable. The present biography, abounding as it does in details of what we may call the interviewer's type, is almost entirely silent on these points. We hear indeed incidentally that the solid morning hours were Mrs. Brown-

ing's habitual hours of work ; and a curious correspondence is quoted between herself and Horne, which shows that her rhymes, according to herself, were deliberately and painfully selected, principally in the case of disyllabic rhymes (even, we fear, such pairs as *Goethe* and *duty*, *Bettine* and *between ye*), because she held that English composers, though the language was rich in these rhythmical combinations, had been instinctively slow in applying them to serious poetry. If Mrs. Browning's, or indeed Mr. Browning's, dissyllabic rhymes are the best defence that can be urged for this position, we must affirm that the general instinct on the whole has been right : such rhymes give a sense of fantastic elaborateness, and tend to concentrate the reader's attention too closely upon the *technique* of the composition. This is, however, a minor point. But it is interesting to observe that this very detail, which constitutes a blemish in the eyes of even indulgent critics, was a subject upon which Mrs. Browning had not only definite ideas, but enthusiastic convictions.

One other thing may be noted. It is alleged, though without certainty, that "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*", a poem consisting of over four hundred lines, was actually composed within twelve consecutive hours. If that is so, it is a marvellous *tour de force*. The poem is one which, in spite of obvious faults, has an immense outburst of lyrical power and magnificent feeling ; it contains many lines which linger in the memory ; and every one who has had any experience of composition will recognise at once that, if this tradition about its origin be true, it is easy to understand why the poem was allowed to remain as it does. Besides the repugnance which most writers (and especially, we are inclined to think, Mrs. Browning) have felt for the *limæ labor*, the painful excision and chiselling of a work of any kind, there is a special distaste for meddling with a work which

springs to life as it were in a moment ; such work grows to have, even in the course of a few hours, a sentient individuality of its own which almost defies mutilation.

Mrs. Browning's best lyrical work was done before her marriage ; but the stirring of the truest depths of her emotional nature took voice in the collection of sonnets entitled "*From the Portuguese*"—strung, in Omar's words, like pearls upon the string of circumstance. In these sonnets (which it is hardly necessary to say are not translations) she speaks the universal language ; to her other graces had been added that which she had lacked before, the grace of content ; and for these probably she will be longest and most gratefully admired.

The latter years of Mrs. Browning's life have a certain shadowiness for English readers. The "*Casa Guidi*", if we were not painfully haunted by the English in which Mr. Ingram's interviewers have given their impressions of it, is a memory to linger over. The narrow dusty street that gave access to the tall, gloomy house ; the huge cool rooms, with little Pennini, so called in contrast to the colossal statue Apennino, "slender, fragile, spirit-like" flitting about from stair to stair : the faint sounds of music breathing about the huge corridors ; the scent, the stillness,—such a home as only two poets could create, and two lovers inhabit. Still it is no less true that we seem rather to lose touch of Mrs. Browning after her marriage. England was connected in her mind with all the old trials of life which seemed to have fallen away with her new existence ; ill-health, and mental struggle, bereavement and pain—even though it was pain triumphed over. With marriage and Italy a new life began. It became her adopted country—

"And now I come, my Italy,
My own hills ! Are you 'ware of me, my hills,
How I burn to you ? Do you feel to-night
The urgency and yearning of my soul " ?

And there the English reader is at fault. He cannot call Italy his own

in any genuine sense; much as his yearnings may go out towards her, in days when his own ungenial climate is wrapping the hedge-rows and hill-farms in mist and driving sleet, much as he may long for a moment after her sun and warmth, her transparent skies and sleeping seas, yet he knows his home is here. Even when he finds himself among her vines, where the lizards dart from stone to stone, and the dust puffs up white in the road beside the bay, he longs to be "ankle-deep in English grass," and finds himself murmuring in his heart Mr. Browning's own words,

"Oh! to be in England now that April's there.
And whoever wakes in England sees some
morning unware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood
sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
bough—

"In England now!"

That is what he really feels; and however much he loves to think, as a picture, of the poet and poetess transplanted into the warm lands, his heart does not go with them, as it would have done had they stayed at home. And so it comes to pass that some of the lines into which Mrs. Browning threw her most passionate emphasis, "*Casa Guidi Windows*", the words that burn with an alien patriotism—alien but sunk so deep that her disappointed hopes made havoc of her life—reach him like murmuring music over water, sweet but fantastic—touching the ear a little and the heart a little, but bringing neither glow nor tears.

They say that the Treaty of Villafranca snapped the cord; that the bitter disappointment of what had become a passion rather than a dream broke the struggling spirit. It may be so; "With her golden verse linking Italy to England", wrote the grateful Florentines upon her monument. But England to Italy? No—"Italy", she wrote herself "is one thing, England one". We feel that she passed into

a strange land, and somewhat in its sweetness forgot her own. The heart is more with her when she writes:

"I saw
Fog only, the great tawny weltering fog
Involve the passive city, strangle it
Alive, and draw it off into the void,
Spires, bridges, streets and squares, as if a
spunge
Had wiped out London".

Or:

"A ripple of land: such little hills, the sky
Can stoop to tenderly, and the wheatfields
climb.

Such nooks of valleys lined by orchises,
Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
And open pastures where you scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew—at intervals
The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade—
I thought my father's land was worthy too
Of being my Shakespeare's."

II.

"MR. KENYON", wrote Miss Barrett, "was with me yesterday . . . he accused me of writing a certain paper in the 'Athenæum', and convicted me against my will; and when I could no longer deny and began to explain and pique myself upon my diplomacy, he threw himself back in his chair and laughed me to scorn as the least diplomatic of his acquaintance, '*You diplomatic!*'"

Mr. Kenyon, without perhaps intending it, gave expression to a feeling which must be familiar to all Mrs. Browning's readers. Diplomacy is the last quality they expect from her. There is a well-known rhetorical device, upon which Mrs. Browning in her classical studies must have not unfrequently stumbled, called the *aposiopesis*—in plain English, the art of breaking-off. It is a matter of regret that she did not employ this particular construction with greater frequency—to use a colloquial expression, that she did not let you off a good deal. Many of her poems are weighted with a dragging moral; many of them fly with a broken wing, stopping and rising again, digressing and returning with

a kind of purposeless persistency, as if they were incapable of deciding where to have done. Poems with passage after passage of extraordinary depth of thought and amazing felicity of expression, every now and then droop and crawl like the rain on a November day, which will not fall in a drenching shower nor quite desist, but keeps dropping, dropping from the sky out of mere weakness or idleness.

To secure an audience a poet must be diplomatic; he must resolve whose ear he intends to catch. It is mere cant to say that the best poetry cannot be popular; it is its first requisite that it must be read. When Gray wrote *φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν* on his odes he meant that there would be many people to whom they would not appeal; but it is ridiculous to say that the merit of poetry is in proportion to the paucity of its admirer. All poets have their own audiences. Shakespeare shot his dart at the world and did not miss it; Byron at smarting, melancholy souls, hitting not only those who had done with the world, but those who were disgusted because the world would not have them at any price; Shelley aimed at poets; Wordsworth at children of Nature; Mrs. Browning perhaps at intellectual sentimentalists. As the two characteristics are rarely found united, in fact are liable to exclude one another, it may perhaps be the reason why she is so little appreciated in her entirety: she is perhaps too learned for women and too emotional for men.

Let us consider for a moment where her intellectual training came from. Roughly speaking, the basis of it was Greek from first to last: at nine years old she measured her life by the years of the siege of Troy, and carved a figure out of the turf in her garden to represent a recumbent warrior, naming it Hector. Then came her version of the "Prometheus Vincetus"; her long studious mornings over Plato and Theocritus with the blind scholar, Mr. Boyd, whom she commemorates

in "Wine of Cyprus", (which contains, by the way, one of her finest couplets;

"When the cothurns trod majestic
Down the deep iambic lines")

when she read, as she writes, "the Greek poets, with Plato, from end to end"; her dolorous excursion with the Fathers; and at last in the Casa Guidi the little row of miniature classics, annotated in her own hand, standing within easy reach of her couch. Of course she was an omnivorous reader besides. She speaks of reading the Hebrew Bible, "from Genesis to Malachi—never stopped by the Chaldean, and the flood of all possible and impossible British and foreign novels and romances, with slices of metaphysics laid thick between the sorrows of the multitudinous Celestinas." But it was evidently in Greek, in the philosophical poetry of Euripides and the poetical philosophy of Plato, that she found her deepest satisfaction.

At the same time she was in no sense learned, though possessing learning far greater than generally falls to a woman's lot to possess. Her education in Greek must have been unsystematic and unscholarly—her classical allusions which fall so thick in letters and poems have not quite the genuine ring. We do not mean that she did not get nearer the heart of the Greek writers and appreciate their spirit more sympathetically than many a far more erudite scholar: that was to be expected, for she brought enthusiasm and insight and genius to the task; but her learning is not an animated part of her, it is sometimes almost an incubus. The character of her allusions is too often remote and fanciful. They fall, it is true, from a teeming brain; but they are not the simple direct comparisons which would occur to a man who had made Greek literature his own, but rather the unexpected, modern turns which so often surprise a student, like the red bunches of valerian which thrust out of the sand-

stone frieze of a Sicilian temple—such comparisons, for instance, as the celebrated one in “Aurora Leigh” of the peasant who might have been gathering brushwood in the ear of a colossus had Xerxes carried out his design of carving Athos into the likeness of a man. Her characterization of the classical poets in “The Poet’s Vow” will also illustrate this; now so extraordinarily felicitous and clear-sighted, as, for instance, of Shakespeare and Ossian, and now so alien to the true spirit of the man described. The fact was that she read the Greeks as a woman of genius was sure to do; stupefied by their majestic grace, amazed at their solemn profundity, and yet unaware that she was projecting into them a feeling, a sentimental outlook which they did not possess, attributing directly to them a deliberate power which was merely the effect of their unconscious, antique, and limited vision upon the emotional child of a later age.

The strangest thing is that a woman of such complex and sensitive faculties should have given her allegiance to such models. Never was there a writer in whom the best Greek characteristics were more conspicuously absent. Their balance, their solidity, their calm, their gloomy acquiescence in the bitter side of life, have surely little in common with the passionate spirit that beat so assiduously against the bars, and asked the stars and hills so eagerly for their secrets. Such a passage as the following, grand as is the central idea, is surely enough to show the utter incompatibility which existed between them: “I thought that had Æschylus lived after the incarnation and crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, he might have turned, if not in moral and intellectual yet in poetic faith, from the solitude of Caucasus to the deeper desertness of that crowded Jerusalem, where none had any pity—from the faded white flower of a Titanic brow to the withered grass of a heart trampled on by its own beloved—from the glorying of him who

gloried that he could not die, to the sublime meekness of the Taster of death for every man: from the taunt stung into being by the torment, to his more awful silence, when the agony stood dumb before the love”. . . . It was like a woman to bring the two together, to dwell on what might have been, and nothing could be more lovable in her; but nothing could be less Greek.

As a natural result of a certain discursiveness of mind, there is hardly any kind of writing unrepresented in Mrs. Browning’s poems. She had at one time a fancy for pure romantic writing, since developed to such perfection by Rossetti. There is a peculiar charm about such composition. In skilful hands we seem to breathe a freer air, separated as we are from special limitations of time and place; the play of passion is more simple and direct, and the passion itself is of a less complex and restrained character. Besides, there is a certain element of horror and mystery, not unnatural when mediævalized, which the modern spirit excludes from its own horizon while it still hungers for it. Nothing in Mrs. Browning can bear comparison with “Sister Helen” or “The Beryl Stone”; but “The Romaunt of the Page” and the “Rhyme of the Duchess May” stand among her most successful pieces.

The latter opens with a simple solemnity, like the overture of a dirge:

“To the belfry, one by one, went the ringers
from the sun,

Toll slowly.

“And the oldest ringer said, ‘Ours is music
for the dead

When the rebecks are all done.’

Six abeles i’ the churchyard grow on the
north side in a row,

Toll slowly.

“And the shadow of their tops rock across the
little slopes

Of the grassy graves below.

On the south side and the west a small river
runs in haste,

Toll slowly.

"And between the river flowing and the fair
green trees a-growing,
Do the dead lie at their rest.
On the east I sat that day, up against a
willow grey :
Toll slowly.

"Through the rain of willow-branches I could
see the low hill-ranges
And the river on its way."

So the poem opens, but alas for the close! Some chord seems to snap; it is no longer the spirit of the ancient rhymers, but Miss Mitford's friend who catches up the lyre and will have her last word. The poem passes, still in the same metre, out of the passionate materialism, the ghastly excitements of the story, into a species of pious churchyard meditation; and the pity of it is that we cannot say that this is not characteristic.

Then closely connected with the last comes a class of poems of so-called modern life, of which "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" may stand for an example. This is a poem of nineteenth-century adventure, which is as impossible in design and as fantastic in detail as a poem may well be. The reader does not know whether to be most amazed at the fire and glow of the whole story, or at the hopeless ignorance of the world betrayed by it. The impossible earls with their immeasurable pride and intolerable pomposities; the fashionable ladies with their delicate exteriors and callous hearts,—these are like the creations of some young nursery-governess trying her 'prentice-hand in the columns of "The Family Herald." And at the same time, when we have said all this, we read the poem and we can forgive all or nearly all—the spirit is so high, the passion is so glowing, the poetry that bursts out stanza after stanza, contrives to involve even these dolorous mistakes in such a glamour, that we can only admire the genius that could contend against such visionary errors.

But we must turn to what after all is Mrs. Browning's most important and most characteristic work, "Aurora Leigh". Unfortunately its length

alone, were there no other reasons, would prevent its ever being popular. Ten thousand lines of blank verse is a serious thing. The fact that the poem is to a great extent autobiographical, combined with the comparative mystery in which the authoress was shrouded and the romance belonging to a marriage of poets—these elements are enough to account for the great enthusiasm with which the poem was received. Landor said that it made him drunk with poetry,—that was the kind of expression that admirers allowed themselves to make use of with respect to it. And yet in spite of these credentials, the fact remains that it is a difficult volume to work through for all its fine thoughts and felicitous passages on almost every question of art and life. It is a romance with an intricate plot, which it needs continuous study to keep hold of. It is digressive, distressingly so to readers interested in the story. It is undramatic, sometimes to such an extent that it is necessary to reckon back the speeches in a dialogue to see who has got the word. But we need not go on: its author has supplied the best criticism of it.

"The prospects were too far and indistinct.
'Tis true my critics said, 'A fine view that.'
The public scarcely cared to climb my book
For even the finest;—and the public's
right".

It would seem in studying Mrs. Browning's work as though either she herself or her advisers did not appreciate her special gift. The longest of her poems are the work of her later years; but her strength did not lie in sustained effort, in philosophical construction, or patriotic sentiment; it was in the true lyrical gift. It seems more and more clear as time goes on that the poems by which she will be best remembered are some of the shortest—the expression of a single overruling mood—the parable without the explanation—the burst of irrepressible feeling. Of these we should

be inclined, if we had to make a selection, to name seven as being the truest and most characteristic work she ever did. These would be "Loved Once", "The Romance of the Swan's Nest", "Catarina to Camoens", "Cowper's Grave", "The Cry of the Children", "The Mask", and lastly "Confessions", one of the stormiest and most pathetic of her writings. And perhaps we should add an eighth in "Little Mattie", if only for the sake of these beautiful lines :

"She has seen the secret hid
Under Egypt's pyramid ;
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Ramses knows".

It is curious that six out of these eight poems should depend to a certain extent upon the use of a refrain. Of course that is in a great measure a metrical trick ; but there is no possibility of denying that, if skilfully used, it gives a peculiar satisfaction to that special sense—whatever it be, for there is no defining it—to which metre and rhyme both appeal. At the same time there is one condition attached to this device, that it should not be prolonged into

monotony. At what precise point this change takes place, or by what other devices it may be avoided, must be left to the sensitive taste of the writer ; but if the writer does not discover when it becomes monotonous the reader will certainly do so.

We have been dealing with a poet as a poet ; but we must not forget that she was a woman too. From Sappho and Sulpicia (whose reputations must be allowed to rest upon somewhat negative proof) to Eliza Cook and Joanna Baillie, and even Mrs. Hemans, sweet singer as she was,—how Mrs. Browning distances them all ! "My own best poets", she writes, "am I one with you ?"

"Does all this smell of thyme about my feet
Conclude my visit to your holy hill
In personal presence, or but testify
The rustling of your vesture through my
dreams
With influent odours ?"

We need not doubt it ; she is worthy to be counted among these,

"The only teachers who instruct mankind
From just a shadow on a charnel-wall
To find man's veritable stature out
Erect, sublime,—the measure of a man,—
And that's the measure of an angel, says
The apostle."

ENGLISH SAPPHICS.

(Horace to his cup-bearer ; Odes, i. 38).

Boy, we despise that revel of the Persian,
Loathe the lime-wreath,¹ so delicately woven ;
Dream not of where some sunny rose may linger
Later in autumn !

Twine me thy chaplet, be it only myrtle !
Myrtle would grace thee, filler of the wine-cup,
Myrtle would grace me, quaffing here beneath this
Vine-trellis arbour !

HALLAM TENNYSON.

¹ Made of lime-bark interwoven with flowers.

MAROONED.

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE BEGINS.

THE moment Captain Broadwater's foot was on shipboard he shouted out, "Man the windlass, Mr. Bothwell! Get this here boat hoisted some of you! Jump, bullies, jump! There's wind enough to blow us away if ye don't stop to curl your hair!" which said he forthwith fell to bundling about on his rounded shanks, running here and there, looking round and aloft, bawling to the mate who had gone forward, and apparently employing every art of which he was master to render the scene of commotion one of sheer distraction.

There seemed about fourteen of a crew, not counting the captain and mate. A few of them came to the davits to get the boat up, the rest laid hold of the windlass handles and began to heave. You heard the clank, clank of the pawls and the grinding chink of the cable coming in link by link. "Sing out, my liversies! heave to the girls, lads! heave and sing! heave and raise the dead! sing out, men! clap a tune to your muscles my splicers! heave!" cried out the mate (as I supposed the dark young fellow who spoke these words to be); and I was not a little relieved to hear after a minute or two the peculiar long-drawn notes of a seaman breaking into a working song, followed at the proper interval by the whole body of men delivering the chorus with the true old hurricane note. It would have been a bad sign had they not sung. Only a sailor would appreciate the meaning of silence among the crew of a merchantman getting her anchor.

I took Miss Grant below to show her her berth. There was no smiling and curtseying stewardess to receive her;

no obliging steward and his mates to fly to my bidding. The very cabin-boy was at the windlass, and there was nothing living under deck if it were not a lurking cockroach or a concealed rat. But then happily we could not miss what we had not been used to, nor complain of the omission of what we had no reason to expect. Put the mail-boat traveller of to-day back fifty years and he would probably be the most forlorn and melancholy sea-borne object under the sky. I had forgotten to ask Captain Broadwater if there were other passengers, but there was no further need to trouble him: the doors of the berths were open and a single glance sufficed to let me know that Miss Grant and I were alone. All for the best no doubt, thought I; think of some fellow here in these pent-up quarters with a snore like the escape of steam, or of some lean splenetic Spaniard, constantly ill, and full of growlings in smooth water, and of aves and litanies in stormy weather!

"It is not every one who would choose to sail with Captain Broadwater," said Miss Grant, evidently surprised at our being the only passengers.

"You do not like him? I am sorry. I was glad to get an early ship—"

"No, no, Mr. Musgrave, I do not mean that. How could you tell what sort of a person he would prove to be. I think you will find that he treats his crew inhumanly."

I lifted my eyebrows; I had not imagined she would have seen so quickly into such a matter as that.

"Nor," continued she smiling, "do I fancy that we shall find him a very agreeable table-companion. But no matter. Rio is not so very, *very* far off now!"

We exchanged these sentences whilst we stood before our cabin-doors. Our

luggage lay in a heap aft against the transom, but it was better there than in the hold. There was no one to help us, and so we shifted for ourselves. Between us we dragged the boxes and portmanteaux into our berths, and I found a new quality to admire in Miss Grant in the form of a sturdy spirit of independence. No complaints, no regrets, no peevish murmurs over our being neglected. I recollect that I thought—were we to be cast away, here is the girl to show the sailors how to manage. Little did I imagine what was before us when that fancy passed through my head!

The necessary furniture for sleeping lay in my bunk, but it was evident I should have to make my own bed. In the spare cabin next mine was our private stock of provisions. I cast my eyes over the hampers and cases and knowing what they contained, considered that, taking our live stock into account, we should fare on the whole tolerably enough. Calling to Miss Grant that she would find me on deck, I mounted the companion-ladder and on emerging discovered that the crew had tripped the anchor and were running about making sail. There were many vessels getting under way at this time, and the picture was full of animation and colour. The jib had been hoisted, and the brig's head was slowly paying off; hands aloft were shouting to people below to hoist away and sheet home; the men on deck were hoarsely bawling as they dragged upon the sheets and halliards; purple-faced old Broadwater standing near the wheel was roaring out orders in whole volleys, and the mate in the waist, who had a singularly shrill voice for a man, heightened the general clamour by re-echoing the captain's orders in notes which sounded like screams. As if all this were not distracting enough, the pigs under the long-boat, irritated by neglect, by fasting, or by the hubbub about them, were squealing as though somebody were stirring them up, whilst the concert was still further intensified by the crowing and the cackling of the cocks and hens in the coops.

That the sailors should sing out at the ropes was reasonable and desirable; seamen as they haul take time from their songs, otherwise the business of hoisting, bracing up, sheeting-home would be like drawing teeth. But what purpose could Captain Broadwater serve by roaring to his crew as if they were a company of villains whom nothing short of noise and execrations could urge to exertions?

As I stood looking on, my eye was taken by the mate. He was a man apparently of my own age, tall and thin, with nothing of the air of a sailor about him. His complexion was exceedingly sallow, but his features were strikingly handsome—such a nose, mouth, and forehead as you would expect to find only in some marble fancy of a heathen deity. His eyes were large and black and amazingly rapid in their movements, inasmuch it seemed incredible that glances could be darted with the swiftness I have witnessed in this man. An extraordinary point was, his hair was that of a negro: as sheer curly black wool as ever adorned the pate of a Mumbo-Jumbo. It was a very puzzling feature, for assuredly there was no more of the African in him than there was in me. He had a small moustache, and only needed a sombrero hat, a cutlass, and a girdle full of pistols, to offer the completest imaginable copy of a pirate. His shrill words leapt as rapidly from his lips as his glances from his eyes, but he seemed incapable of delivering even the most commonplace order without temper. His English was that of an educated man, nor could I discover that it was tainted in the least degree by a foreign accent.

Before long all plain sail had been made, and the brig with her bowsprit pointing to a down-Channel course was leaning slightly under the pressure of the summer breeze and pushing gently through the trembling blue surface. The men had ceased their songs; there was no further occasion for the captain to bawl, and something like silence was upon the little ship. Well, thought I, here am I fairly started at last!

and as I looked at the town of Deal sparkling to the high sun and at the old chalk ramparts soaring to the brow of the Foreland giant, a queer feeling thickened my sight for an instant, though it vanished with the "Pshaw!" it evoked from me. But this was an old weakness. I believe had I used the ocean for twenty years, and was still going a voyage every twelvemonth, the sight of the cliffs of the old home quietly sliding away on the quarter and melting into the blue atmosphere would affect me as it did in my boyhood.

I turned to join the captain, and was confronted by Miss Grant. The joyousness in her face seemed to rebuke me. She had brought her hands together, and was gazing from the sails to the land with her lips parted, her breath coming and going quickly, her eyes full of gladness.

"There is one gay heart aboard," said I quietly.

"It is like a dream to me, Mr. Musgrave!" she exclaimed, "when I think of my dull lodgings—and the thoughts that terrified me there—the dread of never seeing Alexander again—and now to find myself going to him—only a few weeks between us,—a kind friend by my side—I, who a few days ago had no friend—" She paused and repeated almost in a whisper, "It is like a dream to me."

"It is real enough," I exclaimed; "yonder is stuff much too substantial to serve as a fabric for the manufacture of visions," and I glanced in the direction of Captain Broadwater, who, now that his ship was fairly under way, had started on the regular pendulum walk of the quarter-deck—a true sea-sawing from abreast of the wheel to forward of the main shrouds with a stare aloft, a look to windward, and then a spin of the heels for another turn; and so on as I have seen the thing done right through a four hours' watch.

"Who is that man?" asked Miss Grant, indicating the chief mate, who was standing in the gangway with his

eye aloft to witness, if he could, any imperfection in the trim of the yards and the set of the sails. I told her, and added, "He looks fitter for the stage than for shipboard. I hope I do not misjudge him; but if he would not knife a sailor with as little compunction as he would harpoon a dolphin, then the cut of his jib badly libels his soul."

She watched him with fast failing curiosity and presently sent her gaze seawards. The draught of air had slightly freshened; we were slipping past the South Foreland and opening the broad range of the Channel over the starboard bow. There was a small swell here, just enough to give a slight lift and fall to the jibboom and to raise a faint seething noise at the cut-water, along with the airy tinkle of foam-bells sliding iridescent as beads of oil into the eddies of the short wake under the counter. There were ships all about us, and upon the far sea-line you saw the snow-like shining of canvas, serenely luminous as any star, and the dim pearly shadow beyond of the coast of France. I walked aft with Miss Grant to survey the brig from the best place in which a ship is to be viewed when you are aboard her, and here we were joined by Broadwater, who, as he approached us, pulled out and cast his little eyes upon an immense, almost round, silver watch.

"Pretty nigh time to go to dinner," said he. "It's a blessed thing to be born with a good appetite. There's never no harm in a man that eats hearty. I'd rather judge of a fellow-being's conscience by his appetite than by his actions."

"What country does your chief mate belong to?" I inquired.

"That's more than I can tell you, sir," he replied. "He calls himself a Scotchman, but his hair don't look North Country. His name's Bothwell—Neil Bothwell. He's the proper sort of man for sailors. Never was a chap who could work up old iron like him."

"Are sailors animals that they re-

quire working up, as you term it?" inquired Miss Grant.

"Well, perhaps they ain't, miss," he replied. "Animal's too soft a term for 'em. The proper word's beast—wild beast, mum; there ye have it!"

I observed that whenever this captain laboured under any sudden excitement his nose reddened to it as though emotion could find no other feature to express itself in; owing to his eyes being much too small to convey his mind, and to the purple meshes which overspread his countenance like a net that prevented any particular expression of intelligence from rising to the surface. Methought there was something malevolent in the air with which he turned his eyes from Miss Grant to cast a glance aloft.

"Nothing off! Nothing off!" he suddenly shouted, whipping round upon the fellow that was steering; "where d'ye think the ship's bound to, you scowbanker? Keep her to her course!" he rolled menacingly to the wheel and addressed the man in a low voice, whilst he thrust his face into the binnacle. The fellow put the wheel down by a spoke or two with a dogged look and a sullen twist of his eye upon the captain. I think he believed the skipper had meant to strike him. A sheath knife lay upon his hip, and the muscles of his arms, which were bare to the elbow, stood up like ridges of iron under the weather-browned flesh. Broadwater after some further muttering returned to us.

"You were speaking of sailors, ma'am," said he; "there's but one way of finding out the sort of people they are. You must take command of a ship. Of course there's nothing good enough for 'em. They come to the vessel imbecile with drink out of the alleys in which they live when ashore, with nothing to wear but the rags they stand up in, and without having tasted food for a week maybe; and they're no sooner aboard than up turns their noses to whatever's offered to them, and the growlin' begins.

What's their wittles? Beef, pork, tea, bread, mollasses, winegar—things they'd never have knowed the names of if they hadn't been sailors; for as landmen they couldn't have earned as much as would have brought their eyes to the sight of 'em. They like the money they take up, but the work don't suit their delicate constitutions. Tell 'ee what it is: there's been a great deal too much said about the British sailor. He's been led into such fancies of his own consequence that he's now ate up with vanity. 'Ne'er another nation, I'm told,' he says, says he, 'can produce the likes of me!' An' he don't know how right he is. Ne'er another nation *do!* For what's the name of the country whose sailors are within hailing distance of him in the art of loafing, growling, mutineering, and giving trouble all round?"

"Your crew are contented, I hope?" said I.

"Me and the mate 'll keep 'em satisfied, I warrant ye," he answered.

I must confess I did not like this man's views and talk. But then I reflected that sailors are, on the whole, a long-suffering people; that in every crew there is a proportion of sensible men who keep the others straight by their resolution to out-weather the captain, even if he should prove old Nick himself, sooner than be betrayed by injurious usage into an act that would procure the forfeiture of their wages. I likewise considered that Broadwater had doubtless been master for some years, and that he had experience enough to distinguish the line where surly and dissatisfied obedience ends, and mutiny—defiant, reckless and often deadly—begins. Meanwhile I held my tongue, for I was in no humour to enter into an argument with him upon the virtues and vices of the British sailor. I observed that Miss Grant watched him furtively, but with attention. Yet his face was but little better than a mask. It was impossible to decipher his mind by looking at him. He had no other faculty of self-interpretation than his

speech. Nature had restricted his capacity of expression to that.

Shortly after this the cabin-boy arrived to announce dinner. The time had slipped away swiftly, and it was now one o'clock.

"The lad must mean *lunch*?" said I.

"No fear!" said Broadwater; "dinner, sir, dinner!"

"And pray what is the next meal called?" I asked.

"Supper, sir; served at half-past five; much as a man can eat or ought to eat 'long with tea. Should ye feel faint towards bed-time, there's biscuit, cheese an' pickles. No chance of passengers starving aboard *me*!"

"Oh we shall manage very well, I have no doubt," I exclaimed soothingly.

He trudged below leaving Miss Grant and me to follow.

"A true sea-bear, Mr. Musgrave," she whispered.

"Yet he was fairly well spoken ashore," said I. "But to keep one's temper is the great secret of happiness. And, besides, we need see as little of him as we choose."

He kept us waiting, and when he emerged from his cabin his face shone from what he himself would have called a "wash down." You might have thought he had soaped his hair as well as his face: it lay as a skull-cap on his head and glistened in the light, and I took notice of a polished spike of it projecting beyond either ear as though the old fellow had rounded off his toilet with a couple of notes of admiration. It is not many years since I made a voyage to the West Indies in a mail-steamer that would have carried me on to Rio, had I desired to visit that port; and I well remember that this, our first meal aboard the Iron Crown, recurred to me as vividly as though it had been an experience of yesterday when I sat down in the shining saloon of the great steam-palace at a table, white, rich, glittering with damask and glass and silver, and a waiter behind my chair to attend to my selections from a bill

of fare which no excellent hotel could go far beyond. The cabin-boy of the Iron Crown was a tall, knock-kneed, dejected-looking youth, who was making his first voyage; he was already oppressed with nausea, and his anxiety and fear of the captain were horrible. I think I see him now, breathing hard as he put a tureen of hot pea-soup (at which he was too ill to glance) before old Broadwater, and then staggering back with his eyes half out of his head, as though persuaded he had blundered in some way and that the captain would instantly rise and fall upon him. Our repast—and I will ask you to consider the time of year—consisted of this same soup, a boiled leg of pork, a dish of potatoes smoking in their jackets, and a pudding of the shape and appearance of a small bolster spotted with currants. The captain drank rum and water, and ate like a shipwrecked man; and that he might not think us fastidious and so ground and justify to himself a still more objectionable manner than he had as yet discovered, Miss Grant and I partook of the soup and toyed with a slice of the pork, but declined the pudding on the plea that the excellent breakfast we had made had left us without appetite. The skylight lay open, but the atmosphere was nevertheless oppressive, and I was not a little grateful that the brig should be sailing along on a level keel; for though I was never sea-sick in my life I am persuaded that, had the vessel's motion been lively, the hot atmosphere of the cabin coupled with the strong fumes of the repast would have rendered me very uneasy. Broadwater was so well pleased with his dinner that he suffered the cabin-boy to stagger through the task of waiting without giving him one injurious word; but the terrified concern of the lad satisfied me that though the brig had sailed from the Thames but a day or two before, he had in that brief time undergone discipline enough to make him heartily wish himself at home again with his friends.

As I handed Miss Grant up the companion-steps, she exclaimed: "I fear you will have to thank me for some uncomfortable experiences—and yet think of me alone in this vessel!"

"Never trouble yourself about me, Miss Grant," said I, "I shall begin to enjoy myself presently. Here am I face to face with an aspect of life quite worth examining, believe me. One might wish indeed that there were other passengers, for Broadwater has the look of a man in whom decorousness is only to be contrived by a combination of fares. But he shall help to divert us yet!"

I returned to the cabin to get a deck-chair I had purchased, together with a parcel of books, and made her comfortable. But there was nothing in literature to detain her eye or mine just then. The breeze had freshened, yet it blew a little before the beam, and the brig with her port tacks aboard had just heel enough to suggest speed by her posture. We were hauling out from the land that trended away to starboard in streaks of dim green and white and brown, with here and there a brilliant star-like shining upon it from some object that sent back the sunlight. About a quarter of a mile to windward of us, was a large Indiaman, bound as we were, and passing us, but slowly. There were soldiers aboard her, and the line of the fore-castle and main-deck was spotted with bright red uniforms; whilst, from under the violet twilight of the awning stretched over the poop-deck, you caught the glance of twinkling lace and metal buttons, and the fluttering coloured drapery of ladies standing or walking. Her large cabin-windows trembled back the shivering lustre that rose to them off the flashing hurry of waters. Her wake followed her like a narrow band of white satin, and as the dark blue curl at the cutwater arched its luminous ridge into snow, the leap of the froth to the afternoon splendour resembled a scattering of gems or the shattering of a fragment of rainbow. That is the

sort of ship to make a voyage in, I thought to myself; but it would not have been kind to say so. Miss Grant's gaze was full of delight and admiration. She let me know that she had a sailor's eye for atmospheric effects when she bade me observe how the white light of the canvas appeared to overflow the boundaries of the gleaming spaces, and dissolve upon the blue beyond like the sheen from a sky-line of snow-clad hills standing fair against the liquid sapphire of the winter heavens. But though the Indiaman was soon ahead of us we were sailing, too, and there was comfort in knowing it. Round as were the bows of the Iron Crown I judged that she had the trick of blowing along whenever the wind found her a chance, and that her run to Rio might prove nimbler than her shape, as she lay in the Pool, had promised me. Thus we slipped onwards, diminishing the land until it fell into blobs of film and hovering streaks of blue; and by sundown we might have been in the heart of one of ocean's deepest solitudes but for three or four orange-tinctured sail, like dashes of light in the far distance, and but for the water our stem was rending being of a hue as different from the deep, dark, beautiful, pure blue of the fathomless surge as were old Broadwater's eyes from those of Miss Aurelia.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CHANNEL.

HAD I embarked on this voyage despondently, I believe I should have found a reason for the gloom on my mind in a very extraordinary incident that occurred on this the first night of our departure from England.

Supper had been served at half-past five. Broadwater thus spoke of this meal because it was, as it still is, one of the perversities of the fore-castle parlance, so to entitle the hook-pot of tea, the pieces of ship's bread, and the remains of the contents of the noontide kid of beef or pork, which

form the last of the mariner's three repasts. I had requested the captain to order one of my fowls to be killed and cooked as a provision against the oppressively substantial fare of the cabin; and though to be sure the bird came to the table somewhat tough for the want of keeping, and somewhat prickly with unplucked quills, it at least provided us with a lighter entertainment than we should have found in the cold leg of pork, in the dish of fried slices of pudding, and in the liver and bacon which the cabin-boy placed upon the table. A great teapot was put before Broadwater, who poured out cupfuls of a liquor black as ink; from the depths of which, on stirring it, there arose quite a little plantation of twigs and leaves. He told us that there was milk enough on board to last until to-morrow, after which we must be satisfied to take our tea "neat," as he called it.

"Few vessels of the size of this brig carry cows, I suppose?" said I.

"No," he answered, "nor goats neither. It's astonishing that the art of feeding people on board ship should have rose to what it is, considering how few vittles there are which ain't of a perishable kind. They'll put up effigies to chaps who write books, to play-actors, to folks like politicians who get on for themselves and don't do nobody else any good; but if ever mortal man in this here bloomin' world desared a statue it was the fellow who first hit on the notion of steeping beef in brine to keep it fit and sweet for sailor's use. Think of being able to get when afloat—mind ye, miss, I says *afloat*—such a dinner as we've had to-day! The mere sight of such food at sea—not an ounce of salt in the whole biling neither—is enough to make a man think his eyes must have gone wrong!" and he lifted his hands and gazed upwards with the air of a person overwhelmed with astonishment.

At this early stage it was difficult to tell whether he desired us to accept him as a humorist. But it was

not long before I discovered that he was neither a wit nor a wag, and that he was only comical when he had not the least intention of being so.

Whilst we were at supper the mate came below and took his seat quietly, saluting Miss Grant and me with a bow. But for his hair I must certainly have thought him one of the handsomest men I had ever seen, now that I could view him closely and observe the delicacy of his lineaments. His woolly crop was, however, fatal to him. It was a feature that neutralized all others, even when his head was covered; the effect of the exposure of the whole growth fell little short of a shock. I tried to engage him in conversation; but he was very reserved, answering merely in monosyllables with a constant reference in his manner to old Broadwater, whose presence I supposed kept him quiet. Once or twice he glanced at Miss Grant, but so swiftly it was scarcely possible that he should be conscious he looked at her. He despatched his meal quickly, rose, bowed to us again, and went to his berth in the forward part of the cabin.

"Is your mate a smart sailor?" I asked.

"There never was a smarter," answered Broadwater. "See him aloft. He'll spring to the yardarm from the slings, and 'll be jockeying of it when the liveliest of the hands isn't up with the futtock shrouds."

"Have you known him long?"

"He was my mate last voyage," he replied, lifting the lid of the locker next to him and pulling out a bottle of rum; and then calling for water he mixed himself as stout a nor'-wester as ever sailor put to his lips, though he had already swallowed three large cups of tea.

"He has not the air of a seaman," said Miss Grant.

"So little," I exclaimed, "that I am surprised, captain, to hear you speak of him as a taut hand."

"Taut? well, that's perhaps the word, sir. I don't know that he's not

almost as taut as me, and in saying that I pay him as handsome a compliment as one man could give to another : for let me tell you, Mr. Musgrave, that you might coast the whole of Great Britain and not meet with a shipmaster who could hold a candle to me in the art of managing sailors."

"Glad to hear it," said I, rising, not very well pleased by the languishing glance he cast at the bottle, as though debating whether to take another sup or return the liquor to the locker.

The afternoon had been hot and blinding with sunshine. The evening that now stole down upon us from astern with a single jewel glittering upon its brow, albeit the western sky was still crimson, with lagoons of delicate green amid the amber and rose and scarlet of the light high clouds there, was delicious and tranquillizing, full of dewy softness and the balm of the shadows which trail in the wake of a glaring day. The radiance was so illusive that the sea looked to go bare to its confines, and the sense of solitude you got when you gazed over the rail could not have been more complete had the Iron Crown been floating deep in the heart of the Pacific.

Miss Grant and I paced the deck, greatly enjoying the coolness and repose of the night. Our talk was chiefly about her early life, her father and mother, Rio, Fraser, and the like. It seems that on her mother's side she came of a race of grantees, one of whom was an officer under Don Pedro de Valdez when that Admiral surrendered to Drake, and she said it was a tradition in the family that he was the only man aboard the Spaniard who exhibited any kind of reluctance to being made a prisoner by Sir Francis. Her mother took her to old Spain, as she called it, when she was a child, but though she met several relatives she could recollect nothing of them beyond their haughty manners and grandiose airs. Indeed, I gathered that her mother's noble connections

accepted her marriage as a blow to the family dignity. "And yet my father," said Miss Grant, "came of as good a stock as any in Scotland. Pray what Spanish woman of title is too good for a Scotch gentleman of high descent? I ought to love my mother's native country; but she is poor and has sunk so low that, until she can take her old place in Europe again, the pretensions of her ancient nobility must continue to be almost too ridiculous to laugh at."

Whilst we walked and chatted the time insensibly slipped away. Once Broadwater rolled over to us puffing a pipe. He offered no apology to Miss Grant for smoking in her presence, though those were days when behaviour of this sort was considered a barbarous incivility to a lady.

"There is grog and biscuit to be had below," he exclaimed; "if you or the lady has a mind for a sup before turning in."

"Thank you, we require nothing more."

"The boys lock up at half-past nine," said he, "but the cabin-light's left burning all night. There's never no need for groping aboard of me. What I says to my owner is, treat your passengers well and they'll stick to ye. *I'm* not a man to be scared by a ha'porth of ile. Tell 'ee, Mr. Musgrave, how to read a man's character : watch him carve, sir? There's some as 'll help ye as though when what they're a sarving out is gone there 'll be nothing more left to eat on this blooming airth. Others 'll act as though they understood you was a *man*. That's my kind. Aboard me everything's up to the knocker."

He uttered a loud unmeaning laugh that instantly flavoured the atmosphere with the odour of rum.

"We must consider ourselves very fortunate to fall into such good hands," said I. "A man of purple cheer, to use the language of the poet, is a person quite to my liking."

His eyes were so small that it was impossible to judge whether they were

unsteady or not. He seemed to look at me as if he suspected a sarcasm in my words, and an objectionable meaning in my employment of the word "purple"; he then with a flourish of the stem of his pipe to his forehead walked over to the binnacle, and after blowing some clouds of smoke with many a long look around and up at the canvas, knocked the ashes out of his bowl, gave some directions to the boatswain, who, acting as second mate had charge of the deck, and went below.

"He thinks of nothing but eating," said Miss Grant.

"I hope that may be all," I answered: then checking some expression of dislike and mistrust I was about to utter, I changed the subject by calling her attention to the lovely effect of the moonlight upon the sails of the brig. By daylight the vessel was the sheerest bit of commonplace; but now that the magic pencils of the moon were busy with her, every feature was chastened, the homeliest and coarsest detail softened by the rich clear glow into a fairy delicacy of airy outline and silvered substance. She floated clothed with beauty, and swam like a sweet imagination through the shining air. Her decks gleamed out with the whiteness of the peeled almond: the black line of every seam between the planks lay as sharp to the sight as the ebon shadows of the rigging sliding to and fro to the sleepy stirring of the vessel; there was weight enough in the draught of air to hold the canvas motionless, and every hollow was like the image of a sail carved in alabaster. The boatswain stumped the weather-deck, and his shadow at his feet was more keenly black there than his figure against the sky. The fellow at the wheel stood stirless, but for an occasional movement of his arms, and you would have thought it was the stars that ran as they slipped up and down past him, so imperceptible was the curtseying of the brig. The dew along the rail sparkled crisply, as though, since moonrise, some secret

fingers had encrusted the line of bulwarks with gems. Forward all was still; save under the yawn of the fore-course I could distinguish the figure of the look-out man stepping athwart the fore-castle, sometimes pausing to lean over the side to send his gaze into the pale distance ahead. There was no gleam of light along the range of the starboard seaboard where the coast was.

"If this were to last," exclaimed Miss Grant, "the voyage would be delightful in spite of the disagreeable obligation of having to take our meals with the captain."

"Delightful, yes; but too long I fear," said I. "We want wind, Miss Grant; we need what the shipbrokers term despatch. This moonlight, this quiet sea, this gentle wind, the transformation of this old bucket into a fabric of marble and diamonds and pearl, are enchanting indeed,—but conditions fit only for pleasure-making. You are in a hurry, and I shall not be reluctant to see Rio heave into view either. Give me, instead of the beauty of such a night as this, the thunder of half a gale of wind blowing over our quarter, a high green frothing sea chasing us, that same moon up yonder whisking like a silver round-shot from the edge of one dark cloud to another, and the brig with a reef in her fore-sail and the main-top-gallant sail set over the double-reefed topsail hurling through an acre of foam of her own making, with the white seething and hissing smother boiling into her wake that stretches to the very line of the tumbling horizon!"

"An excellent description, Mr. Musgrave, and it is what we want as you say. You have not forgotten your old calling. You talk easily enough of reefs and sails."

"When," said I, "a man has dipped his hand into the tar-pot the stain of the stuff never quits him. Once a sailor, always a sailor."

At this moment five bells were struck by some one on the main deck.

"What time is that?" she inquired.

"Half-past ten," I answered.

"So late!" she exclaimed, "it is time to go to bed. Good night, Mr. Musgrave."

"Let me see you to your cabin," said I, and down we went.

The lamp had been dimmed spite of the skipper's indifference to ha'porths of oil, but there was light enough to see by. I was glad to find the little bracket-lamps in our cabins alight. I suppose it was a part of the boy's duty to see to this, but there was really so little to expect in the way of attention in a craft of this kind that I was grateful for the most trifling illustration of our being looked after. I stepped into my cabin for a cheroot not choosing to turn my back on so fair a night yet a while. Slightly as the brig swayed, the bulkheads and strong fastenings creaked as though a score of rats were worrying one another, and I guessed, unless I should turn in thoroughly sleepy, these bothersome noises promised to keep me awake all night. Cigar in mouth I walked the deck for some time, finding a constant pleasure in the moonlit scene, and greatly enjoying the delicious hush that rested upon the vessel and the ocean. After all, thought I, this is a voyage to do me a great deal of good. It is a complete change; there is no cold weather to be dreaded, no Cape Horn, no Southern Ocean in June. There should be some fun to be got out of old Broadwater, though I do not like him. And then I fell to thinking of Miss Aurelia. There had been so much moonlight mixed up in our oceanic intercourse so far, that it seemed to me as if I should never be able to cast my eyes upon the planet without thinking of her. Well, no woman could desire a lovelier fancy and habit of association in a man's mind. My humour took a poetic turn; Byron's line—"She walks in beauty like the night," came into my head, along with Shelley's fine thought—"Moonlight and music and feeling are one." Here is plenty of moonlight, thought I, but even if I

should call Miss Aurelia the music, where is the feeling? But what wonderful eyes she has! I mused: what spirit, power, life, intelligence! She talks very finely too, by George! Fraser is her dear boy, and deserves to be so, I don't doubt; but the shape of his head must have vastly changed since he was my shipmate at sea, if he is able to understand one half of the fancies which take her.

Presently feeling somewhat lonesome, I crossed the deck to where the boatswain was quietly pacing.

"A fine night," said I.

"It is, sir,—lovely indeed," he replied, coming to a stand and touching his cap very civilly.

"You are the second mate, I believe?"

"Second mate and bo'sun, sir."

"Pray do not stand, I will walk with you."

We started to pace the length of the quarter-deck together. I particularly observed in him a very respectful, quiet manner, the sort of sailor-like civility one wanted to hear of in such a ship as the Iron Crown. The moonshine gushed so clearly that my companion's face could not have been more visible had I viewed it by daylight. He was a hearty-looking man of about five-and-forty, clean shaven save in a streak of iron-grey whisker; a real splicer in aspect down to such minutiae as the hang of his arms and the curl of his fingers as he walked.

"Is this your first voyage with Captain Broadwater, Mr. —?"

"Gordon's my name, sir—Zana Gordon. Yes, this is my first voyage with Captain Broadwater."

"I suppose he is reckoned a pretty smart seaman?"

"I don't know I'm sure, sir."

"The crew at least strike me as a lively lot. They tumble about very briskly, a good sign in men newly shipped. But of course most of them will run when the brig arrives at Rio. Jack has his peculiarities as have other folks."

"He has a right to be peculiar, sir."

His life's a good deal out of the common ; little understood, too, save by them who have to eat and drink and jump aloft with him. And it isn't enough that he's expected to work for twenty-four hours in the day, and that he's got to eat victuals which no man ashore who values his dog would give it, unless it went mad and had to be choked ; and that his labour's of a sort ne'er a landsman would undertake, no, not if instead of signing for three pounds a month he agreed for a hundred. That isn't enough, I say. It's what lies behind, sometimes deep, and nearly always out of sight, that's the worst part of all that's bad in the seafaring calling."

"You mean bullying, brutal treatment, injurious language?" He was silent. "I should understand you," said I. "In coming aboard this morning I found a bigger hint than would have sufficed me in the faces of the boat's crew. I was a sailor myself for three years, and one doesn't want to serve longer than that to make plain words of the looks of seamen."

He still held his peace, but he had said enough to let me know his silence was mere wariness. When we got on to other topics he was as talkative as I could desire. I found he had been able seaman aboard the Indiaman I had first gone to sea in, though he had left her before I joined. She had been commanded in his time by the same man who had her when I was a midshipman ; so here was a topic that was enough to at once establish a sort of bond between us.

Whilst we were pacing the deck the man on the look-out forward hailed my companion—as he seemed to think. Neither of us caught what he said, and Gordon hallo'd back. The man sang out again, but without making himself heard ; on which the boatswain went forward to see what was wanted. He left me standing near the wheel. There yet remained half of my cheroot to smoke out. Six bells—eleven o'clock—had been struck some ten minutes before ; but the loveliness of the night

still detained me, and I was in no mood yet to exchange the warm sweetness of the ocean night-breeze for the atmosphere of my cabin. On a sudden the man who was steering started violently, let go the wheel, and ran to the vessel's side, where he hung in a strained listening posture, with one hand to his ear. I hastily crossed the deck, wondering what on earth he could have heard to cause him to start so wildly, and above all to desert his post at the helm as though he had gone out of his mind. The moonshine streamed full upon him, and the complexion of that light, combined with his extreme pallor, made the face he slowly turned upon me ghastlier than any dead man's for the very life that worked with a sort of grin in it.

"Did you hear him?" he inquired in the low tremulous voice of a man newly recovered from a faint.

"Hear whom?" I answered, staring my hardest into the distance, misty with the radiance.

"Something away yonder called me!" said he, still speaking in the same voice, weak with terror and astonishment.

"You!" I exclaimed ; "called *you*! But there's nothing there, man—nothing in sight, anyway. What should there be then for a human voice to sound from?"

"Hark! There again!" he cried, with another violent start as though he had been electrified. I had heard nothing.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Jesse Cooper, sir," he responded, trembling pitifully.

I had begun to think that the fellow was ill, or that he had suddenly gone wrong in his head, when he lifted his hand as if to motion silence, and then I certainly did seem to hear a faint sound coming from God knows where, that might have passed for a feeble human cry, though it syllabled nothing that was intelligible to my ears. No doubt it was no more than the sheer imagination in me wrought on by some delicate murmur

of wind aloft, or by the stir of one rope lying in the chafe of another, or by the jerk of a sheet to the gentle strain of the sail, or the creak of parrel or truss. But for the moment I was hardly less startled than the man himself.

"Very extraordinary!" I said.

"You heard it, sir?" he cried, looking wildly at me.

"I certainly heard something confoundedly like a human voice hailing," I answered, peering with all my eyes at the sea, as though I must certainly see something there if I stared long enough.

"O my God! O my God!" he groaned. "You heard it too, sir! It's no fancy then. I'm called, and must go. It was father's voice. He was drowned at sea, and three years afterwards called my brother, who fell from aloft and was killed the same night. And now he's called me!"

I saw how it was, and felt very sorry that I should have owned I heard the sound, for I was now persuaded it was pure fancy on my part, that is to say pure fancy in taking the noise I had heard to be a human voice: though by my owning I had caught the note, be it what it would, I was like to drive the poor superstitious creature clean out of his mind.

"The brig will be aback in another minute," said I. "Catch hold of the wheel, man. There's nothing in all this—nothing but nerves. Dead men can't call out—you ought to know that! If they could there'd be nothing but voices hailing the world day and night."

He grasped the wheel without answering me, and brought the brig to her course. Just then the boatswain came aft.

"Nothing wrong forward, I hope?" said I.

"No, sir. The look-out called to a mate for a chew of tobacco, and thought, when I answered, that I was the man he had sung out to."

"Glad it's no worse," said I. "We've had a bit of a scare aft here,—all

happening in a minute—too odd of its kind to require improving by anything of the same sort forward," and then I told him what had happened.

We stood in the shadow cast by the main-rigging as we conversed. He cast a glance in the direction of the wheel, and said, in a voice made up of pity and contempt:

"There's always sailors knocking about with notions of that kind. I've seen a man plump down upon his knees and pray in a loud voice all because he caught sight of a compresant a-burning at the yard-arm. That there Cooper struck me, on first setting eyes on him, as having a queerish look in his face. If there was more learning in forecastles there'd be a deal less of these here fanciful gallivantins. Fancy a chap supposing that his father, who was drowned t'other side o' Cape Horn, could hail him after all these years out o' the English Channel!"

"Yet wiser men than this same Cooper, Mr. Gordon, hold and stoutly cling to stranger beliefs than the midnight halloing of drowned men!" said I, hammering at a flint for a light for my fragment of cigar. "If any mortal being has a right to believe in ghosts, it should be the sailor. Look aloft, Mr. Gordon!"—he turned up his weather-beaten face—"Mark how spectrally those sails show out to the moonlight. What, to a fanciful eye, should the flitting of the shadows up there to the swaying of the masts signify but the pinions of spirits hovering over those glimmering heights? and what, to the imaginative ear, should the mutterings of the breeze in the shrouds mean but the dark and secret whispered conversation of beings as little like you or me, Mr. Gordon, as the moon is like the sun? Again, look over the side—it is all wide, white silence: mere sea and moonshine to you and me, but to the lonely distempered vision the fittest canvas the wide world over for the magic lantern of the mind to cast its imaginations on."

He tilted the peak of his cap on to

his nose as he scratched the back of his head, and said : " Well, if a man's weak enough to believe in ghosts, I don't doubt he'd get more ideas about them out of such a night as this upon the ocean than maybe he'd collect out of the most crowded of graveyards ashore. But supposing such things as sperrits to be, who's going to make me believe they ha'n't got too much sense to choose the sea to knock about in ? A spectre's right enough in an old country house and the likes of them places ashore ; for he's not only got a roof over his head and a fire to warm himself at when the weather draws up cold, but the pick of the best room to lay in, and a larder to help himself from—if so be a sperrit ever gets hungry. But what does a ghost do at sea ? If he's a land ghost he'll stop ashore ; and is it imaginable, d'ye think, sir, that if he's the ghost of a sailor he'd return, without being forced, to the life he was bound to hate when he was flesh and blood, and keep company, of his own accord, with such people as skippers and mates, and endure again the cold and wet that 'ud send him from the deck or from aloft streaming like a soaked rag to his thin blanket and leaking bunk ? " He shook his head in a way that showed him fully convinced by his own reasoning.

" Isn't that a sail out yonder ? " I exclaimed, at that instant catching sight of some tiny object gleaming like a faint dash of light on the sea-line, and doubting for a moment whether it was a star or a ship's canvas or the play of white water.

He looked, and said, " Yes, sir ; a yacht, I allow, by the sheen of her sails."

It was as though a paring of pearl reflected the moonlight, so exceedingly dainty and delicate was the lustre of the fabric against the dark obscure of the horizon. I noticed, however, whilst I kept my eye fastened upon it, that it moved with a velocity quite meteoric in its way, for when I had first descried it, it showed out a hand's-

breadth forward of the foremost main-shroud, whilst before I could have counted ten it had slid midway to the forerigging.

I glanced aft. " Why, Mr. Gordon," I said, " the wheel's deserted ; the brig's coming round ! "

He sprang to the helm, and ground at the spokes till the tiller-chains rattled again, meanwhile looking right and left.

" Where's Cooper, sir ? " he cried ; " he hasn't gone forward. I'll swear he never passed us ; he wouldn't quit the helm unless he was mad ! "

There was a grating abaft the wheel ; I sprang on to it and strained my sight at the wake astern. The moon was westering and looking over our foretopsail yard-arm, and her light was very clear and broad. I could see nothing. The wake went away slowly in small black holes and little seething clouds, with here and there a faint flash of green light, as though a strange fish with a green eye floated up to the surface to take a view of us now and again.

" He is overboard—drownded himself ! " cried the boatswain. " Man overboard ! " he roared. " Lay aft the watch ! lively, or ye'll be too late ! " and he fell to grinding at the wheel again to steady it.

The brig came round slowly. His cry was electrical in its effect. I had seen nothing stirring save the man on the look-out, and now in an instant the planks re-echoed the thumping and slapping of the booted or naked feet of the watch tumbling aft as if for their lives. They were busy with the boat, clearing away the falls and casting off the gripes, when up came old Broadwater.

" What's the matter ? what's the matter ? " he bawled.

" Man overboard, sir ! " shouted the boatswain.

" Where is he ? where is he ? Anybody see him ? " roared the skipper, springing with his oval shanks on to the grating alongside me.

"I have been looking, but can make out no signs of him," I answered.

"How long has he been overboard?" he shouted.

"Three or four minutes, I expect," answered the boatswain.

"How did he git there?" he bel-
lowed; "was he knocked overboard?"

"Good God!" I cried, wild to think of the precious time the old fool was losing by these questions, "there's a man overboard, captain, and he must drown if you don't instantly seek him, if indeed he's still afloat."

"Keep all fast with the boat," he vociferated; "if he's only been overboard three or four minutes he ought to be visible if he's on the surface, and since he ain't it's a proof he's under."

"It's murder!" said an angry voice amongst the men standing near the davits.

Just then the mate sprang through the companion.

"Who was it said it's murder?" shouted Broadwater, half suffocated with passion. "Mr. Bothwell, find out the man! find out the man! I must know who it is!"

"Captain Broadwater," I exclaimed, "the poor fellow has only been overboard a few minutes, and you really—"

"Mind your own blasted business, sir," he shouted in such a raging way that I have no pen to portray it with. "Find me the man who said it's murder, Mr. Bothwell! Find me that man, sir!"

Disgusted by the old fellow's insolence and temper, and sickened by his indifference to human life, I walked a little way forward clear of the men, and stood leaning against the rail with my arms folded waiting for what was next to happen. The mate thrust in lithe as steel amongst the sailors, flashing his eyes first into one then into another face, whilst with shrill imperious tones which came back in echoes from the hollows of the canvas he demanded to know who had spoken the words. Broadwater, dismounting from the grating, danced in a very

delirium of wrath in and out among the seamen, looking for all the world in the transfiguring light of the moon like a gigantic crab masquerading in man's attire, whilst he whipped out at the top of his pipes with all sorts of menaces, threatening I know not what unless the man who had said it was murder was named or confessed himself. The excitement grew, the hubbub increased. Oaths were so plentiful, I could only earnestly hope that if Miss Grant were not asleep she was out of hearing. I feared it would come to a fight, and expected every moment to witness the gleam of a knife flourished in the air. The men, however, would not tell who it was that had spoken the words. Some blows were exchanged, and presently the sailors came staggering my way, driven and beaten along by Broadwater and his mate.

"Forward with ye! Forward with ye!" roared the old fellow, flourishing his arms like a windmill, whilst the mate shoved and pushed as a drover would thrust a congregation of irresolute or defiant calves. It would have struck a landsman as incredible that the men should have suffered themselves to be thus driven. They were six to two, yet they offered no resistance. But the habit of discipline is strong in the sailor, and the quarter-deck is sacred ground. In no man who has command of his fellow-beings is there vested such despotic powers as in the master of a ship. The spirit of mutiny will skulk long ere it dare show its face. There is no doubt the men would have gone forward quietly enough; but Broadwater's and his mate's blood was up, and the wild and wretched business did not end until the men had been driven forward of the mainmast. Blowing and gasping, though still flourishing his hands, Broadwater came to a stand, his face so crimsoned by his exertions that he looked like a mulatto in the moonlight.

"Now see here," he said, sputtering

out the words in wheezy accents, for he was too exhausted to roar, "until the name of the man who spoke them words is given to me, you're on bread and water! Mind that! One of you it was, and I must know who; and if bread and water don't sarve, I'll stop 'em both, I'll stop 'em both! Hunger 'll make a mad beast rational. So now you know what ye've got to expect."

With this he walked aft, followed by his mate. By this time I had had enough of the deck, and was sick, grieved, and deeply worried. Broadwater's insulting expression stuck in my gorge, and I made up my mind to have a short conversation with him next morning on the subject. It was depressing beyond words, too, to think that the unhappy man, who beyond question had dropped silently overboard whilst the boatswain and I conversed forwards, may have perished for the want of a boat nimbly sent to seek him. One of the crew had called it murder, and that would be the universal feeling of the fore-castle I was sure. Broadwater was marching to and fro near the wheel, with a lurch in his gait that satisfied me he must have gone to bed pretty well primed. He was talking vehemently to the boatswain, who still held the wheel. The mate overhung the rail, gazing astern. I went below unnoticed by them, and had opened the door of my cabin when I heard my name called. I turned and saw Miss Grant standing in her doorway robed in a pink dressing-gown. Her dark eyes flashed back the light of the lamp in my berth,

and with *them* and her pale face and coronal of fair hair and commanding posture she would, attired as she was, have nobly filled the canvas of a painter as the Muse of Tragedy.

"What was the cause of that great commotion on deck, just now?" she inquired, without the least exhibition of alarm or nervousness.

"I had hoped that you would have been peacefully sleeping, Miss Grant. A fellow who was at the wheel fell crazy, and quietly slipped himself overboard. He was missed, and the alarm given. Hence the hurried tread overhead which disturbed you."

"Was he saved?"

"No. Broadwater arrived rather the worse for liquor, lost his temper, and prohibited the men from lowering the boat. It is all very sad, and I would rather it had happened on the last instead of the first night of our voyage. But I have told you the worst. And do you know, Miss Grant, that it is past midnight?"

She saw that I did not want to prolong my talk just then. Indeed I was secretly much excited, much perturbed, vexed and pained, and feared that my speech would betray my anxiety and worry her. She listened a little, and exclaimed, "Everything seems quiet now: is it still a fine night?"

"As lovely as when you left it," I answered.

She inclined her head and closed her door, and without further ado I tumbled into my bunk, though not to sleep for a long while.

(To be continued.)

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CHAPTER VII.

BOTHWELL, CHIEF MATE.

I WAS awakened early by the scrubbing-brushes of the men overhead washing down the decks. The movement of the little ship was tolerably lively, insomuch that on quitting my bunk I had some difficulty for a few minutes in keeping my legs, nor was it hard to tell, by the dim humming noise that seemed to tremble through the fabric like the vibration in a harp-string after it has been twanged, that it was blowing a fresh breeze of wind. I was soon dressed, and on gaining the deck found the brig storming along with her royals furled and her trysail-boom well on the quarter. A high sea chased us, and but for the wind being abaft the beam we must have found no little spite in the weight of the sudden gusts and brisk squalls which distended our canvas until the sheets groaned again to the strain. The heavens were covered with large white clouds, which rolled along very stately and solemnly, with a brownish scud speeding under them like smoke; but there were everywhere great breaks of clear blue sky of the true summer tint of the English Channel. The sea was as grand as one could wish it with flying shadow and leaping dazzle—blue ridges with a mile-long head of foam, bits of rainbow in the showering of spray, weltering spaces of violet gloom cast by the clouds and the swift

glory that chased them. The brig was buzzing through it as if, to use the sailor's phrase, she had the scent at last. She rose to the head of a sea in a boiling smother, then sank all very solemnly with a leeward heel that seemed to bring the top-gallant rail within arm's-reach of the hissing yeast that went wildly swirling past, and out of which the rush of wind from under the foot of the mainsail would tear up bucketfuls of blobs and flakes, and send them scattering with a scream through the air with something of the pearly glint of the flying-fish in their flight.

My friend, Mr. Zana Gordon, had once again charge of the deck. Bucket in hand, with trousers turned above the knee, he swirled the sparkling green water that was handed to him along the deck, whilst the men scrubbed with their brushes. Recollecting that these were the fellows who were to be disciplined by a diet of bread and water into telling the captain which of them it was who had used the words that had enraged him, I ran my eye from one to another of them with a little attention, but observed nothing particular, unless it were a sort of sullenness in their deliberate manner of handling their scrubbing-brushes, which after all might have been a mere imagination on my part.

It was a lively enough scene in its way, and brought back old memories to me. The smoke of the newly-lighted

galley-fire blew swiftly and merrily from the chimney of the caboose into the sea, and you noticed the farm-yard noise about of the crowing of cocks and the grunting of pigs. There was but one vessel in sight, a large topsail schooner heading to cross under our stern for a course to some French port. The sea took her fair abeam, and she rolled so heavily that she looked like a great fan violently swayed by some Titanic hand hidden beneath the surface of the water. Well, it was just the sort of weather I had told Miss Grant yesterday that we needed. A short spell of it would drive us clear of soundings, and I knew it would make one feel as though the voyage was to have an end when one should find the course set fair by the binnacle compass for South America.

The boatswain saluted me with a flourish of a tarry thumb to his forehead, but he was too full of business to talk. After I had been on deck for about a quarter of an hour, by which time the scrubbing was over, and the seamen were smacking the planks with a swab or two, Broadwater came up through the companion-hatch, where he stood a while holding on, and blinking around him as though not yet wide awake. Then going to the wheel he brought his eyes in a squint upon the compass, and after a survey of the fabric aloft, and a slow gaze round the sea, he called out to me, "Good morning, sir. Tow rope's in hand at last, I allow. No hint of kedging in this here movement."

I inclined my head coldly and distantly to him, and then suspecting that any kind of sub-acid or chilly posture would be entirely lost upon such an intelligence as his, I resolved to deal with him in a way that should at least be intelligible.

"I wish to speak a word with you, Captain Broadwater," I called out.

He looked at me a moment as though he feared his dignity and importance would suffer by having to go to me, and then after a half glance

at the fellow at the wheel with a slow pulling down of his nose with his forefinger and thumb, a trick that seemed to help him to arrive at a conclusion, he came to where I stood, but very leisurely, appearing the while to think of nothing but the appearance of the deck, and the movements of the men swabbing.

"Well, Mr. Musgrave," he exclaimed, "what is it, sir? Slept pretty comfortable, I hope? Nothing the lady can find to complain about, I trust?"

"Sir," said I, "you were extremely rude and offensive to me last night. You are captain of this ship, and I am a passenger who has paid for certain rights—civility from you amongst the rest—which I intend to claim; and if you do not concede me every tittle of what I have parted with my money to obtain, I will make it so hot for you on my return to England that you shall wish yourself hanged ere you ever set eyes on me. And now, sir," I continued, with the sternest face I could contrive to put on, though my gravity was not a little staggered by the ludicrous expression of bewilderment that overspread his singular countenance, "I insist upon your apologizing to me at once, Captain Guy Broadwater, for the insolent manner in which you addressed me last night."

He cast his little eyes from the deck to the sky and back again, frowned, scratched his head, and by other signs seemed to wish me to suppose that he was in an agony of thought. Then, with an inimitable air of being all abroad, he pointed with his forefinger to his waistcoat, and said, "Me! *me* insult you! You're a-dreaming, Mr. Musgrave."

"No dream at all, sir," said I; "you were confoundedly insolent to me, and ruder even in your manner than in your speech, and I demand an apology."

Again he looked up at the sky and down at the deck, as though the effort to recollect what had passed caused him acute suffering.

"What did I say?" he suddenly asked.

I told him.

"Well, Mr. Musgrave," said he, "you're a gentleman, and I should be sorry for to swear that I never spoke them words, seeing that you tell me I *did*. But I can assure you, sir, on my honour as master of this here Iron Crown, that I have no recollection of using the term you mention. If I did, why then I 'pologize, and no man can do more."

On hearing this I bowed coldly and walked aft, congratulating myself upon my resolution, for I believed I had made him understand he would have to be very cautious henceforth in his dealings with me, and I had also got to see that the man, like all other bullies, was very white-livered at bottom. There was indeed danger that a person of this nature would extend something of the treatment he exhibited to his crew to Miss Grant and me; and unless I asserted myself promptly it might end, through a natural aversion on my part from any kind of worry or annoyance, to my insensibly submitting to his rough usage, which of course he would accentuate in proportion as I yielded, until my life on board might become as uneasy as if I had been one of the crew. This is a feature of a voyage absolutely impossible in these days, but in my time it was a condition (in small passenger vessels, of course) as familiar as the coarseness of the food and the gloom and discomforts of the cabin.

I kept my back on the quarter-deck for a little, whilst I stood watching the sparkling race of froth hurling from under the shadow of our counter to the creamy summit of the green surge chasing us, during which I could hear the old fellow calling to the seamen in such a tone as few men would think fit to adopt towards a dog. If it was convenient to him to forget his insulting manner to me, it was plain that whatever else he chose to remember was very present to his mind. For how long a period the men

who formed the starboard watch would consent to the discipline of bread and water it was hard to conjecture; though indeed the sailor of that period could scarcely suffer a very severe hardship in the deprivation of lumps of meat out of which, whether raw or cooked, the mariner beguiled the tedium of the voyage by manufacturing snuff-boxes for his grandfather, work-boxes for his sweetheart, and tobacco-boxes for himself.

Miss Grant did not leave her cabin till breakfast was upon the table. Broadwater, who was seated when she arrived, got up and distorted his figure with a bow, whilst he asked her, with much such a pleasant face as he wore when I first made his acquaintance, what sort of a night she had passed, and if the brig's tumblefication troubled her much. This stroke of politeness was meant as much for me as for her. After the exchange of a few common-places about the weather and so forth, Miss Grant said to the captain, "Were they not able to save the poor fellow who fell overboard last night?"

"No, mum," he answered, with a half look from me to a lump of sausage which he held aloft on a fork; "the long and short of it's this. The man was in the water some minutes afore the alarm was given. The surface lay clear under the moon, and had he been showing there was enough of us looking for some one to see him. He meant to drown hisself, and he *did* it."

"But apart from the chance," said I, "of rescuing him as a mere matter of humanity, would not his loss, by weakening your working-strength, make you anxious to be sure that he was not to be recovered?"

"There was no signs of him, sir," he answered doggedly. "I don't want to lose no men if I can help it; but if a chap chooses to slip overboard so quietly that no one hears him touch the water, what's to be done?"

"But you didn't know when you first came on deck that he *had* drowned himself," said I.

"No," he answered, "but didn't I

act as if I did? which means that I'm one of those men who don't need to know a thing to understand it."

I turned to Miss Grant, and related the strange story of the preceding night, whilst Broadwater worked away at his breakfast with both hands, and masticated with such energy as to apparently hold him deaf.

"Strange," she exclaimed, "that you should have thought you heard the voice that called him. Of course it was fancy, but it is dreadful to think how even a little imagination may overpower the reason."

"There was everything to help the imagination," said I: "the silence upon the vessel and upon the ocean—the wild, straining look in the man's eyes with the sparkle of moonlight in them as he turned them upon me, full, as I can now see, with the anguish of madness—and then the misty silvery distance towards which he bent his ear with his hand to it. I believe had he told me there was a phantom out there, and pointed to it, I should have seen *something*, if not the apparition he himself beheld."

Presently, after a prodigious meal, Broadwater arose and left the cabin.

"Why did not he attempt to save the man?" Miss Grant said.

"I believe the fellow when he first came on deck was still muddled with the fumes of the liquor he had swallowed, and barely understood what had happened or knew what he was about." And then I told her how he had insulted me, and how a little while before I had obliged him to apologize. My mere telling her this thing touched the spirit in her. The look of her as she listened to me made you feel that here was a woman to fill any man who should vex her with the feelings of a dog. Before we quitted the table, the mate arrived to get his breakfast. He bowed to us quietly as before, seated himself without speaking, and fell to his meal with great soberness and civility of demeanour. It seemed hard to reconcile his subdued bearing, which

seemed by its air to be habitual to him, with his fierce and passionate treatment of the men, and particularly his desperate and raging behaviour of the previous night. Now that the captain was away I hoped to be able to draw him into conversation, and began by saying that if this breeze lasted we might look for a run of two hundred and fifty knots in the twenty-four hours.

"Quite that, sir," he answered.

"That was a sorry business last night, Mr. Bothwell. If the men forward are superstitious, they will not like it."

"They won't like their company being weakened you mean, sir?" lifting his gaze from his plate and eying me steadily for a moment.

I thought to myself, as I glanced at his woolly head, his handsome features and dark eyes, which when they fell from my face rolled in a hundred nimble glances, fastening upon nothing, and yet seeing everything as you would say, "Lord, what a corsair this rogue would make in the hands of a Byron or a Michael Scott!"

"No," said I; "I mean they won't like Captain Death boarding their craft almost before the anchor they have broken out has dried at the cat-head."

His swift glance darted from me to Miss Grant, and then with a smile that exhibited a set of fine, even, white teeth, the whiter for his dark moustache, he said, in an almost effeminate way, "Oh, sir, we must not trouble ourselves about what the sailors forward think."

"Why not?" asked Miss Grant quickly. "Are they not men like you and Captain Broadwater? You would be unable to sail this ship without them. A master on land dare not treat his men-servants as captains at sea treat their crews."

He answered softly, "No, madam, because no doubt men-servants would give notice and seek another situation."

"Do you believe it, sir?" she ex-

claimed, flushing and gazing at him irefully; "indeed you would find they would not rest there——" She checked herself, and added laughingly, and looking at me, "I have not a very high opinion, Mr. Musgrave, of the spirit and courage of lackeys and footmen, but I truly believe that if they were treated by their masters as sailors are by their commanders there would be a great many mysterious disappearances happening amongst the nobility and gentry."

"I am always glad, madam," said the mate, showing his teeth again, "to hear the ladies championing poor Jack. He has very few friends, very few friends."

He shook his head without any suggestion of sarcasm about him, and the gesture seemed to me to make his eyes shine as if they had been formed of some black liquid with a gleam upon it that danced to the rippling of their movement.

"How long have you been at sea?" I asked bluntly.

"Ten years, sir."

"Humph!" I exclaimed, "a good deal of hard weather and knocking about may be packed into ten years. Apparently you are of Captain Broadwater's mind, that the sailor moves forward the better for being kicked."

He made no answer.

"I have heard," said I, addressing Miss Grant, "of captains whose hatred of the sailors serving under them was really phenomenal. I remember being told of the commander of a ship that he could never bring himself to offer one of his seamen anything with his hand, but that he would put it down upon the deck and *kick* it at him. 'By the way,' I continued, turning upon the mate again, "what'll be the upshot of this trouble with the starboard watch? The men are not likely to peach upon their messmate, and if the man who used the words won't confess himself, what's to follow? The fellows will not surely put up for a whole voyage with nothing to eat and drink but ship's bread—bad enough, I dare

say—and a draught from the scuttlebutt?"

Before he could reply, Miss Grant said quickly, "To what do you refer, Mr. Musgrave?"

"Why," I answered, "last night on the captain refusing to send a boat on the chance of picking up the man who had gone overboard, one of the group of fellows who were at the davits exclaimed, 'It's murder!' and the whole of the watch are not to be allowed any other provisions but biscuit until the man who used the words is discovered."

"He is discovered," said the mate almost blandly.

"Oh, indeed!" I exclaimed, "how, pray?"

"He came to me about twenty minutes ago, and said that as he did not choose his messmates should suffer for what he had done, he would own he was the man who cried out, 'It's murder!'"

"He should be pardoned for his honesty," exclaimed Miss Grant. "I hope the captain will let the matter rest. I will ask him to forgive the poor fellow."

The mate softly wiped his moustache, rose, bowed, and went on deck.

"One should say," said I, "that there are the seeds of a startling romance in that chap; but I fear that it is nothing but the vilest sea-going commonplace made a little odd by good looks and Hottentot wool."

"I agree with you," she answered; "he is even more colourless than his captain; yet prosaic as they both are, they are equal to creating a very great deal of trouble; and do you know, Mr. Musgrave," she said, suddenly and even vehemently, "I am extremely sorry that we ever took berths in this ship."

"Oh, but it is a little early to be anxious," said I cheerfully. "I quite know what is in your mind: you fear that the behaviour of Broadwater and his mate may lead to the crew giving trouble. Well, the same misgiving is my reason for speaking out so plainly

to both men. If they are made to understand that I am watching them and observing their conduct, they may have sense enough to restrain themselves, for the reason that I should be at hand as a witness to testify to their inhumanity, and to justify any act of insubordination that the sailors might be driven to."

She was silent for a little, and then said, "Whereabouts is the ship now, Mr. Musgrave?"

"I suppose we are hardly abreast of the Isle of Wight yet," I answered.

She reflected again, and then clasping her hands and bringing them to her lips, and looking at me with a sort of wistfulness, though she spoke with hesitation, she said, "I almost—I *almost* wish that the captain would put us ashore."

This was a desire to puzzle me considerably. I answered, "Of course, Miss Grant, if you are reluctant to proceed I will unhesitatingly ask the captain to put us ashore; but I should not like him to refuse, and unhappily there is no doubt that he will refuse, because of course he would conclude that we should return to London and lodge a complaint against him, and so lose him his berth. Now, if he should decline to put us ashore my position would be an awkward one. He need do nothing but keep the ship heading steadily on her course, and we are helpless."

She interrupted me: "And the passage money would be forfeited. No, I am silly to wish such a thing. I was all eagerness and impatience yesterday. It is just a little passing misgiving." I was about to speak. "No," she exclaimed with energy, "we are here and will remain here."

"Be it so," said I, not a little relieved, for I foresaw a very great deal more of trouble than I had the least disposition to undergo, even to oblige *her*, had she insisted on my asking old Broadwater to haul his brig in to the land, and set us and our baggage once more on *terra firma*.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HALF-BLOOD'S PUNISHMENT.

MISS GRANT went to her cabin and I on deck, where I observed Broadwater and the mate marching the length of the quarter-deck and busy in conversation. There was a mid-dling high sea running, which, had it been on the bow instead of on the quarter, would have rendered the motion of the brig extremely uncomfortable. As it was, it swung the vessel with an almost rhythmic steadiness as it underran her. It was first a long upward heave to the foaming liquid brow, then a gradual lean over to the full weight of the wind till the lee-channels roared in the smother of spume over the side, and then a steady slide down into the speckled, froth-laced trough, with a recovery of the hull that started us with a level keel for the next buoyant climb. Not above a cannon-shot to windward was a large frigate, close-hauled under double-reefed topsails and reefed foresail. She showed no colours, but to a nautical eye a single glance sufficed to prove her English. She was plunging heavily, and would lift her head out of the boiling white about her bows until eight or ten feet of the keel at her forefoot showed clear, with a dull yellow glancing from the metal sheathing that looked like a mirroring of pale light on the wet, black, gleaming sides of the beautifully moulded hull. As she rolled she gave us a view of a portion of her weather-deck, with a hint of black artillery in certain covered, muzzled shapes, crouching under the defences of her bulwarks crowned with the white line of hammocks. The movement of a spot of red here and there marked the mechanical pacing of a marine. I never remember a nobler sea-show than was offered by this fine frigate, with her broad white line broken by the closed gun-ports, the superb set of her reefed canvas, the airy grace of her rigging ruling the piebald hurrying sky with dark

lines of shrouds, thinning as they soared, till they rose delicate as the fibres of a spider's web to the glimmering button of the truck at the royal-mast-head, whence streamed the long pennon straight out upon the wind, like a streak of light up there; whilst over the weather-bow there was the sharp and frequent flash of a green sheet of water that broke into smoke as it flew, or a sudden lifting above the bulwark-rail of a column of froth, which the blow of the bow would send arching back till 'twas a sheer huddle of dazzling yeast under the radiant figurehead, that, with some hero's wreath in its hand, plunged to the giddy whiteness only to soar triumphant a moment after.

It was old Broadwater's duty to hoist and dip the ensign to her. This is a civility I should be very punctual in exacting if I were commander of a British man-of-war. The skipper however, rolling along on his bow-legs by the side of the mate, did not look as if he even knew there was anything in sight. He never threw so much as a glance in her direction, though I could see some men at work on the fore-rigging watching her with an admiration that rendered them, for the time being, insensible to the presence of the skipper and his companion.

There was one of a dozen coils of rope hanging over a belaying-pin swinging to the heave of the hull. I went and sat myself in it, for the shelter of the bulwark there from the gusty blasts which were splitting upon the rigging full of whistlings and cryings; and there swayed, cradle-like, by the hanging fakes, I leisurely loaded my pipe, and fell to chipping, in the old-world style of that age, at a flint for a light. Whilst thus occupied, my eye was taken by the figure of a man standing at the foot of the foremast. I was thinking of other matters at the moment, and yet I can recollect wondering, as my gaze went from him after a brief glance, that any man belonging to either watch should

have the courage to stand idle on deck whilst the rest of the people were at work, when both the captain and the chief mate were pacing within eyeshot of him. Presently glancing his way again, I noticed that he still remained in the same posture, that is to say, with his back against the mast and his face looking a little forward of the fore-rigging, his arms folded upon his breast, and his legs together with the feet turned out, like a soldier in a sentry-box. The mast was painted white, and hence it was, I suppose, that I did not immediately observe that the man was bound to it by turn upon turn of rope, starting from his arm-pits and terminating a little below his knees. I know not what there was in the sight to startle me, but I believe had a seaman fallen from aloft at my feet, and there lay bleeding and broken, the thing would not have shocked me more than the spectacle of yonder sailor secured to the mast as though he were some dangerous maniac, and rendered motionless by the ligatures, saving that he could use his head and had the freedom of his arms.

I had not been long enough on board to be able to distinguish the crew, but this man I seemed to remember. To make sure, I got out of the coil of rope and went a few paces forward, and recognized in the fellow bound to the mast the half-blood who had been one of the boat's crew that rowed us aboard from Deal. If his face had struck me then you will suppose that it impressed me very strongly now. Whether owing to the strangulation of the rope about him, or to the thoughts in him, his complexion, that I had observed to be of a clear olive, had changed to an indescribably ugly colour, which I can only speak of as an ashen green. It reminded me of the hue I once saw in the face of a dead sailor whose cheeks had been burnt to an almost chocolate tint by exposure in an open boat in the Indian Ocean. He turned his dark eyes upon me with a savage glare in

them of mutiny, malice, hatred, and so full of defiance withal, that but for the evil passions his countenance expressed you might have accepted his air as one of bitter and contemptuous pride. It was intolerable that he should think I had inspected him out of mere curiosity, which I saw from his manner he supposed; and since he would be too wild in his mind to interpret the sympathy which I am sure must have been visible in me—for, as I say, the sight of the poor bound fellow inexpressibly shocked and grieved me—I turned my back on him and walked right aft.

Broadwater left the mate and came up to me.

"That's true old North Country style, sir," he exclaimed, "to sit in the bight of the rigging over the pin under the lee of the bulwarks. I've been hove to in the North Sea, and sat for hours along with the rest of my mates, just as you've been a-sitting, waiting for what was to happen next."

"It is hard to find a corner to smoke in," said I, "on board a flush-decked vessel. Where there's a poop or a round-house, a man may discover a nook clear of the gale, and manage to keep the cinders in his bowl till the fire's all gone. Did you ever serve aboard a Dutchman, captain?"

"No, by thunder!" he answered; "what's put such a question as that into your head, sir?"

"Why," I said, "I notice that you have got one of your hands forward there seized to the foremast. The Dutch used to serve their rogues so—sometimes however going a little further than you, for to make sure of the fellow they'd pin him through the hand with a knife."

"You're keeping a bright look-out aboard this vessel, sir," he exclaimed, shooting an odd look at me out of his little eyes.

"My good fellow," I cried, "I should be blind not to see such a sight as that. What has he done? Murdered a shipmate?"

"Almost wish he had," he growled, "for that 'ud bring about the sort of treatment he wants. He's the man who spoke them words last night."

"Ha!" I exclaimed, "and for that you are dosing him with a spell of fresh air that he may go to his dinner with a good appetite?"

He left me under pretence of looking into the compass. I will not say that he was afraid of me, but I am quite sure that if it had not been for my talk with him in the morning, for the manner I then put on, and which I still wore, he would have dealt with me scarce less roughly and insolently than had I been one of his seamen. I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, looking away towards the horizon, below which and out of sight lay the line of the English coast, and felt myself urged by a very strong impulse to request him to head for the nearest port, and to put Miss Grant and myself ashore, as his behaviour to his men, though we were not yet twenty-four hours from Deal, had rendered us extremely uneasy, insomuch that we were resolved not to pursue the voyage in his ship. But I was again checked by the considerations which had occurred to me whilst talking on the subject with Miss Grant. He might refuse to comply, lose all control over himself in the notion that my intention was to ruin him, and so affront me that I should be at a loss how to act. I quite perceived that, unless I could be sure he would put us ashore, I should be acting unwisely in asking him to do so, for, if he persisted in sailing away with us, then whilst we remained on board his ship we should have to submit to any sort of usage he chose to give us. I stamped my foot on the deck with vexation and worry, and could have cursed the hour in which I had ever set eyes on the Iron Crown.

I had hoped when Miss Grant came on deck that the figure of the fellow bound to the mast would escape her attention, and was scheming to place her chair close against the wheel on

the port side where the man would be hidden from her ; but the instant she came out of the companion and looked forward she started violently, and exclaimed :

"Why have they bound him ? What has he done to deserve such a punishment as that ?"

"He is the man," I answered, "who cried out last night, 'It's murder !' when the captain ordered the boat to be kept fast."

"And they have tied him to the mast merely for uttering those words ?"

"Ay ! It's a bitter burning shame ; the indignity of this sort of punishment is the worst part of it."

"I shall ask Captain Broadwater to release him," she exclaimed, with the indignation in her surging up hot to her face and flashing in her eyes. "I shall tell him that the sight pains and disgusts me, and that he has no right to oblige his passengers to witness such painful and miserable spectacles."

Before I could check her she swept up to old Broadwater, and towering over him with such an air as Siddons would have worn in her tragedy parts, her face flushed, her eyes on fire, her head thrown backwards, she levelled her white forefinger at the half-blood, gazing meanwhile full into the crimson expanse of the skipper's countenance, and exclaimed, "What has that man done to merit the sufferings of mind and body he must be enduring there ?"

The captain was a broad and muscular man, but short ; and her erect, swelling, impassioned figure made him look like a boy by her side as he stared up at her. Her sudden dramatic accost took him completely by surprise. His countenance wore a ludicrous expression of bewilderment. He half turned towards the mate, as if to invoke his assistance, and then exclaimed in a hoarse stutter, "Why, mum, that there man—he's about the impudentest son of a swab—the long and short o't is, he as good as called me a murderer last night. Had he been a man-o'-war's man he'd have

been spread-eagled to the toon of twelve dozens for saying much less than that !"

I joined Miss Grant and offered her my arm ; for though no woman ever stepped a heaving deck more easily and gracefully than she, yet the slope now was sometimes so sharp as even to make Broadwater lurch, and I was afraid of her carrying away, to use the sea term, as she was quite forgetful, as I could see, in the temper and mood that then possessed her, of the tumbling of the platform on which she stood.

"The words," she exclaimed, "were no doubt forced from the man by a sudden impulse. Why did you hear them ? You would not punish a man for *thinking*."

"Yes I would, if I knew it," answered Broadwater, plucking up a bit, and yet looking uneasy too.

"You must release him, sir," she exclaimed ; "it is a sight that makes the whole ship painful and distressing to me."

"You cannot refuse the lady's request, captain," said I.

"But I can, though," he blustered ; "why, smother my precious eyes and bile every blooming limb that I own ! who's cap'n of this here craft ? Release him ! Certainly not. If the sight's too painful to view, the lady needn't look. An' what's there painful about it ? Why, some men would have chucked him into the forepeak, smothered him up down there in the blackness, with nothen but rats to keep him company, 'stead of benevolently sarving him as I do by suffering him to stop up in the fresh air for his shipmates to look at and meditate on. Mr. Musgrave," he suddenly exclaimed, in a bullying, angry voice, "I'll thank you to tell the lady that I'm the commander of this here vessel, and of everything that consarns her and her navigation ; and I shall feel obliged, sir, by your recollecting of that fact yourself, sir, for it 'll spare ye the trouble of cross-examining my chief-mate here, sir, as if you was a had-

miralty judge. No, by thunder! my name's Broadwater—Guy Broadwater—and I'm master of this vessel, and them there men forrard are my crew, and I'll thank you and the lady not to meddle with my consarns, but to be satisfied so long as I perform the part expected of me, which is, to carry you and this here cargo to Rio!" and feigning to be in a mighty temper he bowled away to the taffrail, and then came back again breathing hard and looking swiftly up and around him, with a fine air of injury, resentment, and righteous indignation, not ill-managed on his part, though—like the ghost of a squall—it was to be seen through.

There was no affectation in Miss Grant's pity and disgust. She lingered a little while on deck, and then went below to her cabin, declaring that she could not bear to see the man standing helpless and motionless, as if he were dead, suffering grievously as she feared from his posture, which rested the whole weight of him upon his naked feet, and from the many coils of rope which girt him so tautly and plentifully to the spar, that the mere sight of them made one draw one's breath with difficulty out of sheer sympathy with their suggestion of strangulation. The men at work in the rigging and about the decks did not give him the least heed that I could discover. I noticed one or two of them glance aft when Miss Grant spoke to the captain and pointed forward, but in a sulky, incurious way, as though what was passing had no interest whatever for them. This behaviour might have been due to the presence of the mate, whose rapid glances seemed to dart all over the brig in a breath, and who, as I had already observed, never suffered a man to halt for an instant in any job he was upon. No doubt his almost preternatural quickness in detecting the least hint of laziness or languor was already as well known to the men as if the vessel had been on the high seas a couple of months. Yet Miss Grant's speaking to the captain

about the pinioned half-blood was in its way an incident so far removed from all ordinary shipboard occurrences that the sullen inattention of the men to it impressed me greatly. If heavy troubles do not befall this ship ere long, thought I, it will not be because the spirit of mischief is wanting amongst her crew; and I sent a gloomy glance seawards in the direction where old England lay, feeling that I would not only gladly forfeit the passage-money I had paid, but ten times that amount over again, to find myself and Miss Grant once more safe and snug in London.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HALF-BLOOD IS RELEASED.

HOWEVER, since we were to be locked up with old Broadwater for a spell of weeks that might run into months, our policy was to put the best face we could upon our condition. But Miss Grant was not to be induced to return on deck whilst the man continued lashed to the foremast. I pointed out that he was not suffering as she fancied, that at all events he had not yet been pinioned long enough to be in pain, and I also begged her to remember that a posture and exposure which might strike her as a severe punishment would sit lightly upon a sailor, whose vocation is supposed to harden him into the most extraordinary capacity of endurance. But it would not do. She refused to quit the cabin until the man had been released, and so she remained below the whole day. Indeed I had some trouble to persuade her to dine at the table with the captain, though her good sense helped her in this at last; but throughout the meal she could scarcely bear to glance at him, scarcely endure to listen to him.

On his side he behaved as if he were willing to let bygones be bygones, as if indeed after careful consideration he was on the whole willing to overlook the past. His dinner put him into a good humour. It consisted

amongst other things of a large round of corned beef; and when the cabin-boy came staggering with it into the cabin, old Broadwater seemed so much impressed by the beauty of the joint that he lay back upon the locker, with a carving knife and fork sticking up out of his great fists, which he rested upon the table, and in this attitude remained motionless for some moments, as though his transport would not suffer him to move or speak. However, he probably judged by our faces that we were in no temper to listen to his eulogies of the joint. He carved with a countenance of rapture, and with an air of concern, too, as though the cutting up of such a dish as that was a business not to be lightly and irreverently approached.

It was necessary to talk to the man, so I said, "If this breeze holds I suppose we shall soon be swept out of soundings?"

"Yes," he answered, pouring out a caulk of rum, and holding up the glass to the skylight to see how much it held. "We shall be having the Lizard over our stern this time tomorrow, sir, if we keep all on as we are."

"Upon my word," said I, speaking somewhat heedlessly, out of the mere fulness of my thoughts just then, "so much has happened since the anchor was lifted off Deal that it seems as if we had been a week on the road already."

"What's happened?" he asked quickly. "It's all been plain sailing, hasn't it? There's been nothen that you as a passenger have had cause to grumble about?"

"The time seems long, anyhow," I responded curtly.

"It'll have to be longer yet afore it's ended," said he, turning his little eyes upon Miss Grant.

She had hitherto kept silent, scarce glancing at him: now she suddenly exclaimed, with a flash of her dark eyes full into his ruddy face, "When do you intend to release the unfortunate man you have fastened to the mast?"

He took a long pull at his glass of rum and water before answering her, and then said, "Not until I think the weather's had time to purge him."

"Is he to be kept there all day?" she continued.

"Ay, mum, and all night, too. Billy," addressing the cabin-boy, "jump with this here beef, my lad! away with it! if ye drop so much as a toothful of grease, stand by! and mind that the pudden's covered up as ye bring it along, and keep to leeward with it, d'ye hear? for there's a showering of spray to wind'ard now and again, and if you salt the pudden I'll salt *you*! The fact is, mum," he continued, addressing Miss Grant afresh, "there's no use in half-measures with sailors. We've got a crew aboard as wants riding down, and the man as needs it most is the yaller rogue you're a-pitying. Were the fellow an Englishman I don't know that I shouldn't consider a twelve hours' spell at the foot of the foremast as much as he deserves; but he's a half-and-half, and my experience is, the blacker the blood that runs in a man's veins the longer's the term of teaching he stands in need of."

"Is he to be kept without food?" she exclaimed.

"He is, mum," he answered cheerfully.

On this she rose and left the table without another word.

"What makes the lady so terribly sensitive to sailors' feelings?" exclaimed Broadwater, with as much puzzlement on him as his countenance could express. "I see she ain't married. Has she a sweetheart at sea? Unless maybe you——?" He shut one eye, and looked at me with the other.

"Never concern yourself about her or me either," said I. "Keep your mind clear, my friend, for you'll be wanting plenty of space presently for the thoughts your crew'll fill you with."

"What do you mean, sir?" he exclaimed coarsely and angrily.

"I mean this," I replied quietly, though my feelings were hot enough, "if you do not shift your course and head on another tack with your fore-castle, there'll be a mutiny aboard before we're a week older."

At this his little mouth rounded into a complete circle, the blood came into his face, down dropped the slab of pudding he was in the act of raising to his lips. "Mutiny!" he cried. "Mutiny aboard *me*! Mutiny afore another week's out! Why—why—why," he stammered, "what have ye been hearing of to put such fancies into your head?"

"I judge by my eyes, not by my ears," I replied, still coldly and very quietly, "though I don't doubt that a few minutes of listening at the fore-scuttle would convince me even more fully than my sight."

Just then the mate arrived, having been relieved by the boatswain that he might get his dinner.

"Mr. Bothwell! Mr. Bothwell?" cried Broadwater, whose face was of a dark crimson, "what d'ye think Mr. Musgrave here's been a-threatening? Why—why—why, that there 'll be a mutiny aboard *me* afore another week's out."

"Indeed!" answered the mate blandly, but nevertheless exhibiting his teeth in a smile that made his handsome face mighty malevolent while the grin lasted; "I hope not. On what does Mr. Musgrave found his fears, sir?"

"On the captain's and your usage of the men," said I, resenting the sarcastic air of the fellow.

"But what have Captain Broadwater and I done, sir, to justify this terrible apprehension on your part?"

"I want you to understand, Captain Broadwater," said I, not choosing to heed the mate's question, "that you and you alone are responsible for Miss Grant's and my safety. I now warn you that that safety is being seriously imperilled by your treatment of the crew of this brig. Indeed," I continued, suffering my temper to get

the better of me, "already the outlook of this voyage fills me with so much uneasiness that since we are still in the English Channel, and— with this wind—within a few hour's run of a port, Miss Grant and I are willing and desirous that you should set us ashore; the conditions being, of course, that we forfeit our passage-money."

Now I had fully believed that on my saying this he would have fallen into a violent passion, raged at and insulted me, defied me to compel him to head the ship for the coast, and so on. Instead, to my very great surprise, the blood faded out of his face; pale indeed he could not become, but the disorder of his mind manifested itself in a complexion that would answer to pallor in another man's countenance. He pushed his plate from him as though his appetite were gone for ever, and in a wonderfully subdued, changed voice, exclaimed, "Mr. Musgrave, sir, I beg that you'll banish that wish from your mind, sir. To set ye ashore would be my ruination. There's nothing in the world, that I can see, that need make ye uncomfortable. The cabins are roomy, the living up to the hammer, there's ne'er a stouter vessel afloat than the Iron Crown; and, though it's me as says so, there's no man living that Capt'n Guy Broadwater 'll yield to in the knowledge of navigating and handling a ship under all circumstances of wind and weather. There's nothen either in the behaviour of the crew, or in my treatment of 'em, to breed oneasiness. Indeed," he continued, speaking most abjectedly, "if the lady's really so consarned by the sight of that there Ernest Charles at the foremast, why, then, to please her I'll lubberate him in the second dog-watch, 'stead of keeping him there all night, as was my intention."

The mate ate his dinner with a wooden face.

"You can do as you please, Captain Broadwater," said I, rising. "I have not the slightest intention to meddle

with your notions of discipline. I simply desire to point out to you that your treatment of the crew is such as to render the prospects of the voyage very gloomy indeed, and if you will head the ship for some adjacent English port, Miss Grant and I will be very glad to leave her."

"I hope not, sir! I'd rather not, Mr. Musgrave!" he exclaimed, speaking and looking so dejectedly that I suspected his manner was to a large degree assumed. "To shift the helm in this here wind would be extremely awkward—extremely awkward; and it 'ud ruin my reputation as the master of a passenger-vessel if you was to give out the reasons of your leaving, which are all imagination, sir—the fancies of a gent as has long lost sight of the sailor's character, and forgot that if life was all soup and bully in the fo'k'sle there'd be no work done—no work done whatever!"

I caught one of the mate's swift glances; 'twas as full of malice as could well be packed into such a nimble roll. There was nothing more to be said, and in silence I quitted the cabin, satisfied with my second victory that day over Captain Broadwater; but at the same time also profoundly convinced that a five minutes' conversation with his mate would influence the old fellow into a resolution to keep me and Miss Grant on board at all hazards, trusting maybe to time to soften and extinguish the prejudice and dislike and misgivings we had not scrupled to express in one shape or another.

As Gordon had charge of the deck until four o'clock in the afternoon, I endeavoured to ascertain from him what the men thought of the captain's treatment of the half-blood; but he was very shy and wary, and I believe would not have conversed with me upon the subject at all had it not been for the sort of kindness our chat on the previous night had established between us. His reply was to the effect that the crew were cautious in what they said before him, but that

as far as he could gather, the securing of the man to the mast had raised a very strong feeling against the captain and mate; and he said he believed it was only because the culprit was a foreigner that they suffered him to remain in that posture of indignity and pain. "Had he been an Englishman," he added, "my opinion is that they'd have gone on cutting him adrift as fast as the capt'n could seize him up."

The fellow still stood at the mast, bound as I have already described. Thus he had been standing since some time before nine o'clock in the morning. Whether the crew had at any time of the day fed him or put a drink to his lips I could not know; but though it was not three o'clock in the afternoon when I made these observations, the man already—that is to say after seven hours or thereabouts—exhibited such signs of weakness and distress that one would have said he was merely kept upon his feet by the ropes round his body. I never longed in all my life for anything so heartily as for the power to cast the unhappy creature adrift and send him below for a warm meal; but I had spoken out freely and done my best, and more was not to be thought of, though I vowed in my heart, as I saw the unhappy creature wearily pass his hand over his eyes, and drop his chin on to his breast as if his neck could not support the burthen of his head, that if redress was to be obtained for him from such machinery of law as I might find flourishing at Rio I would not spare my purse to procure it.

The wind blew strong throughout the day. Indeed before six o'clock it had freshened into half a gale; the topgallant-sails had been furled, and the brig swept roaring through it under reefed topsails and foresail. The height of the seas which chased us might have made a man think himself in the middle of the Atlantic. Each billow rolled under us with the weight of the ocean surge, and it was hard to realize that we were still in the narrow waters. The sky had settled

into that high, hard stratification of greenish-gray cloud, with a dark streak in places, compact and apparently motionless, which nearly always signifies wind, and as a rule plenty of it. The brig steered wildly, and the perspiration poured from the face of the man at the helm as he swung to the wheel, putting it down and up, whilst every floating rush of the fabric off the liquid brows brought the seas boiling about her quarters, till the curl of the yeast there would sometimes be flush with the rail. At sunset the wildness of the glory was more like the rising of the luminary on a stormy December morning, when the heavens open and shut with snow-squalls, than his descent on a summer's night. The heavens flushed to a furnace-glow—an angry, smoking crimson, lightening into pink zenithwards, and thence floating away in rose into the very heart of the east. But the sea kept its dark green colour, and the run of its frothing peaks from one shining line to another made the glow of the firmament as startling as an unreality by the contrast.

Miss Grant remained in the cabin. At the meal called by the captain "supper" I had begged her to come on deck, telling her that Broadwater (and I fixed my eyes on him as I spoke) had promised to free the man during the second dog-watch.

"When he is released I will go on deck, Mr. Musgrave," she said, "but not before. Such a sight is more than I can bear, and indeed it is miserable enough to be down here and feel that the man is still suffering."

"He isn't suffering, mum," said Broadwater; "he'd laugh at you for supposin' it. The calling of the sea turns sailors' skins into hides, and their feelings into horns. If it didn't there'd be no seamen left, for they'd all die off of consumption and other delicate complaints. I've told Mr. Musgrave that to accommodate you the man shall be lubberated in the second dog-watch, and that means eight bells; and obliged he ought to

be, for by thunder! mistress, if it hadn't been for the consarn you're under about him I'd have kept him there till eight o'clock in the first watch to-morrow morning!"

Well, by remaining below she missed not only a fine and wondrous scene of sundown, but as gallant and stirring a sea-piece as it was ever my fortune to view. For whilst the sun, hidden as he was, hung, as I might suppose, some four or five degrees above the horizon, a cloud of canvas loomed up almost dead astern. The brig was swarming through it at not less than eight or nine knots, and yet here was a ship growing out of the olive-coloured welter as though in very truth she was the rising moon. She was a large black American clipper, fresh from the Thames, with canvas white as cotton, and she had every cloth abroad, with the exception of her mizen-royal and her fore and main skysails. The press was prodigious; one looked to see the great, swelling, soft white fabric flashing into a thousand fragments, and melting away upon the roar of the gale like snow-flakes. Her speed was not less than fifteen knots in the hour; I judged it so by comparing her approach with our progress. All forward she was smothered to the spritsail-yard; but at irregular intervals she shot her long black shape clear of the dazzle and fury about her bows, but only to smite the trough with a blow that hurled up a very storm of white waters, until you would have taken her to be a ship sweeping through the first gatherings of a waterspout. She passed us close, flying along as though we were at anchor, and her passage was that of a thunderstorm for the sound of the gale in her canvas, for the rain-like hissing all about her sides, and for the multitudinous shrieking of the wind in her rigging, resonant as fiddle-strings to the enormous strain put upon every shroud, backstay, and brace.

Broadwater gazed at her with an inimitable air of astonishment. I saw him looking up at his own canvas, and

then over the stern of the brig at the wake there, as though he could not persuade himself that the great clipper yonder carried the same weight of wind under which the Iron Crown was staggering. In a few minutes her elliptical stern was upon us, with swift upward heavings of the gleaming gilt-work upon it, till the letters of her name showed glaring over her rudder, and with flying plunges and slow majestic rollings, the stately fabric swept onwards with the gloom into the west, until presently she was as visionary in the liquid obscurity ahead as the creaming of the seas there.

On eight bells being struck, Broadwater, who was standing near the wheel, bawled out, "Mr. Gordon, cast that there Ernest Charles adrift from the foremast, and tell him to lay aft!"

I wondered what the captain meant to say to the unfortunate wretch, whose long punishment certainly did not need the topping off of a round of abuse; but finding he did not appear, I crossed the deck and observed a group of seamen collected at the foot of the mast. On approaching I saw the figure of the half-blood prone upon his back.

"What ails the man, Mr. Gordon?" said I; "has he fainted?"

"It's exhaustion, I allow," he answered.

"He's been belayed too taut—enough to prize his heart out of its moorings," exclaimed one of the sailors in a gruff voice.

"There's a flask of brandy in my cabin," I exclaimed. "Where's the boy? He'll find it."

At this moment the mate arrived. "What's the trouble now?" he called out in his shrill, fierce voice.

"Charles is in a swoon," responded the boatswain.

The mate bent his back, and looked into the face of the prostrate man. The twilight was still abroad, but the gloom of the night, darkened yet by the shadow of vapour that overspread the sky, was fast deepening, and it

was already difficult to distinguish objects.

"Up you get!" shouted the mate, suddenly springing erect, with a sharp kick at the recumbent form. "There's no shamming allowed aboard this brig. Up with you! Up with you!"

He kicked him again and yet again, and then, as fiercely as a madman would throw himself upon another, clutched the man about the collar, and ran his back against the foremast sheer on to his feet.

I expected to see him fall, but whether he was actually shamming, as the mate declared, or had been brought to by Mr. Bothwell's kicks and handling, he opened his eyes and kept his feet, though he swayed against the mast, and I do not doubt would have fallen but for the support of it.

"Aft with you!" cried the mate; "the captain wants a word with you before you go below."

"He'd better be helped aft," said the boatswain; "small wonder if he should have lost the use of his legs."

"Aft with you!" persisted the mate.

The inhumanity of the fellow was maddening. "Murder him at once!" I cried; "it would be kinder!"

The mate did not answer, did not even look round at me. One of the sailors muttered something; I did not catch the words, but the growl had a very ugly note in it. The half-blood made a step, reeled, and fell heavily. I walked aft sick at heart, but ere I had made a few paces I heard the mate exclaim, "Take him below, then, take him below!" and passing me he joined the captain, and they fell to pacing the deck together.

The night was damp, and the force of the wind put an edge of cold into it. There was nothing to court Miss Grant on deck nor to detain me there; so I spent the rest of the evening with her in the cabin, though conversation after a time grew somewhat laborious, owing to the dismal creakings and groanings in the heart of the hull as

it strained from hollow to summit, and groaned again to the stormy sweep of the blast into the iron-hard canvas aloft. I told my companion that the half-blood had been freed and taken below, but said nothing about the brutality of the mate nor the condition the man appeared in, whether actual or affected, when released from the mast.

And indeed I do not know that I should have entered so closely into these particulars, but for the obligation I am under to exhibit the causes which led to the extraordinary adventures I shall have to relate before I bring this narrative to a conclusion. At the same time, as pictures of the sea-life are so seldom attempted, and as the secret history of the merchant-sailor is so little understood, I cannot but think it proper that all forms of the vocation, whether sunny or sombre, whether elevating or debasing, should, in the interests of the mariner, be described by those who have an acquaintance with the calling, and who are able to plainly write down their recollections and experiences. I am happy to know that many of the old forms of inhumanity on shipboard are extinct, or fast decaying; yet enough survives to render, I am sorry to say, even such a sketch as I have attempted true in many respects of much that happens in the sailing-ship of to-day. The coarse, unprincipled skipper still flourishes; mates of the Bothwell pattern still are to be found in plenty; and though the condition of the sailor has been improved and fortified by laws which had no existence in the days of which I am writing, his grievances yet remain sufficiently abundant to render even a recurrence to the usages and practices of half a century ago useful to him at the present moment as much that continues habitual to his hard, toilsome, hazardous, and unrepresented vocation. But to proceed.

The wind blew fresh all that night, and did not fail us until we had put twenty leagues between us and the

Scilly Islands. It then fell light and drew ahead, and forced us upon a bow-line, and for twenty-four hours we were staggering most abominably upon a long swell, with a true Biscayan sweep in the run of it; wrinkled with the wind, but foamless; swollen enough to fetch a harsh voice of small ordnance from the canvas that it swayed into violent slaps against the masts, and into short blasts like explosions with the sudden rounding-out of the cloths. Affairs on board seemed to run during this while pretty smoothly. I saw the half-blood named Charles at work on the day following the night of his release, and I do not know that old Broadwater made further trouble of the matter for which the fellow had been punished. The notion, or perhaps the hope rather, grew in me that he meant to soften somewhat his truculent treatment of the men. I had indeed spoken very plainly, and I took it that he had turned my words over in his mind when he was not too fuddled with liquor to think coherently, and had determined not to put it in my power to create a difficulty for him at Rio or on his return home. The mate, too, seemed disposed to quiet down, as if he had got his cue from the captain. It is true that he could never hail a man aloft, or call him when on deck, without an exasperating note of quite unnecessary temper in the fling of his voice. But it seemed to me as if he was no longer incessantly on the look-out for something to fly in a rage over. I suspected however that both he and Broadwater moderated their behaviour only when Miss Grant and I were on deck. At all events the ship's work seemed to be carried on without much fret and jar; yet, whether it was because the old sailorly instincts in me sharpened my sympathies, or because I feared that the conduct of the captain and his mate had already raised a devil forward, which even the quieter bearing of such men as they was not likely to lay, I confess I could never look at the crew without seeming sensible of

an indefinable air amongst them which I can best convey by speaking of it as a sort of morose uneasiness.

Broadwater, I am bound to say, showed no sulkiness towards us for our plain speaking and dealing. You would have thought there had been no trouble whatever between us had you heard him praising the meals at table, bragging of his old experiences, boasting of his brig as though she was the loveliest frigate then afloat, and so forth. As to the mate, we gave him so wide a berth that often a whole day passed without our exchanging a sentence with him. The only companionable creature aboard was Gordon, in whose quarter-deck walk I was always glad to join when the night came round that gave him the first watch as we call it at sea—that is, from eight to twelve. Naturally Miss Grant and I were very much together. This, to be sure, was unavoidable; but I own that I would get a bit troubled in my mind when, after turning in and extinguishing the lamp, I found my imagination haunted by her fine eyes, her noble figure, and above all by a certain sweetness in the tone of her voice that would at all times, long after she was silent, linger upon my ear like a memory of glad and gentle music. I sometimes said to myself, Suppose I fall in love with her? It would be impossible to conceive of a more inconvenient passion. It was idle to argue with myself and pretend that I need not fall in love with her

unless I chose. Reason might talk very soberly about such a thing, but my instincts knew better. In short, not being able to make sure of myself in this direction, I arrived at the conclusion that I had acted as a fool in consenting to lock myself up in a small brig with a handsome woman whose heart was another's, and to the fascination of whose person and manners I was expected to oppose as immovable a countenance as old Broadwater's. Had there been other passengers we might have made shift, for considerable intervals at all events, to manage without one another's company; but we were alone—a condition of the voyage I cannot say I had seriously contemplated or even lightly thought of before embarking on this adventure—and the result was we were incessantly together. I had purchased a chess-board and a pack or two of cards, and when the deck bored us, or the weather there was uncomfortable, we would sit down and play a game in the cabin; and I say it was difficult for me to be hour after hour and day after day encountering her spirited, sparkling glances, watching her smiles, listening to her graceful fancies, observing the fifty fascinating elegancies of her posture and movements, without thinking a very great deal more about her when I was alone, and perhaps even when I was in her company, than my honour could approve or my judgment understand.

(To be continued.)

A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST, AND HIS WORK.

"THE bitter regret caused by the disappearance of him who has just left us is softened by the consoling thought that he has accomplished his task, and at the same time has smoothed for us the path that we have to traverse. Fortified by this thought let each of us resume our labour and continue our work, inspired by the example that he has given us, remembering that he who is no more was just, devoted, hardworking up to the last hour, and that to be worthy of him it suffices to exert all our efforts to try to imitate him."

Such were the words lately spoken over the open grave of one whom we have styled a Practical Philanthropist, and of whose life and labours we propose to give a brief account.

Jean Baptist André Godin was born at Esquéhéries in the Department of l'Aisne, France, on January 26th, 1817. He was the son of a locksmith, and lived with his father until it became necessary for him to earn his own living, with a view to which he was presently apprenticed to the higher branches of the metal-trade. Life in a little country village was naturally uneventful, but M. Godin has himself left records by which we see that the youth amidst his humble associations and arduous employments was imbued with the loftiest aspirations and ambitions.

In due course he made the usual tour through the workshops of France, and was, as he tells us, much struck by the want of social harmony which prevailed, by the manifest injustice and inequalities of the wage-system, and by many other practical difficulties which throw themselves in the path of most thinkers.

In spite of the exhaustive hours of labour which usually fell to his lot—

often from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m.—he found time to examine all the popular theories of social development, but could never obtain thorough satisfaction till he investigated those of Saint-Simon and Fourier. He remained an ardent disciple of Fourier to the last, although matured experience led him to modify to a very great extent many of the principles imbibed in early youth from that writer.

In 1837 he returned to his father's house, where he worked until 1840, when he married and set up an establishment of his own. On commencing a new industry, namely the manufacture of stoves from iron castings instead of from sheet iron, he removed to Guise, where he established a small factory. This was in 1846, and we find him then in a position to give employment to about thirty workmen. Having previously examined the great social questions from the worker's standpoint, he was now able to consider them from the point of view of the capitalist.

By continued inventions and incessant care he greatly developed his business, and devoted a large proportion of his profits to the amelioration of the condition of his workmen. This he attempted by gradual improvements, such as lessening the hours of labour, and encouraging the establishment of a provident society against cases of sickness, to which he subscribed nearly as much as the whole of the workmen combined, while he left the management under their own control. He divided his men into sections, and paid them on different days, thereby abolishing the system of fortnightly orgies which formerly took place on pay-days.

His liberal good sense, love of fairness, and true human sympathy, however, told him that the natural feeling

of antagonism between labour and capital cannot be abolished by temporary concessions, but by making the sons of toil see that their employers are actuated in all things by the sentiment of justice. His ideal was that of Louis Blanc: "Work according to ability, compensation according to need." The ideal is doubtless a grand one, but Godin recognised that the imperfection of human nature is such that it can never reach that ideal, since so inviting a field for laziness is opened by the latter clause. He firmly believed, however, in the Saint-Simonian theory, "Every one should live by his labour," and acted up to the Saint-Simonian formula, "To each one according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its productions." Communism, as he imagined it, was Socialism matured, not Socialism run mad.

Matters continued to prosper with Godin until the revolution of 1848, and the accession to power of Louis Napoleon. Godin escaped the tribulation which then overtook the Socialistic thinkers of France, but many of his fellow-labourers were forced to fly the country. Some of them established a colony in Texas, to which he subscribed a third of his whole capital. The scheme collapsed, and Godin lost his money; but, instead of being disheartened and discouraged, he set himself to work harder than ever to make up for his loss. New inventions and improvements resulted from his efforts; he took out no less than fourteen new patents, increased his factory at Guise, and established a branch at Laeken, near Brussels.

The great dream of his life was to combine an Industrial Partnership with an Associated Home, and after years of patient study and thought he developed and perfected a scheme by which he was able to solve completely the problems which had baffled the aspirations of all the social thinkers before his day.

He did not consider that there was anything benevolent about industrial partnerships; as Mr. Holyoake after-

wards observed, they were to him nothing but better business arrangements. After the employer had valued his whole capital and plant, and set aside a certain percentage of profit as their just recompense, the remainder was to be equitably distributed amongst all, according to their abilities and performances. In ordinary business arrangements the tie between employer and employed is made binding or otherwise only by slavish or selfish considerations, such as the fear of losing a situation, or the hope of obtaining a better one. Industrial partnership, which, as Jevons remarks, is only a form of payment by results, appeals directly to the strongest motive for human action, self-interest; besides strengthening and confirming that goodwill which must exist between employer and employed, if their mutual relation is to be anything more than a sordid bargain on both sides. Lord Derby in a speech made at Liverpool in 1869, said: "It is a natural and not unreasonable wish for every man to form that he should have some interest in and some control over the work on which he is employed. It is human nature, I think, that a man should like to feel that he is a gainer by any extra industry that he may put forth, and that he should like to have some sense of proprietorship in the shop, or mill, or whatever it may be, in which he passes his days." Godin thought all this and more, and acted accordingly. He was at first prevented by law from making the concern a real association such as he desired, but was obliged to remain at the head of the business; hence arose his great anxiety as to what would be the result at his death. He knew that human institutions are liable to so many contingencies, and he also knew by bitter experience that a man's foes are often those of his own household: he was therefore exceedingly careful in all his arrangements, and made his plans so well that his spirit permeates the whole establishment, and there is every reason to believe

that his institution will remain as a permanent monument to his name. Zeal is rewarded and the lack of it punished, so that each member of the partnership is kept continually alive to the fact that his duty and interest are one.

The laws promulgated by the founder open with a declaration of principles, of which the fundamental one is: "It is the essential duty of society and of every individual so to regulate their conduct as to produce the greatest possible benefits to humanity, and to make this the constant object of all their thoughts, words and actions."

The part of his scheme which lay nearest to his heart was the Associated Home, to which he gave the names of Familistère and Social Palace, both of which it fully deserves. He held that intellectual and moral life is bound up with material life, and that life is imperfect and incomplete unless man possesses all that is necessary for the wants of the body, as only then can he exist in the fulness of his faculties and being. Many millions of our fellow-creatures have never known what it is to sleep in decently ventilated or appointed rooms, to eat properly cooked food, to enjoy cheerful, social intercourse, and we cannot wonder that the miserable character of their physical life causes the deterioration of their moral nature. Just as isolated savage hordes have become united by the drawing together of social relations and the sentiment of national sympathy, so he proposed joining together segregated dwellings into one vast association. The Social Palace was to be not only a better shelter for the workman than the isolated home; it was also to be an instrument for his well-being, his individual dignity and progress. Not an improved tenement house, not a group of small workmen's houses, not a show place to blazon forth the benevolence of the founder; but a real, true, united home, where sociality could be obtained without the loss of privacy.

In 1859, when the foundation of the east wing of the building was laid, the scheme was an experiment, and the capital available was only sufficient to carry out a portion of the plan; but year by year additions were made, until in 1879 the whole structure, capable of accommodating about eighteen hundred persons, and so arranged that it can be easily enlarged, was completed at a total cost of something like sixty thousand pounds.

The Familistère, with the foundries, workshops, and all the accompanying buildings, occupies a space of about fifteen acres on both sides of the Oise. The dwelling-houses, three in number, are in the form of hollow parallelograms, in the midst of each of which is a large, glass-roofed court. Each building consists of four stories, and they are all connected on each story. Under the whole structure are cellars, subdivided so as to be used as storehouses, and passages for the purpose of ventilation. All the division walls, which are built at distances of ten *mètres* apart, run from roof to foundation, as a protection in case of fire. The entrance doors, which turn easily on pivots in the middle and close with springs, are put up in the winter and removed in the summer. The stairs are semi-circular, so that the children may ascend easily on the broad portions, while adults can take the inside or narrow parts. On each story, round the central courts, are galleries, protected by balustrades so close that children cannot put their heads through, and so high as to prohibit climbing over.

In choosing a home the first consideration with a labouring man is that of price, so the rooms are arranged in such a manner that a single man or a family may hire one, two, or any number, according to means, merely paying for the number of square feet occupied. Two rooms and a closet occupying a little more than two hundred square feet may be had at prices varying from about 6s. 7d. to 8s. 7d. a month. To show that the plan was

not meant as benevolence, M. Godin himself occupied apartments in the Familistère, as do all the heads of departments.

There are ten different entrances to the building, so that as much privacy in coming and going can be obtained as in a town, far more than in a village. The halls are lighted all night, presenting the appearance of well-lit streets. There are schools and a nursery, baths and wash-houses, a theatre, a library, groves and gardens, shops for all sorts of commodities, choral societies, bands, and provision for all kinds of rational enjoyment and improvement both physical and mental. The public portions of the buildings are kept scrupulously neat and clean; tenants of apartments please themselves as to the order in which they are kept, but it is significant to note that after removing to the Familistère families nearly always buy a stock of new furniture. The sanitary arrangements are excellent. The central halls are kept constantly supplied with fresh air, and in hot weather the courts are watered. Huge reservoirs on the top of the building feed fountains on each landing, and the supply of water is so ample that its consumption averages five gallons a head daily. The dust-holes are emptied daily and the closets cleaned three times a day. Invalids and children are allowed the gratuitous use of hot and cold baths.

The whole structure represents Fourier's phalanx in most respects, but differs from it in two important particulars: (1) The power of the head, which Godin could not help; (2) The absence of agriculture, which he greatly regretted. The industries are iron, copper, sugar, and chicory factories.

Next to his belief in the dignity of labour, the strongest feeling in Godin's mind was probably his love of children. The provisions made for their comfort and training are perfect. His loving care for them commenced at their birth. There is at the Familistère a nursery where the little ones are

attended to by carefully selected nurses who do their duty so well that visitors declare there is absolutely no crying! The good health and consequent vitality produced by the careful regard for their welfare are such that the little ones seem constantly happy and contented. They are taught to wait without crying when awake till their turn comes for attention; to eat in their turn; to stand up and walk about in a little gallery; to obey the nurses; to go to sleep without crying. Rocking is completely abolished, and their comfort is greatly enhanced by beds of dried bran, which are renewed as occasion demands. At about two years of age they are removed to the first Mother's School or Pouponnat. There they are taught cleanliness, to sing and march, to sing the alphabet and numbers up to one hundred, to draw on slates, and to play in the gardens without damaging the flowers or shrubs. The next stage is the second Mother's School or Bambinat, where simple object lessons are given, the suggestions for which are taken mostly from the systems of Froebel and Madame Pape-Carpentier. At the age of six they are generally ready for the Primary Schools, of which there are three, and where they are educated until they reach the age of thirteen. Afterwards those who are considered likely to reap benefit therefrom are put into the Supplementary School, or Upper Course.

That the education provided is considerably above the average of that usually received by the children of working men will appear from the following statement. In 1886, one hundred and thirty-one candidates from the Canton of Guise were publicly examined for the "Certificate of Study" of whom twenty-one were from the Familistère. The total number of certificates gained was one hundred and five, twenty of which fell to the Familistère candidates. Thus out of a population of about twenty thousand

the whole of the canton received one hundred and five certificates, while the Familistère with one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight inhabitants obtained twenty. The percentage is more than double, and it must be recollected that this only shows the result of the education in the Primary Schools.

In summer the children receive practical instruction in gardening and botany, and at all times are allowed free access to portions of the gardens. Education is free but compulsory, and parents whose children are kept from school are fined for each day of non-attendance. The children are early taught the use of the franchise; they elect by vote from amongst themselves a council whose duty it is to maintain order out of school. Two festivals are held yearly at the Familistère, that of Labour in May, that of Childhood in September. At the former, rewards are given for special industry and improvement; at the latter, prizes for progress are awarded, and specimens of the children's work exhibited. Thus among seniors and juniors emulation is kept constantly at work with most beneficial results.

At the end of their school-life boys are apprenticed gratuitously, and paid for all work done. Orphans are adopted, and maintained free as long as necessary. The numbers of the school in 1885 were five hundred and fifty-five.

The Association was not properly registered until 1880, although shares had been previously put to the credit of workers. Before the legal constitution of the Association the whole construction might have collapsed in the event of Godin's death. Now his heirs receive half the income secured to the capital held by him when he died, all the rest of the profits go to raise the position of the workmen. The statutes of the Association consist of (1) A statement of principles. (2) Laws regulating mutual relations and interests, (3) Special Rules relating to mutual assurances, (4) In-

ternal Regulations; the whole forming, in Godin's words, "a true code of labour."

The total amount of capital put into the Association was 184,000*l.*, bearing interest at five per cent. per annum. The share of profit accruing to the members is not payable in cash; it goes towards paying out the founder, and placing the workers, year by year, more and more in his place. He anticipated that in less than twenty years the whole of the works and buildings would be the property of the workmen, and it will presently be seen that he was below the mark in his estimate of the probable benefits to them. His own salary as Administrator-General was originally twelve per cent. of the net profits, but he stated his intention of accepting less, as men capable of assuming posts of responsibility came to the front. He kept his word, and in the last year of his life his salary was four per cent. of the profits.

In order to encourage industry, thrift, and zeal, a system of promotions to worthy members was established. After three years' membership a man, if resident in the Familistère, is eligible to become a Sociétaire with extra privileges. After five years' service, and an accumulation of 20*l.* capital, he may be an Associé with the right to receive double bonus. If he prove a man of exceptional capacity, he has a chance of becoming one of the Committee of Management, to whom is reserved an extra bonus of from nine to twelve per cent. on the net profit. A comparison of the number of profit-sharers in 1882 and 1887 will show the working of this admirable arrangement.

	1882.	1887.
Full Members (Associés) . . .	3	93
2nd Class (Sociétaires) . . .	0	209
3rd „ (Participants) . . .	571	491
4th „ (Intéressés) . . .	153	234

It would be tedious to trace the financial progress up to the present time; but a few extracts from the last Balance Sheet of the Association

(September, 1887) will give a fair notion of the results attained.

The accumulated Assurance Fund amounts to 34,275*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*, and during the year 5,475*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* was spent in pensions to aged, assistance to sick, temporary assistance to families, and education. From these figures Godin concludes that "it would be much more easy for our governors (if only they were so disposed) to efface misery in France, than it has been for me to efface it from your ranks."

The gross proceeds during the year were :

	£	s.	d.
Sales at Guise and Laeken . .	148,657	3	5
Rent of Familistère	4,094	4	3
Sales in Stores	18,136	11	8
	£170,887	19	4

The net profit was 31,230*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*, from which the following deductions had to be made :

	£	s.	d.
Depreciations	10,120	4	9
Education	1,181	16	3
Wages of Capital	9,200	0	0
Cost of Direction at Laeken . .	167	4	10
Profits among purchases at Stores	829	14	7
	£21,499	0	5

The net divisible balance was therefore 9,731*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*, of which M. Godin took four per cent., one per cent. was paid for the maintenance of scholars in State Schools, two per cent. as rewards for useful inventions, and the whole of the remainder distributed amongst the members as accumulation of share-capital. The total amount repaid to M. Godin by accumulation of shares has been 110,140*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*, more than five-ninths of the whole share-capital.

No wonder that Godin felt proud of his work. In 1886 a writer in the "Spectator" having said that Godin had not touched the fringe of the social problem, he replied, in a letter to the "London Courier": "I believe that when a chief of industry has by association bestowed on a working population of about two thousand persons ease, well-being, and relative

comfort; when by this association he has extended the benefits of mutuality, care and assistance during sickness, and pensions for old age to all the workers who are auxiliaries of the establishment; when he has suppressed misery around himself; I believe that he has taken a great step towards the solution of the social problem, by furnishing an example which it is sufficient to imitate and generalise."

The organization of Industrial Interests in the Association is chiefly vested in the Committee of Management, or Administrative Council, which is chosen by universal suffrage. This Council meets twice a week; once for consultations on business connected with the Industrial Partnership, and questions relating to the work in the factories; and once to discuss any points which may call for attention in the Associated Home, such as food supply. Sub-committees are appointed to over-see the various departments, and the stores are under the control of an officer called the *économiste*. All the shops deal wholesale through him, and each presents to him its separate account of receipts and expenditure, which is carefully checked and balanced every week. Various societies, each having its own committee and rules, and each quite independent of the Administrative Council, have charge of different parts of the social economy such as education, sanitation, music, and the clubs and library.

There is a Council of Criticism elected by the members, whose duty is to discover and prevent breaches of discipline and order. On the commission of the first offence, a notice signed by this Council is either sent to the offender's lodging, or posted publicly without the culprit's name. On the second offence the offender is mulcted in a fine which goes to the general fund, and the notice, now bearing his name, is posted for a time varying with the gravity of the crime. In the event of a third offence, the Council have power to inflict further punishment, or even to dismiss the

offender from the Association. This power never needs to be exerted, as the shame of public exposure is a sufficient deterrent : since the opening of the Familistère there has not been a single police case !

Mr. E. O. Greening, who visited Guise in 1884, gives details showing that up to that time each man had on an average gained 100% by five years of work, besides having received his regular wages all the time. He also submits examples of cases in which those who had received rewards for exceptional services, or who had been elected as members of the Administrative Council, had saved far greater sums.

It needs no second glance to see that the workers in M. Godin's factories enjoy what to most mechanics would seem a paradise on earth. By the careful provision for orphans, invalids, and the aged, all anxiety for the future is removed, and that cruel pinching which goes by the name of prudential foresight is rendered unnecessary. Instead of being spread over a space of two or three square miles, their habitations are so placed that an immense gain is made both in time and convenience : they can live, work, visit each other, attend to domestic affairs, do their shopping, and perform all the ordinary avocations of life in all weathers without going from under cover. Since their shops retail the goods at such a price as barely to pay expenses, there is as much facility for the poor as for the rich to lay out their money to good advantage. Their children are well educated without cost, never neglected, always well dressed and neat. Everything in connection with the establishment tends to give honour and dignity to work, and to emancipate the worker.

Arduous as were M. Godin's daily labours, and incessant as were his cares for the welfare of those around him, he found time to interest himself in national politics, and was elected a Member of the General Council of his Department. He was Mayor of Guise during the Franco-Prussian War, and in 1871 was elected Deputy to the National Assembly. He wrote several books on social questions, and in 1878 established a journal, "*Le Devoir*", which he conducted till his death.

Having seen the desires of his heart fulfilled at Guise, he had just made up his mind to introduce the same blessings elsewhere, and had announced his intention to found a Familistère at Laeken, when illness seized him, and he expired quite unexpectedly, January 16th, 1888. On the 22nd, the whole population of the Social Palace, about eighteen hundred persons, bathed in tears, followed to the tomb the body of their benefactor and friend.

The Articles of Association gave him the power to name his successor, but he had not done so, preferring to leave everything to the good sense of those whom he had elevated : it is, therefore, satisfactory to learn that these almost unanimously elected his widow, who is now Administrator-General of the Association.

"The seed of the ideas so profusely scattered from his rich intelligence has not been lost, but has already fructified in men's hearts and consciences." So says "*Le Devoir*" in announcing the death and funeral of this truly great man, and that it may be so, all who have studied his work will unite in hopefully breathing.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

W. T. KNIGHT.

DR. JOHNSON'S FAVOURITES.

IN Johnson's famous circle of friends were two young men whose names come often in the pages of his biographer, of brilliant minds indeed, but who did absolutely nothing of moment in the world, and whom nevertheless the world regards benignantly for the sake of the love they gave and received from the great man. The mild-hearted, portentous old vision of Johnson seems never so complete and gracious as when attended by these two, above all things else Johnsonians. When the doors swing ajar at the Turk's Head in Gerard Street, in shadowy London; when the "unclubbable" Hawkins strides over the threshold, and Hogarth goes by the window with his large nod and smile; when Chamier is there reading, Goldsmith posing in purple silk small-clothes, Reynolds fingering his trumpet, stately Burke and little brisk Garrick stirring the punch in their glasses, and Dr. Johnson rolling about in his chair of state, saying something prodigiously humorous and wise, it is still Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerk who most give the scene its human, genial lustre, standing behind him, arm in arm. Between him and them was deep and long affection, and the little we know of them has a right to be more for his sake.

Born in 1741, of good family, Bennet Langton as a Lincolnshire lad had read "The Rambler", and conceived the purest enthusiasm for its author. He came to London on the ideal errand of seeking him out, and, thanks to Levett, met the idol of his imagination. Despite the somewhat staggering circumstances of Johnson's attire,—for he had rashly presupposed a stately, fastidious, and well-mannered figure,—he paid his vows of fealty, and endeared himself to his new friend for ever. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1757 at

the age of sixteen. The Doctor followed his career at the University with kindly interest, writing to Langton's tutor,—“I see your pupil: his mind is as exalted as his stature”. He even went down to Oxford to visit his votary, and there, for the first time, came across a part of his destiny in the shape of that strange bird, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, then a handsome scapegrace of eighteen. Johnson shook his head, and wondered at the odd juxtaposition of this Lord of Misrule with the “evangelical goodness” of his admirable Langton. The knowledge that veneration for himself and ardent perusal of his writings had first brought them together, mollified the sapient Doctor; but something more personal yet set Beauclerk for ever in the great man's good graces. Like Langton he was well-bred, urbane, of excellent natural parts, a critic, a student, and a wit. An only son, he was born in 1737, and named after that Topham of Windsor who left a splendid collection of paintings and drawings to his father, Lord Sydney Beauclerk, the third son of the first Duke of St. Alban's. Young Beauclerk, with his aggravating flippancy, his sharp sense, his quiver full of jibes, time-wasting, money-wasting, foregone as Satan and his pomps to his sweet-natured college companion, struck the Doctor in his own political weak spot. The likeness to Charles the Second was enough to disarm Johnson at the very moment when he was calling up his most austere frown: it was enough to turn the vinegar of his wrath to the milk of kindness. No odder or sincerer testimony could he have given to his inexplicable liking for that royal scapegrace, than that he allowed the latter's great-grandson to tease him and tyrannize over him during an entire lifetime. It is not so given to

every man in the flesh to attest his allegiance. Mr. Topham Beauclerk literally bewitched Dr. Samuel Johnson: the stolid English moralist enraptured with the antics of a Jack-a-lantern! He allowed his pranks and quibbles, rejoiced in his taste and literary learning, admired him indiscreetly, followed his whims meekly, expostulated with him almost against his traitorous impulses, and clung to him to the end in perfect fondness and faith. Bennet Langton was a mild young visionary, humane, tolerant, and generous in the extreme; modest and contemplative, averse to dissipation; a perfect talker, a perfect listener, with a smile, sweet as a child's, which lives yet among his kindred on the canvas of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was six feet six inches tall, slenderly built, and apt to stoop from old habits of bookishness. The ladies sat about him in drawing-rooms, said Edmund Burke, like maids around a Maypole! Beauclerk had more gaiety and grace, and domineered every one he knew by sheer force of high spirits. His faults were all on the surface, and easy to be forgiven for the sake of his genuine worth. It was he who most troubled the good Doctor, he for whom he suffered in silence, with whom he wrangled: he whose insuperable taunting promise, never reaching any special development, vexed and disheartened him; yet, perhaps because of these very things, though Bennet Langton was infinitely more to his mind, it was Absalom, once again, whom the old fatherly heart loved best.

Miss Hawkins, in her *Memoirs*, says: "Were I called on to name the person with whom Johnson might have been seen to the fairest advantage, I should certainly name Mr. Langton". His deferent, suave manner was the best possible foil to the Doctor's extraordinary explosions. He had supreme self-command: no one ever saw him angry; and in most matters of life, as an exact contrast to his beloved friend Beauclerk, apt to take things a shade too seriously.

He was rather inert, mentally and physically, having, moreover, that "rarer quality than any which commands success". He wrote, in 1760, a little book of essays entitled "*Rustics*", which never got beyond the passivity of manuscript. He fulfilled beautifully, adds Miss Hawkins, "the pious injunction of Sir Thomas Browne, 'to sit quietly in the soft showers of Providence', and might, without injustice, be characterized as utterly unfit for every species of activity". Yet at the call of duty, so nobly was the natural man dominated by his unclouded will, he girded himself to any exertion. Indulgence in wine was natural to him, and he felt its need to sharpen and rouse his intellect; "but the idea of Bennet Langton being what is called 'overtaken'", wrote the same associate, "is too preposterous to be dwelt on". We have one delicious anecdote to illustrate Langton's Greek serenity. Talking to a company of a chilly forenoon in his own house, he paused to say that the fire might go out, if it lacked attention—a brief, casual, murmurous interruption. He resumed his clear-voiced discourse, breaking presently, and pleading abstractedly, with eye in air: "Pray ring for coals!" All sat quietly amused, looking at the fire, and so little solicitous that straightway Langton was off again, on the stream of his soft eloquence. In a few minutes came another lull: "Did anybody answer that bell?" A general negative. "Did anybody ring that bell?" A sly shaking of heads. "Why the fire will be out!" he sighed. And once more the inspired monody soared among the clouds, at last dropping meditatively to the hearthstone: "Dear, dear! the fire is out".

Langton was always the centre of a group, wherever he happened to be, talking delightfully and twirling the oblong gold-mounted snuff-box, which promptly appeared as his conversation began: a conspicuous figure, with his height, his courteous manner, his mild

beauty, and his habit of crossing his arms over his breast, or locking his hands together on his knee. He had a queerness of constitution which seemed to leave him at his lowest ebb every afternoon about two of the clock, forgetful, weary, confused, and with all his ideas dispersed. After a little food, he was himself again. He ran no chance of sustenance at dinner parties, even waiving his delicate appetite, "such was the perpetual flow of his conversation, and such the incessant claim made upon him".

Johnson valued Langton for his piety, his ancient descent, his amiable behaviour, and his knowledge of Greek: "Who in this town knows anything of Clenardus, sir, but you and I?" he would say, for Langton's enthusiasm had taught him Clenardus's Grammar from cover to cover. In the midst of his talk Langton would fall with charming grace into the "vowelled undertone" of the tongue he loved, correcting himself with a smile, a wave of the hands, and his wonted apologetic phrase: "And so it goes on!" in deference to the un-Hellenic ears of his auditors, and in gentle palliation of his own little thoughtlessness. It must have been a satisfaction afterwards to Johnson that his scholarly friend refused to sign the famous Round Robin concerning poor Goldsmith's epitaph, which besought him to "disgrace the walls of Westminster with an English inscription". For Bennet Langton Johnson had nothing but praise and affectionate ardour. "He is one of those to whom Nature has not spread her volumes, nor uttered her voices in vain". "Earth does not bear a worthier gentleman". "I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not". Yet even with this "angel of a man", as Miss Hawkins names him, the Doctor had one serious and ludicrous quarrel. He considered it the sole grave fault of Langton, that he was too ready to introduce religious discussion into a mixed assembly, where he knew any two of the company would

be scarcely of the same mind. On Boswell's suggestion that Bennet did it for the sake of instruction, Johnson replied angrily that he had no more right to take that means of gaining information, than he had to pit two persons against each other in a duel for the sake of learning the art of self-defence. Some indiscretion of this sort seems to have alienated the friends for the first and last time; unless Croker's conjecture be true that the quarrel which threatened to break a friendship of twenty years' standing arose from Langton's settling his estate by will upon his three sisters. On hearing of this the Great Cham grumbled and fumed, politely applied to the Misses Langton the pertinent title of "three dowdies!" and reiterated, with all the prejudices of feudalism, that "an ancient estate, sir! an ancient estate should always go to the males". Then he belaboured the lawyer who had drawn up the document for his laxity in allowing Langton to pass as one of sound understanding, and remarked sardonically, "I hope he has left me a legacy". Lastly, the entire situation seemed to strike him as so exceedingly comical that he laid hold of a post on his way home, and roared so loud that in the silence of the night his voice could be heard from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch.

But in due time the breach, whatever the cause, was healed. The Doctor, in writing of it, uses one of his balancing sentences: "We are all that ever we were. Langton, though without malice, is not without resentment". The two could not keep apart very long, despite all the disagreement and all the unreason in the world. Another memorable passage-at-arms happened in the course of one of Johnson's sicknesses, when he solemnly implored Bennet Langton, in the cloistral silence of his chamber, to tell him wherein his life had been faulty. His shy and sagacious monitor wrote down for accusation a number of Scriptural texts recommending tolerance,

patience, compassion, meekness, and other spiritual ingredients which were notably lacking in the stalwart Doctor's social composition. The penitent thanked Langton humbly and earnestly on taking the paper from his hand; but presently turned his short-sighted eyes on him from the pillow, and exclaimed in a loud, angry, suspicious tone, "What's your drift, sir?" The exquisite comedy of it! "And when I questioned him", so Johnson afterwards told his blustering tale, "when I questioned him as to what occasion I had given him for such animadversion, all that he could say amounted to this,—that I sometimes contradicted people in conversation! Now what harm does it do any man to be contradicted?"

As for Topham Beauclerk, more volatile than Langton, he had as steady a "sunshine of cheerfulness" for his heritage. Johnson, bewailing his own morbid habits of mind, once said: "Some men, and very thinking men too, have not these vexing thoughts. Sir Joshua Reynolds is the same all the year round: Beauclerk, when not ill and in pain, is the same". Boswell attests that Beauclerk took more liberties with Johnson than durst any man alive, and that Johnson was more disposed to envy Beauclerk's talents than those of any man he had ever known. He was a favourite with such men as Selwyn and Walpole, and quite their match in ease and astuteness. He alternated the gaming-table with court, the civilities of the drawing-room with the free Bohemian intellectuality of the club. His unresting sarcasm often hurt Goldsmith and irritated Johnson, though Bennet Langton was never grazed. He was a "pestilent wit", as Anthony à Wood put it of Marvell, and could talk even Garrick blind. "No man", ran Johnson's fine eulogium, "was ever freer, when he was about to say a good thing, from a look which expressed that it was coming, nor, when he had said it, from a look which expressed that it had come". He was no disguiser of his likes and

dislikes, and was often querulous and eccentric. Politics and politicians he avoided as much as possible. His natural and noble scorn of oppressors was his finest quality; he had also great tact, spirit, and independence. His own insuperable idleness (for he was as listless by grace as Langton was by nature) he recognised, and lightly deprecated. What he chose to call his leisure (again the ancestral Stuart trait!) he dedicated to the natural sciences. "I see Mr. Beauclerk often both in town and country", wrote Goldsmith to Bennet Langton. "He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle, deep in chemistry and physics". When there was some fanciful talk of setting up the club as a college, "to draw a wonderful concourse of students", Beauclerk, by unanimous vote, was elected to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy.

Johnson's influence on him, potent though it was, was chiefly negative. It kept him from saying and doing questionable things, and preserved in him an outward decorum towards institutions and customs, rather than incited him to make of his manifold talents the "illustrious figure" which Langton's affectionate eye discerned in a vain anticipation. Beauclerk and the Doctor went about together, and had some amusing experiences. In company once with a number of clergymen, who thought to meet their guests on common ground by assuming a great deal of noisy jollity, Johnson, not duly entertained, sat in grim silence for some time, and then said to his disciple, by no means in a whisper, "Sir! this merriment of parsons is mighty offensive!"

Johnson and his "Beau" had their many combats, "like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-o'-war"; the younger smooth, sharp and civil, the other indignantly dealing with the butt-end of personality. Boswell gives a long account of a dispute concerning a murderer, and the evidence of his having carried two pistols. Beauclerk

was right, but Johnson was (which gave him as solid a sense of virtue) angry; and he was soothed only at the end by one of Topham's adroit and affectionate replies. "Sir", the Doctor began sternly, at another time, after listening to some mischievous waggery, "you never open your mouth but with the intention to give pain; and you often give me pain, not from the power of what you say, but from seeing your intention". And again: "Your mind is all virtue, your body all vice." When Beauclerk would have shown resentment, Johnson stopped him with a gesture: "Nay, sir, Alexander marching in triumph into Babylon, would not desire more to be said to him". "You have, sir!" he said once, adapting the poet's line and perhaps conscious of Rochester's famous epigram, "a love of folly, and a scorn of fools; everything you do attests the one, and everything you say, the other".

Beauclerk had ever ready some quaint simile, or odd application out of books. Referring to Langton's habit of sitting or standing against the fireplace, with one long leg twisted about the other, "as if fearing to occupy too much space", he said his friend was for all the world like the stork in Raphael's cartoon of the Miraculous Draught. One of his happiest hits, and certainly his boldest, was made when Johnson was being congratulated by some friends on his pension: "now it was to be hoped," whispered the favourite in a version of Falstaff's celebrated vow, "that he would purge and live cleanly as a gentleman should do". Johnson seems to have taken the hint in good humour, and actually to have profited by it.

Very soon after leaving Oxford Beauclerk became engaged to a Miss Draycott; but some coldness on his part, or some sensitiveness on hers, broke off the match. His fortune-hunting parents were disappointed, as the lady owned several lead-mines in her own right. That same year, with Bennet Langton for companion part of

the way, Beauclerk, whose health, never robust, now began to give him anxiety, set out on a continental tour. Baretti received him kindly at Milan, on Johnson's urgent and friendly letter of introduction; and the young Englishman, by his subsequent knowledge of Italian popular customs, was able to testify in Baretti's favour, when the latter was in trouble in London, and with Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith and Johnson, to help him towards his acquittal. At Venice it was reported that Beauclerk was robbed of ten thousand pounds, an incident which perhaps shortened his peregrinations. In 1768 he married Lady Diana Spencer, the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough, who had been divorced on his account from her first husband, Lord Bolingbroke, nephew and heir of the great owner of that title. Johnson was angry and disturbed over the affair. But, as Croker justly comments, he practically waived his personal right of criticism by living in the private society of Beauclerk's wife, and had scarcely the option, even at first, of enjoying that and of disparaging her character. "Lady Di" was certainly fond and faithful to Topham Beauclerk. She was an artist of no mean merit. Horace Walpole built a room for the reception of some of her drawings, which he called his Beauclerk Closet; and it is to be feared that one invaluable portrait of Samuel Johnson has been lost. "Johnson was confined for some days in the Isle of Skye", writes Topham; "and we hear that he was obliged to swim over to the mainland, taking hold of a cow's tail . . . Lady Di has promised to make a drawing of it". Sir Joshua's delightful "Una" is the lovely little daughter of Lady Di and Topham Beauclerk, painted the year her father died. The Beauclerks lived in great style, and Lady Di, an admirable hostess, had always the warmest welcome for Langton, whom she cordially appreciated, and would rally on his remissness when he stayed away from their home at Richmond. He could

reach them so easily, she said : had he but laid himself at length, his feet had been in London and his head with them, *eodem die!*

Beauclerk died on March 11th, 1780. He was forty-one years old, and for all his wit, judgment and intelligence, left no more trace behind him than that Persian butterfly-elect, Prince Chrysalus, whom old Buxton calls a "light phantastick fellow". His air of boyish promise, quite unconscious to himself, had hoodwinked his friends into certain prophecies of his fame. But he took upon himself no yoke and no burden. An allegiance, at any time in his young career, would have made him truly the peer of the noble comrades with whom he walked and jested, and put immortality on his "bright, unbowed, insubmissive head". Yet he was bitterly mourned. "I would have gone to the extremity of the earth to save him!" cried Johnson who had loved him for twenty years; and again, to Lord Althorpe, "This is a loss, sir, that perhaps the whole nation could not repair". He wrote when his grief had somewhat subsided, "Poor dear Beauclerk! *nec, ut soles, dabis joca*. His wit and his folly, his acuteness and maliciousness, his merriment and his reasoning are now over. Such another will not often be found among mankind. He directed himself to be buried beside his mother, an instance of tenderness which I should hardly have expected". To Bennet Langton Beauclerk left the care of his children, in case of Lady Di's death. To his old friend also, among other legacies, he bequeathed Reynolds' fine portrait of Johnson, in memory of the Oxford days when mutual attachment to "The Rambler" had first drawn them together. Under it he had inscribed

"Ingenium ingens
"Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

Langton thoughtfully effaced the lines. "It was kind of you to take it off", said the burly Doctor, with a sigh, and then, remembering the antipodal tem-

perament of the two, "not unkind in him to have it put on".

After the loss, the Doctor consoled himself more than ever with Bennet Langton, and with the atmosphere of love and reverence which surrounded him in Langton's house. He had been of old, most welcome of all guests at the family seat in Lincolnshire. "Langton, sir!" he liked to say, "had a grant of warren from Henry the Second, and Cardinal Stephen Langton, of King John's reign, was of this family". Peregrine Langton, Bennet's uncle, was a man of simple and benevolent habits, who brought economy to a science without niggardliness, and whom Johnson declared to be one of those he loved at once both by instinct and reason; Bennet's father, however, was the more diverting character. He had a sincere esteem for Johnson, but looked askance on him for his liberal views, and is said to have gone to his grave believing him a secret, deep-dyed and reprehensible Papist! He once offered the Doctor a living of some value in Lincolnshire, if he cared to take orders, a chance gravely refused. Of this learned, exemplary, but rather archaic squire, Johnson said: "Sir! he is so exuberant a talker in public meetings that the gentlemen of his county are afraid of him. No business can be done for his declamation". For him, too, he coined one of his most amazing words; having heard that both Mr. and Mrs. Langton were averse to having their portraits taken, Johnson observed that a superstitious reluctance to sit for one's picture was among the "anfractuosities of the human mind".

Bennet Langton had married on May 24th, 1770, Mary Lloyd, widow of John, the eighth Earl of Rothes, the stern soldier, in laced waistcoat and breastplate beneath, painted by Sir Joshua. It was a common saying at the time that everybody was welcome to a Countess Dowager of Rothes; for it did so happen that three ladies bearing that

title were all re-married within a few years. Lady Rothes, although a native of Suffolk, had acquired from long residence in Scotland the accent of that country, which Dr. Johnson bore magnanimously on the humorous consideration that, after all, it was not indigenous. She had a good deal of easy dignity and charm, without the vivacity of Lady Di Beauclerk, and kept herself the spring and centre of Langton's tranquil domestic circle. His own grace of character after his marriage slipped more and more into the underground channels of home-life, and so coursed on beneficently in silence. Their children were no less than ten, "not a plain face or faulty person among them": the daughters, *deorum filiae*, six feet in height, and the sons so like their "Maypole" father that long afterwards they amused the good people of Paris by raising their arms to let a crowd pass. It was Bennet Langton's cherished plan to have his little tribe educated at home, with their father for tutor, to give both boys and girls, himself "steeped to the lips in Greek", a knowledge of the learned languages, and to force all social engagements to cede to this prime exigency. But the King's tedious joke, "How does Education go on?" worried Langton like the water-drop in the story, which fell for ever on a criminal's head until it had drilled his brain. Again, both he and his wife, when they had moved to Westminster in pursuance of their design, were far too agreeable and too accessible to be spared the incursions of society. In a word, Minerva found her seat shaken and her altar-fires not very well tended, and therefore withdrew. Langton impressed one axiom on his young scholars, which they never forgot: "Next best to knowledge, is to be sensible that you do not know". An entirely superfluous waif of a baby was once left at the doors of this same many-childrended house, to be clothed, fed, and befriended thenceforth by Bennet Langton and Lady Rothes, without one shrug or protest. Dr. Johnson,

who was a favourite of all the small folk, was especially attached to his god-child, whom he called "pretty Mrs. Jane", and "my own little Jenny". The very last year of her life he sent her a loving letter, written purposely in a large round hand as clear as print, signing himself "my dear, your most humble servant, Samuel Johnson".

"Langton's children are very pretty", he wrote to Boswell in 1777, "and his lady loses her Scotch". But again, the same year, compassionately: "I dined lately with poor dear Langton. I do not think he goes on well. His table is rather coarse, and he has his children too much about him". Boswell takes occasion, in reproducing this passage, to reprehend the highly injudicious custom of introducing the children after dinner: a parental indulgence to which he, at least, was not addicted. The Doctor gave him a mild nudge in another place: "I left Langton in London. He has been down with the militia, and is again quiet at home, talking to his little people, as I suppose you do sometimes". While Langton was in camp on Warley Common, in command of the Lincolnshire troops, Johnson spent with him five delightful days, admiring his tall captain's new-born energies, and poking about curiously among the tents. Langton, after his marriage, had fallen into rather extravagant habits, so that the moral of Uncle Peregrine's sagacious living bade fair to be lost on him. Boswell, who had for him but a suspicious and jealous liking, had a quarrel with Johnson on the subject of Langton's expenditure, the record of which shall be subjoined in the biographer's own words: "We talked of a gentleman [Mr. L.] who was running out his fortune in London, and I said, 'We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away.' Johnson: 'Nay, sir! we'll send you to him; if your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will'. This was a horrible

shock, for which there was no visible cause. I afterwards asked him why he said so harsh a thing. Johnson: 'Because, sir! you made me angry about the Americans'. 'But why did you not take your revenge directly?' Johnson, smiling: 'Because, sir! I had nothing ready. A man cannot strike until he has his weapons'".

In 1785, Langton came up from Lincolnshire and took lodgings in Fleet Street, in order to sit beside Johnson as he lay dying and hold his hand; and when that large soul had gone away, in Leigh Hunt's beautiful phrase, "to an infinitude hardly wider than his thoughts", his faithful friend, who was wont to shape his words with grace and ease, sat down and penned this letter, more touching than any tear: "I am now sitting in the room where his venerable remains exhibit a spectacle, the interesting solemnity of which, difficult as it would be in any sort to find terms to express, so to you, my dear sir, whose sensations will paint it so strongly, it would be of all men the most superfluous to" . . . and there, hopelessly confused, forlorn, eloquent, it broke off.

Langton succeeded Johnson as Professor of Ancient Literature in the Royal Academy, as Gibbon had replaced Goldsmith in the Professorship of Ancient History. He survived many years, the delight of every company to the last. On December 18th, 1801, at Anspach Place, Southampton, "between the walls and the sea", when Wordsworth, Scott, and Coleridge were yet in their unheralded prime, when Charles Lamb was twenty-six, Byron a dreaming boy on the Scotch hills, and Keats and Shelley little fair-eyed children, gentle Bennet Langton, known to none of these, a loiterer from the march of a glorious yesterday, slipped out of life. "I am persuaded", wrote one who knew him closely, "that all his inactivity, all the repugnance he showed to putting on the harness of this world's toil, arose from the spirituality of his frame of

mind. . . . I believe his mind was in Heaven, wheresoever he corporeally existed". In the ancient church of St. Michael's at Southampton he was buried, with some fond, reverend words of Johnson's, "Sit anima mea cum Langton", on the marble above him.

So went Beauclerk first of the three, Langton last, with the good ghost still between them, as he in his homespun, they in their flowered velvet, had walked many a year together on this earth. The old companionship had undergone some sorry changes ere it went utterly to dust and ashes. Its happy heyday had been in the Oxford vacation, when the Doctor humoured his young liegemen and tented under their roofs, plucking flowers at one house, and romping with dogs at the other; or in 1764, at the starting of the immortal Club, when the two of its founders who had no valid nor pretended claim to celebrity perched on the sills like beneficent genii, with a mission to overrule sluggish melancholy and renew the boyish sparkle in abstracted eyes. How supereminently they fulfilled their self-set task! and what vagaries they roused out of Johnson's profound hypochondria! Did not Topham Beauclerk's mother once have to reprove that august author for a suggestion to seize some pleasure-grounds which they were passing in a carriage? "putting such things into young people's heads"! said she. Where could the innocent Beauclerk's elbow have been at that moment, contrary to the canons of polite society, but in the innocent Langton's ribs? The grey reprobate, so censured, explained to Boswell: "Lady Beauclerk had no notion of a joke, sir! She came late into life, and has a mighty unpliant understanding". Who can forget the Doctor's visit to Beauclerk at Windsor, when, falling into the clutches of that ungodly and game-some youth, he was beguiled from church-going of a fine Sunday morning, and strolled about outside, talking and laughing during sermon-time, and finally spread himself at length on a

mossy tomb, to be told, with a chuckle and a pleased rub of the hands, that now he was as bad as Hogarth's Idle Apprentice? Or the other visit in Lincolshire, when, after ceremoniously relieving his pockets of keys, knife, pencil, and purse, Samuel Johnson deliberately rolled down a hill, and landed betumbled out of all recognition at the bottom? Langton had laughingly tried to dissuade him, for the incline was very steep, and the candidate scarce of the requisite suppleness. "O but I haven't had a roll for such a long time!" pleaded his unanswerable big guest. Best of all do we know the chronicle of that immortal night when Beauclerk and Langton supped together at a London tavern, and at three of the morning roused Johnson at his Temple Chambers, and brought him to the door fearful but aggressive, in his shirt and little dark wig, armed with a poker. "What! and is it you? Faith, I'll have a frisk with you, ye young dogs!" We remember the inn in Covent Garden, the great brimming bowl, with Lord Lansdowne's drinking song for grace; the hucksters and fruiterers standing staring at the strange figure; the merry boat going its way by oar to Billingsgate, its mad crew bantering the watermen on the river; and two of the roysterers, one as wild as the other, despite a little

disparity of thirty years or so, scolding the other for hastening off on an appointment towards afternoon, "to dine with wretched unidea'd girls"! What genial vagabondism! "I heard of your frolic the other night. You'll be in the 'Chronicle'! . . . I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house"! said Garrick. "As for Garrick, sirs"! tittered the pious Johnson to his accomplices, "he dare not do such a thing. His wife would not let him!"

It is good that the echoes of old mirth should reach us over the barriers of a century. Thanks to Dr. Johnson, with all his "broad and heavy benignity", as Hawthorne called it, for the whimsical gift of his elected "Lanky" and "Beau". Gay Heart and Gentle Heart drove his own blue devils away with their idolatrous devotion; and for us they fill the air of that classic time with such sweet, inconsequent charm, that to whomsoever has but thought of them, that hour London must seem lonely without their idyllic figures.

. . . . "Our day is gone :
Clouds, dews and dangers come ; our deeds
are done."

There are gods as good for the after-years; but strong Odin is down, and his pair of unreturning birds have flown east and west.

THE INDIAN IN CANADA.

THERE are few countries whose past is richer in the quality of picturesqueness than that which is now called the Dominion of Canada, and in the brilliant pages of Mr. Parkman the most picturesque figure, despite the impartial fidelity of the portraiture, is undoubtedly the Indian's as he stands forth a prominent actor in every important scene. Not only is his figure picturesque, it is also full of pathos; for while the history of nations presents many examples of a conquered nation absorbing its conquerors, and developing therefrom a national life of increased vigour, the aborigines of the American Continent have had a very different experience. They have accomplished nothing in the way of absorption, but on the contrary have run serious risk of extinction at the hands of their white invaders.

Picturesque, then, and pathetic we may safely permit the Indian to be, but not heroic, or at least not to the extent that he is thus painted in fiction. That we should be ruthlessly compelled to cast away this pleasing illusion of our youth is part of the price we pay for progress in knowledge. Stript of his paint and feathers and examined at close quarters, the Indian, whether of our day or Frontenac's, manifests few of the qualities that go to constitute a valuable member of society; and although the relations between him and his supplanted in Canada have been from the very outset harmonious and honest to a degree eminently creditable to both, and, as will be hereafter shown, he has received at their hand concessions unparalleled elsewhere, nevertheless it seems too much to expect that he will ever become completely incorporated with the national life, or in the mass rise to any higher status

than that of a ward of the Government.

A survey of the North American Indian's history brings out a contrast between his treatment at the hands of the white man above and below the forty-ninth parallel so striking as to call for explanation. In the first place the English were singularly fortunate in being anticipated by the French in the occupation of Canada; for although some ill-judged and irritating incidents do appear in the latter's treatment of the natives, as, for instance, Cartier's treacherous abduction of Donnacona, and Champlain's shortsighted alliance with the Hurons against the Iroquois, mistakes for which the colonists paid dearly,—still upon the whole, the conduct of the French was such as to reconcile the Indians to their intrusion, and even make them welcome. They readily adapted themselves to the natives' ways, and made but little show of taking hold of the country, confining their territorial acquisitions within such narrow limits as to disarm suspicion of coveting the continent; while in the meantime their trading-posts became points of mutually profitable contact, and their *coureurs du bois*, not disdaining dusky mates, produced a race of half-breeds that constituted a natural bond of peace between the two nations.

Upon Canada passing into the hands of England by the capitulation of 1760, her native inhabitants were at the first, it is true, thrown into a threatening state of alarm and animosity. Nine-tenths of the eastern Indians were in the French interest, for the French had befriended them in their contest with the Iroquois, while the Iroquois had looked to the English to protect them against the French.

These Indians were amazed at the downfall of the French power, and lent a ready ear to the fabrications industriously circulated by crafty emissaries, that this calamity was due to the King of France having fallen asleep, and the British having taken advantage of his slumbers, but that he was now awake again, and his armies were advancing up the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi to expel the intruders from the country of his red children.

Putting faith in the righteousness of their cause and the ability of their former masters to aid them, the Indians rose under Pontiac in 1763, and a savage war ensued which lasted through two dreadful years. But this, as it was the first, may also be said to have been the last serious embroilment between the natives and their new rulers. The great conspiracy of Pontiac proving fruitless, and the Indians seeing, from the immense military force displayed, that the nation they had to deal with was one fully capable of enforcing its behests, a new era dawned on their relations with British authority, an era of better mutual understanding, fuller sympathy, greater trustfulness; and in the inauguration of this happier state of things the hand of a wise administrator was seen, no other than Sir William Johnson the idol of the Iroquois. This remarkable man arranged in 1764 for a convention of Indian tribes at Niagara, where he prepared wise measures for a treaty of amity, an alliance which resulted in a general pacification. He also exerted himself to regulate and place on a satisfactory footing all matters of Indian trade; and in his negotiations with the tribes, exhibited such a prudent, conciliatory spirit, combined with firmness and moderation, as to gradually gain over their good-will and thus lay the foundation for a friendly feeling towards the British authorities, which, thanks to the unswerving good faith practised by them ever since in all dealings with their aboriginal sub-

jects, has been extending and deepening without check or interruption. Next to their good fortune in being preceded by the French, the English must in justice count their good fortune in having at this critical juncture as the chief of their Indian Department so politic and judicious a man as Sir William Johnson.

The fruits of Johnson's successful mediation were clearly manifested during the Revolutionary war of 1776-77, for in that eventful struggle a large proportion of the western tribes gave valuable aid to the British, the Six Nations under Joseph Brand (who was by the way a brother-in-law of Johnson) being particularly active, as the terrible deeds wrought by them at Oriskany, Cherry Valley, and all along the banks of the Mohawk river, abundantly testify. Looking back from these halcyon days upon those awful massacres, it is not easy to realize that the "Monster of Cherry Valley" and the translator of the New Testament into Iroquois were one and the same person. And yet so it was. The fierce and invaluable loyalty of Brand and his warriors, when it became hopelessly clear that the revolution could no longer be resisted, was rewarded by a tract of land six miles in width along each side of the Grand River in Ontario, and there they settled down to spend the remainder of their days in peace and quietness. Brand himself lived to a good old age, setting a noble example of citizenship to his dusky followers, until he passed away to the happy hunting grounds in 1807.

Not less faithful in their allegiance, nor valuable in their assistance, were the Indians to the British during the troublous times of 1812, when Brand's vacant place found a worthy occupant in the great chief Tecumseh, whose anger against the Americans had been roused implacably by General Harrison's fatal precipitation at Tippecanoe. Being opportunely by the Americans to attend a council to try and arrange for the neutrality of the

Indians in the struggle, Tecumseh replied : "No, I have taken sides with the British and I will suffer my bones to bleach upon this shore before I will recross that river to join any council of neutrality." And he kept his word, falling in a battle at Chatham the following year, pierced by the bullets of Kentucky riflemen while fighting bravely for the British at the head of his warriors.

So far as all the eastern and central portions of Canada are concerned the war of 1812 was the last occasion upon which the Indians inhabiting these districts sharpened tomahawk or sighted musket. So soon as the country had reached a state of settled peace, those Indians to whom the French had allotted reserves were confirmed and protected in their possessions, while with all convenient speed the other tribes were also assigned territorial quarters. In the carrying out of this not altogether easy task, the principle, which has very materially contributed to the marked success of the Canadian policy, was carefully pursued, to wit, the locating of the bands upon small reserves scattered widely over the country, instead of gathering them together in large numbers, hiving them, so to speak, in comparatively few districts. Not only were the different tribes prevented from coming into collision by the intervening white settlements, but they were also prevented from coming into combination. As the colonial population increased there grew up on all sides of the Indian reserves hamlets, villages, and towns, which were their own guarantee of safety. Placed between these the Indians were practically powerless for harm. Any combination on their part could at short notice be hopelessly outnumbered by the colonists, and so clearly did they realize this from the beginning that nothing approaching conspiracy or revolt has ever been detected among them. From the mild Micinacs of Nova Scotia to the more warlike Chippewas and Pottawattau-

nies of the Great Lakes, one and all stolidly submitted to their fate, and maintained relations of unbroken peace with the intruders upon their ancestral domains. So much so indeed has this been the case that although there are to-day nearly thirty-five thousand Indians in these older provinces, yet when one speaks of the Indian policy of Canada the thought naturally suggested is rather of those Indians who from time immemorial have hunted the buffalo up and down the billowy prairies of the boundless west.

The French influence did not of course extend beyond the Great Lakes, and when the English came to deal with the Indians at first hand, as they had to do in opening the north-west for settlements, it is natural to inquire how they fared ; and the answer is, not less well, for the same valuable service that was rendered them by the French in the east was performed by the Hudson's Bay Company in the west, and all they had to do was to be faithful in their engagements and firm in their management.

This remarkable Corporation, whose proper title was "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading in Hudson's Bay," began their operations about the year 1677, and thenceforward during two centuries, although occasionally interfered with by the French, held possession of the most stupendous land-property that ever submitted to private ownership, which they took exceeding care to maintain as a fur-preserve. Accordingly while all attempts at settlement were strenuously discouraged, the good-will of the Indians was as sedulously cultivated, with the result that from Fort Churchill, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, to Fort McLeod, nestling among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, the lives of their servants and the goods in their forts were as safe from violence as in any civilised community, although some forty or fifty different tribes roamed over the vast hunting-grounds

of whose peltry the Company had a most comfortable monopoly.

When, therefore, the Canadian Government in the year 1869 bought out the Company and took over its territorial possessions, the Indians upon them had by a long course of satisfactory dealings with their white brothers been well prepared to enter intelligently and trustfully into relations with their new masters. True, they were more than a little disturbed at first, partly owing to the stand taken by the Metis or half-breeds of the Red River, who in 1870 combined under Louis Riel to resist the coming of the Canadians, and partly to the sudden influx of white men that came pouring from the east and west into their country. But the first danger was speedily removed by the advent of a little army under the command of one Colonel Garnet Wolseley, of whose distinguished career this expedition was the beginning; and the wise conduct of the Canadian Government, in arranging their alliance with the Indians contemporaneously with the formal establishment of their rule, prevented any trouble arising from the latter source.

The third circumstance which has been so far in Canada's favour with regard to her Indian subjects is that they have not yet been made to feel that they are being crowded out by the white men. To a large extent their favourite hunting-grounds are still left to them, the treaties providing for their freedom to hunt and fish over all lands not taken up for settlement, and thus the most fruitful of all sources of trouble in the United States—namely, the incessant encroachments of the white man upon the red—has been practically unknown in Canada. When the population so increases as to render this process inevitable then will come the testing-time, and then will the Canadian authorities be called upon to pass through the same ordeal that has so severely tried their republican neighbours.

A very interesting chapter of Canadian history is that which concerns the treaties formed with different Indian tribes, and particularly the portion relating to the Indians of the west, to which for brevity's sake I shall confine myself. The first treaty actually effected with the Indians westward of the Great Lakes bears date as far back as 1817, and was rather a private than a public affair, being the work of the Earl of Selkirk, who, having purchased a large tract of land from the Hudson's Bay Company for his settlement, which ultimately became the province of Manitoba, thought it well to secure the good-will of the original occupants of the land, and succeeded so effectually as to obtain the extinction of their title not only to the Canadian portions of their possessions but to a generous slice of United States territory also, extending to what is now Grand Forks in Dakota. It need hardly be said, however, that the earl gained no substantial advantage by this reckless ignoring of geographical divisions.

Since the year 1870 the Canadian Government has concluded seven important treaties with its Indian subjects, and there now remain no red men throughout the whole north-west, inside the fertile belt, whose allegiance and good-will have not been thus secured. In almost every case the Indians were not less anxious for these treaties than were the Canadians. They were filled with uneasiness by the influx of population, and showed a disposition to obstruct the progress of surveyors and settlers unless their rights were first assured to them. Happily no collision ever occurred, but there is no doubt that delay in dealing with them would have been attended with serious consequences. At the conference preceding the first treaty, called the Stone Fort Treaty after the place of meeting, Governor Archibald so admirably expressed in a few simple words the basis upon which the Canadian Government desired to treat with the

dusky children of the plain that it will be well to quote some of his words.

"Your Great Mother, the Queen," he said, "wishes to do justice to all her children alike. She will deal fairly with those of the setting sun, just as she would with those of the rising sun. She wishes her red children to be happy and contented. She would like them to adopt the habits of the whites, to till land, and raise food, and store it up against the time of want. But the Queen, though she may think it good for you to adopt civilized habits, has no idea of compelling you to do so. This she leaves to your choice, and you need not live like the white man unless you can be persuaded to do so of your own free will. Your Great Mother therefore will lay aside for you lots of land to be used by you and your children for ever. She will not allow the white man to intrude upon these lots. She will make rules to keep them for you so that, as long as the sun shall shine, there shall be no Indian who has not a place that he can call his home, where he can go and pitch his camp, or if he chooses build his house and till his land. When you have made your treaty you will still be free to hunt over much of the land included in the treaty. Until these lands are needed for use you will be free to hunt over them, and make all the use of them which you have made in the past. But when these lands are needed to be tilled or occupied, you must not go on them any more."

The treaty was not of course concluded without the customary long palaver to bring down to a reasonable figure the extravagant demands of the Indians. In the matter of reserves, for instance, the quantity of lands they asked for each band amounted to about three townships per Indian, and included the greater part of the settled portions of the provinces, and in some other respects their demands were equally absurd. But by means of patience, firmness, and mutual concessions they were finally prevailed upon to accept the following terms, which with variations to suit altered conditions were adopted in all other treaties. For the cession of the country described in the treaty, and comprising the province of Manitoba and certain country to the north-west thereof, each Indian was to receive a sum of three dollars a year in perpetuity,¹ and a

reserve was to be set apart for each band of sufficient size to allow one hundred and sixty acres to each family of five persons, or in like proportion as each family might be greater or less than five. As each Indian settled down on his share of the reserve and commenced the cultivation of his land he was to receive a plough and a harrow. Each chief was to receive a cow, and a pair of the smaller kinds of farm stock. There was to be a bull for the general use of each reserve. In addition to this each chief was to receive a dress, a flag, and a medal as marks of distinction, and also a buggy or light spring-waggon. Finally a gratuity of three dollars a piece to cover all claims for the past was thrown in, and the bargain completed.

In the following month a second treaty, almost precisely similar in terms, was easily effected at Manitoba Post, whereby a tract of country three times as large as the province of Manitoba was surrendered by the Indians to the Crown. That the confidence of Commissioner Thompson, whose tact and knowledge contributed largely to the success of this treaty, in the good faith of Her Majesty's new subjects was not misplaced, was finely illustrated during Riel's rebellion in 1885, when the utmost efforts of the half-breeds were able to induce but a mere handful out of the many thousand Indians within range to join them in their insane attempt against the peace of the realm. Had the Indians generally taken up the tomahawk, as the Metis counted upon their doing, nothing could have prevented such a storm of fire and blood sweeping across the fertile prairies as would have filled the world with horror. But the vast majority held true to their allegiance, and a most terrible calamity was happily averted.

The work of treaty-making went swiftly, if not always smoothly, on until by the conclusion of the North-West Angle Treaty with the Ojibbe-

¹ These terms were subsequently increased from three to five dollars, with an additional annuity of twenty dollars to each chief and headman, four headmen being allowed to each tribe.

way Indians, of Treaties number Four, Five, and Six with the Crees and Saulteaux, and of number Seven with the Blackfeet, Bloods, Sarcees, Pégans, and Stonies, the Indian title to the whole of that vast territory extending from the shores of Lake Superior to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains was extinguished, and a promising *modus vivendi* arranged between its red and white inhabitants.

In the course of the often very delicate and difficult negotiations which preceded the conclusion of the treaties there was a fine display of that curious blending of simple childishness with shrewd cunning, of superb gravity with absurd excitability, of haughty reserve with garrulous confidence, which makes the Indian nature so interesting a study. But most striking of all was the stately eloquence which distinguished many of their speeches, an eloquence that might be safely matched with the product of the highest civilization. One of the orators, referring to the mineral wealth of the lands they were asked to surrender, said, "The sound of the rustling gold is under my feet where I stand"; and another chief, in announcing the acceptance of the offered terms, concluded as follows: "And now in closing this council I take off my glove, and in giving you my hand I deliver over my birthright and lands; and in taking your hand I hold fast all the promises you have made, and I hope they will last as long as the sun goes round and the water flows." Sweet Grass, who might well be called the silver-tongued orator of the Crees, in signifying their assent to the terms of the treaty, placed one hand upon the Commissioner's heart, and the other upon his own, and then uttered these beautiful words, which, let us hope, contained not only a promise but a prophecy: "May the white man's blood never be spilt on this earth. I am thankful that the white man and the red man can stand together. When I hold your hand, and touch your heart, let us be as one. Use your

utmost to help me, and help my children, so that they may prosper."

Not only had the Canadian authorities to reckon with the Indians whom they found within their own borders, but they were compelled by force of circumstances to deal also with the Sioux from the other side of the boundary line, who twice invaded Canada in large numbers, fortunately however not for the purpose of bringing death and desolation with them, but in order to escape the penalties of their wrongdoing on the other side of the boundary line. In the year 1862 the first irruption occurred, a large body of these Indians taking refuge in the Red River settlement after the massacre at Minnesota. Their arrival caused great consternation in the settlement, and every effort was made by both the British and American authorities to induce them to return, but all in vain. They had come to stay, and, inasmuch as they behaved themselves remarkably well, their urgent requests for reserves were in course of time complied with, so that they became permanent additions to the population. So well pleased were they with their treatment, that later on when war broke out between their brethren across the border and the American Government, they flatly refused to have anything to do with it, despite the utmost efforts of the emissaries sent over to obtain their assistance. The report of the Minister of the Interior for 1877 contains this striking passage concerning them: "The Sioux who are resident in Canada appear to be more intelligent, industrious, and self-reliant than the other Indian bands in the North-West."

While the authorities were thus successfully coping with the problem of how to provide a future for their uninvited guests, a fresh difficulty presented itself by the incursion into the North-West Territories of another large body of American Sioux, this time under the head of that famous, or infamous, chieftain, Sitting Bull. The presence of these people was

indeed a source of great anxiety to both Governments, the Canadian authorities dreading lest they should arouse the other tribes, and the American authorities lest they should make their haven across the border a base of operations against their legal guardians. Fortunately, however, the problem solved itself through the agency of hunger. The Canadian Government of course would not provide food for such undesirable visitors; and, as the buffalo began to fail, the greater number of them, though they had all previously refused to listen to any overtures from the Government of the United States, consented, after an agreement had been entered into by the parties as to their future treatment, to return to their own country, so that now only a few remain, and for their return the American Government will, it is understood, endeavour to arrange at an early date.

It is a surprising fact that in spite of all that has been said as to the Indians being a vanishing race, and in the face of sage predictions and pathetic poetry bearing upon their final disappearance, they have positively had the assurance to increase and multiply upon many of their townships and reserves. Thus the historic Six Nations, who are comfortably settled in Ontario, show an increase of sixty-six souls in a total population of 3282 within the year, while in 1836 their numbers were only 2330. They rejoice in the possession of fine farms, good roads, churches, schools, doctors, and in fact every essential of civilization except, I believe, lawyers. They have nearly 30,000 acres of land under cultivation, upon which they raise splendid crops. Near Brantford City there is a training-school, known as the Mohawk Institute, for their special benefit, which is doing excellent work.

Making due allowances for the number of Indians in the band, and the length of time they have been settled upon the reserve, reports equally gratifying are given from

every other part of the older provinces where the Indian is to be found. They are more and more betaking themselves to agriculture, they are showing a livelier appreciation of church, school, and other privileges, and they are with few exceptions maintaining a good report, their one great failing, and it is not peculiar to them as a race, being their inability to resist the temptation to indulge overmuch in fire-water, whenever they get the chance.

The best possible proof of the well-being of the red men is afforded by a comparison of their numbers at different periods, and accordingly I put here side by side the census returns for 1870 and 1886 respectively:

	1870.	1886.
Ontario	12,978 .	17,267
Quebec	6,988 .	12,286
Nova Scotia	1,666 .	2,138
New Brunswick	1,403 .	1,576
Prince Edward Island	323 .	323
Manitoba and the North- West Territories	34,000 .	86,632
Labrador and the Arctic Watersheds	22,000 .	20,000
British Columbia	23,000 .	38,539
	102,358	128,761

In the face of these figures the task of the prophet who would predict the date when the last Indian shall tread upon Canadian soil is so difficult as probably to remain unperformed for some time to come. It will be noticed that the most marked increase in numbers has occurred in the Province of British Columbia. The Indians there are very much superior both physically and mentally to those on the plains or in the other provinces. They are full of enterprise, ingenuity, and independence, and particularly marked by a commercial sagacity, which is altogether lacking in their brethren beyond the Rocky Mountains. They do a thriving trade in fish, furs, and other native products, live peaceably in large villages composed of comfortable permanent dwellings, welcome the missionaries who come to teach them, and make very apt pupils.

The wonderful success of Mr. Duncan's mission at Meltakathla, a work whose grand results have unhappily been almost brought to naught through the injudicious action of the Church he represented, illustrates clearly the superiority of the British Columbian aborigine to the ordinary Indian of the plains.

A few words in conclusion as to the legal status of the Indian in Canada. Captain Pratt, of the Carlisle Indian school of Pennsylvania, said in one of his reports: "I have little hope of much success in elevating the Indians, until the Indian is made an individual and worked upon as such, with a view of incorporating him on our side." This is precisely the view taken by the Canadian Government as illustrated by recent legislation, which recognizes the Indian not merely as an individual, but as a person also. The second section of the Electoral Franchise Act of 1885, contains these significant words: "The expression 'person,' means any male person including an Indian"; and all Indians of the older provinces duly qualified are accordingly given the right to vote in the elections for members of the House of Commons. In the year 1884 the Indian Advancement Act was passed, whereby any band of

Indians who shall show themselves fit are enabled to take upon themselves the full privileges, responsibilities, and advantages of municipal government, and there is farther provision made to meet the case of Indians who may desire to separate their tribal connections and settle down to a life on their own account, an allotment of land from the reserve being granted to such, guarded by conditions preventing alienation or mortgaging. The statute embodying these provisions, although passed some years previously, has much in common with the Indian Severalty Act of Senator Davies which has recently become law in the United States.

With such statutes as have been referred to before us, not only because of what they enact, but because of the spirit they illustrate, it surely is not venturing too much to express the conviction that the Indian is rightly regarded as a permanent, and not a transient element in the national life of Canada; and that the problem of preserving the native race from extinction at the hands of the subjector and settler seems here to offer a fair hope of successful solution.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

A STORY OF CHIOS.

I.

A MODERN knight of Malta may still have some touch of the far-off time of the sword and red-crossed cloak, though his way lie through an inextricable tangle of pecuniary difficulties and the fog of vulgar troubles heavily encompass him. Surely he is not less a knight because his social aspirations transcend the moderate expectations of a position far below such merits as, he feels, should entitle him to State-recognition, or, at least, the hand of an unclaimed heiress. And yet, with the modesty of unappreciated worth, he had been content to seek the unpretentious post of Consul at Alexandria, and lo! a vulgar effervescent Italian had carried off the honours under his very nose, in spite of accomplishments and exterior graces that would have adorned a diplomatic corps. So the knight felt exceedingly depressed, and wandered about Constantinople in search of distraction.

Distraction came to him in perplexing and undesirable shape. With this quaint, unconscious touch of old-fashioned chivalry in him, the sight of sorrow or distress left him restless until he had offered a helping hand or a word of sympathy. Those who knew him were fond of arguing against the wisdom of such unconsidered good-nature, and their arguments invariably left him with the same gently uplifted brows and smile of humorous deprecation. If there were fools and sages, he thought on the whole that the fools were pleasanter. Now Fate, if we may help ourselves to the time-worn explanation of unsearchable facts, threw this kindly and susceptible Maltese across the path of desolate girlhood; a pink-cheeked, fair-haired English girl, forlorn, destitute and

unhappy in a foreign land. She did not appeal to him in dramatically tearful distress, but in quiet endurance and a proudly concealed anxiety that was fast verging towards despair; a picture that could hardly fail to play potentially upon the delicate sensibilities of a nature that may be likened to a faint echo of the music of the Middle Ages. Plain, he would have grieved for her; pretty, the pity within him caught flame from love. So he rose, dressed himself very carefully, gallantly shook off doubt, though he gazed pensively into a diminishing purse, and sighed when he thought of the responsibilities the bliss-giving "yes" would entail, and then went boldly forth to plead for it with the traditional fervour of his race.

These were the parents of Tony, who lived with his grandfather on the island of Chios. A bewildering little barbarian, with milky brow and chin, and rosy cheeks so delicately hued beside the red of the short upper lip that was part of his general engagingness; joyous, clear, dark eyes that sometimes looked out of their long lashes with the gentle gravity of his dead father's, and wild wavy hair that was almost fierce and aggressive in its unshaded brilliance of ruddy gold.

His grandfather, Antonio Vallery, wearied of the dissipations and noisy solitude of the charming little town of La Valletta, had long ago retired to dwell in peace upon the island of his ancestors; to smoke and meditate under his own mastic tree, before a broken landscape melting into valley and rising into hill with blue lines of water cutting sharply from the edges of further islands; to cultivate his vines and orchard, and breed long-eared Maltese goats. As a set-off

against this pastoral monotony, there was the cheerful gossip on politics with the inevitable glass of *rakì* or Chian wine at the village grocer's, where the male population of the three neighbouring villages met of an evening to settle the affairs of Europe and glance casually at their own. Among these disputatious politicians Antonio Vallery was a conspicuous and respected personage. He was reserved and good-humoured, with a face quick to light up with a playful, tolerant smile; a tall, powerfully built man, very grey and brown, and severely touched by the many hard lessons he had learnt out beyond this sleepy, blue *Ægean* sea—sorrows and vicissitudes of which he spoke little and remembered with no bitterness. His chief delight, until his solitude was broken by a child's presence, was to sit alone smoking in the garden, when the evening air was enriched by the smell of the mastic and pepper trees, and the sun had gone down behind the hills. The intensity of unbroken silence had fallen upon the land, and, when the boy had brought home the goats, and left the supper prepared, there was nothing for the old man to do but gaze across the shadowed landscape to the dim sea-line, and muse, as old people do, upon the past—upon his absent son, the wedded years he had known in Malta, the unforgotten friends to whom he had been inextricably attached, and on old wounds and troubles that looked so greatly less in retrospect.

On one of these soft and tranquil evenings he was disturbed by the sudden appearance of Aristides, who came running down the rocky torrent-bed from the nearest village, excitedly shaking a letter above his head.

"A letter for you, Antonio Vallery!" he shouted. "Old Peter brought it in his *caïque*, and the post-master sent it up to the village at once."

"Thank you, child," Antonio said very quietly, but the hand that was eagerly stretched forth to take the letter trembled violently.

The letter told the story of sundered lives—of a dead man and a bereaved woman, and spoke of their baby-boy. Antonio's grandson. In a few moments the old man was tearing at his mule down the rocky pathway that led through many straggling villages to the little town of Chios on the sea-coast. His appearance at that unusual hour in the town spread magically a hint of disaster, and when he insisted with imperious gravity on Peter putting out for sea without delay, mentioning with impressive curttness the death of his son, the town poured itself out upon the little pier, and gazed upon him in sorrowful awe,—even the jocose Joanki incapable of anything less sober than an effusive embrace. Independent of his popularity, death absorbed their attention; for, to these simple folk, death is the supremest misfortune, and a visitation to call forth the wild protest of rebellion and the cry of transfixed pain. Their lives are so regular and frugal, so untainted by any taste or habit likely to cut off existence in its bloom, that such a sentence at twenty-nine appeared to them so enormous an injustice as to be beyond comfort or endurance.

A month later Antonio returned with a pale, fair, young woman, the whiter for her mourning robes, with a baby clasped against her, looking out upon the world with large dark eyes full of infant perplexities and surprise. The islanders kissed Vallery on both cheeks in speechless recognition of his bereavement, and shook the widow's hand sympathetically. But Joanki, the Chian humourist, took the child's head in his rough bronzed hands, kissed it, and jocosely placed a finger between the soft small lips. The baby gurgled in delight, and thus they signed their bond of eternal friendship.

They were all anxious to be kind to the pretty widow; they praised her golden hair, marvelled at the fairness of her skin, and bewildered her with a multiplicity of offers of willing nurses. She was grateful, and thanked them in broken Italian, while Antonio stood by,

grave and straight, and interpreted her gentle words, adding thanks of his own, and the smile struggled back into his fading glance as it rested on the child. He waited upon it and upon his daughter, with an interest of watchfulness born of his years of unbroken solitude. But the girl drooped visibly despite his efforts to keep her. She sickened to death, longing for the repose of an English meadow, for the familiar sights and sounds of her farm-home in Somersetshire, and blinded by the fierce perpetual sunshine and the deep glitter of the sea. Her boy's "Mamma" was music in her ears, but it could not numb the persistent agony of this home-sickness, and she faded with the year. As Antonio stood beside her open grave, and flung the customary handful of earth upon the flower-covered corpse while the priest chanted "May it rest lightly upon her," loud groans issued from the breasts of the sons of God (as the male Greek modestly regards himself) who looked down upon this pretty daughter of Man thus cruelly carried away to the Unknown.

II.

WINTER had swept rapidly across the highlands of the *Ægean*, and the sky now looked as if rain could never again wash the warm blue dim; while under it the sea was a blinding glitter hardly stirred by the sign of motion, cutting with sharp precision into the monotonous clearness of the unshaded landscape. The long daisies waved through the stony broken meadows of the valleys and upon the mountain-sides, breaking their uniformity of colour and of curve, like foam upon green waters. On the wings of the outer winds was borne the strong smell of the sea, mixing invigoratingly with the perfume of the orange blossoms from the gardens, and the more poignant scent of the wild thyme and the aromatic plants of spring. It was evening, when Chios looks fairest in the eloquence of absolute tranquil-

lity and rude charm of shepherd-life. A light dew lay upon the grass-spears, turning the meadows afar into a sea of waveless gray. The hill-tops stood out in clear lines from the vapoury blue, and the shapes of the goats made stains upon the naked rocks and thin spaces of green; the eager pigeons fluttering homeward might have been spots of luminous snow, shot like quivering arrows through the still air, and the silence was enriched by the cheerful twitter of the birds as they trilled and piped their good-night to one another. And over all hung the glamour of the Eastern sunset, deepening the twilight mist that rests upon the olive-groves, and shadowing the purple veil of opening buds upon the young fig-trees.

Down an abrupt shoulder of earth, above a little white village, came two boys. One carried a stick which he grasped with flexible dark fingers, and used to keep in order the band of goats he was driving before him. He wore a brown tunic, long leather gaiters, a fez, and Turkish shoes of red leather, stitched with silver, turned up at the toes and fastened off with bobbins of red floss silk. His companion was slightly taller, and his gun, his hunting-boots, and soft jaunty cap worn sideways, together with a hunting-bag stuffed with game, proclaimed a less peaceable occupation than goat-minding. They were strikingly alike, and the symmetry of the straight, supple, small-waisted figures and the perfect chiselling of the features were memories of an old race now chiefly relegated to these depopulated islands. Beautiful indeed were these boys; each had the same long, grave, dark eyes, that knew not how to laugh, in faces burnt a rich bronze, the unsmiling lips of statues, coldly but beautifully curved, equally expressive of icy reserve and bucolic dulness. Spiro and Saba were the names of these sons of the soil, not, as perhaps might be imagined from their romantic description, fallen princes, or in any way attractive boys. But a Chian

peasant, who knows nothing of the benefits of soap and water, may have the exterior of a Greek god, as Saba and Spiro had, and less soul than the animals he professes such infinite contempt for, as they also had. They were not coarse, for the Greek islander is never coarse, balanced, as he is, with curious soleness, between the barbarian and the gentleman. Simply dull, sober, never hurried, and tinged with cruelty, which in Saba showed itself in his treatment of his goats, and in Spiro in the less active form of strong dislike for all that is physically weak, or sickly, or feminine.

"That is surely Tony's voice," said Saba, with something dimly suggestive through an irreflective indolence of tone that touched upon unconscious good-nature.

"I dare say. Why do you talk of the fellow? I hate him! I wish those priests hadn't puffed his silly head with a sense of his own importance, by making such a fuss of his singing. Somebody ought to snuff him out, and give us peace."

"I don't know about that. His voice is really beautiful: I could stand here listening to him singing like that for ever. The *pappa* says that somebody has told him boys sing like Tony in the great heretical churches of Europe."

Spiro changed his gun to the other shoulder and flung a glance of dark disapproval, mixed with some anger, down the valley, from which travelled up the clear sweet notes of a child's soprano. Tony was singing a thin Italian melody of small musical worth, but, breaking as it did the evening stillness, it was magically effective. Below, Tony himself might be discerned by a spot of luminous gold through the deepening shadows of the landscape—the head of the little popular idol; the hero of his own village, and the wonder of many another into which his name and adventures had travelled. A charming head it was; and each time Spiro felt compelled to make this admission to himself, his

passive hate for the child was spurred momentarily by an active sting.

"I can tell you, Spiro, Smaragda and mother would not wish to see Tony snuffed out. Joanki always calls him Smaragda's little husband, and mother seems to be of the opinion that unlikelier things have come to pass."

"Who cares for women's thoughts? They are all fools," retorted Spiro, with an impatient movement of his vacant shoulder; like the youthful Telemachus in the absence of Ulysses, he felt himself the head of the house, and held his mother in light esteem.

"All, Spiro? Even Helene Ampilou?"

Saba did not look round at his brother, but his smile expressed quiet enjoyment of his own joke. If Spiro had any latent sense of humour, it did not permit of his relishing any joke aimed at himself, and he regarded Saba's attempts in this department as demonstrative of exceptionally bad taste.

"Helene Ampilou is as great a fool as the rest, unless she may be a greater," he said, with an ugly frown. "The fact that I think she may suit me when we are old enough to marry, and that our parents have betrothed us, does not, that I am aware, add to her stock of brains. I am going to marry Helene because she has a hundred *liras*, and because one must marry somebody, and she is as good as another. That need not change my belief that women are poor creatures, with very long hair and no brains."

Although this had been the opinion of his father, and every male islander shared it, to whom it had been transmitted by a long line of Oriental ancestors, Spiro enunciated it with the severe proud utterance that bespeaks careful meditation and originality. But little, and that not necessarily novel, does duty for originality on a sleepy Ægean island, where there is nothing more responsive to local genius than the impassable rocks and the blue waters.

"True enough," assented Saba, phil-

osophically, while he hit an inoffensive goat between the ears, causing it in fright and apprehension to break the ranks, for the refined pleasure of beating it back. "Christo and I are going to the Jesuit's Church to-morrow to hear Tony sing. Helene will come down too, if her mother will bring her. You will have to come with Helene, won't you?"

"Certainly not; I don't want to hear that yellow-haired brat, and if Helene does, she will have to manage without me. It is quite absurd to hear a boy squeaking and piping like a girl."

Another hard blow sent the nervous goat limping and bleating behind its companions, and Saba, satisfied with his work, turned his spare attentions to the birds by roughly shaking the branches in which they were sleeping as he passed, and winging a feathery frightened cloud into the air.

"You are hard on poor Tony," he remarked after a pause, with that echo in his voice which seemed the answer to a dimly felt and undefinable kindness noticeable whenever he spoke of or to the bright boy. "How can you not like his singing? Listen, is not that like your idea of an angel?"

"I haven't the ghost of an idea of an angel, but nothing about that fellow will ever come near it when I do form one," laughed Spiro unpleasantly.

Saba planted his stick upon the rocky goat-path, and stopped to listen to the silvery notes growing shriller as the shining head bobbed up and down in the steep ascent. Spiro thrust out his lips and dragged down the corners in a repulsive sneer, stooped to pick a grass-blade, and as he disappeared under the blackened archway beside the village fountain and washing-tank he muttered, "I'll surely strangle that little beast one of these days."

"Are your goats fond of singing, Tony?" asked Saba.

A small boy, like a flash of light, cleared the low, loose border of stones

that edged the narrow pathway, and stood shaking out his curls and laughing musically with contagious mirth, while he held a white kid pressed affectionately in one arm. The jump and climb had reddened his fresh cheeks, and he looked an engaging picture of a healthy, high-spirited and noble little imp. This minute leader was followed by four sedate brown goats and four frisky black-and-brown kids, that gazed alternately at their mothers and at Tony with speechless assertion of divided affections, impartially rubbing their moist muzzles against the maternal side and against their keeper's blue stockings.

"Of course they are," cried Tony, putting on his cap again, and changing the kid to the other arm. "You should see how sensible even the kids are with me. I make them play, too, and I play with them. Mitzo can't manage them half so well as I do—that's why I help him. I am fond of Mitzo, you know, but then he's such a fool. He does not talk to them, and that's bad for them, you know. Why, Saba, goats want to be talked to and amused just as much as we do. And when they see Mitzo sitting quite silent and dull on a stone, they don't like it, and get cross and troublesome. But they are never troublesome with me. Even the kids do just what I tell them. Just look at this little white fellow. Isn't he a beauty? That's his mother over there."

Saba patted the kid's head patronisingly, and hardly seemed to relish the amiable concession, but Tony was looking at him with his earnest imperiousness of expression, and anything less affectionate would be regarded by him in the light of a distinct offence.

"It is really astonishing how much sense the fellow has," Tony went on explanatorily. "He understands everything. I am going to give him to Smaragda when he is old enough to leave his mother. Kokona Photini said Smaragda might have him."

"But you ought not to give him to

Smaragda if he is so sensible. Girls, you know, Tony, are great simpletons. An intelligent kid like yours would have no chance of finishing his education properly with one of them, eh?"

"Are they really, Saba?" asked Tony with reflective gravity. "But I don't think Smaragda a simpleton," he added, shaking his head. "She is the very nicest little girl in Chios. Grandfather says so, and it isn't the same as if anybody else said it, you know, for grandpapa reads in Italian books, and has lived in Malta, which is a great way off—and he's been to Constantinople, and lots of other places. Grandpapa says she is not beautiful like my mamma, and he must know, but she is prettier than anybody else here, and I know she isn't a bit stupid. She can't ride Pollux, and she's afraid of the sea. That is silly, I think, but oh! she says lots of clever things—cleverer than you do, Saba."

"Oh, does she? Wait till you grow up, Tony, and then you won't think Smaragda so clever."

"Yes, I will. I'm going to marry her when I grow up. I'm very fond of her, and that's why I'm giving her my white kid. Do you know, I was down in town yesterday?"

"Indeed, I heard all about it from Joanki, who says you were carrying on at quite an awful rate."

"Yes, it was just like this," said Tony, with his delicious explanatory air. "Grandpapa gave me a drachma, all to spend myself. Mitzo and I went down to the town 'cause Mitzo had never seen the town before—you know poor Mitzo's mother is not rich at all, and he never has any money, so I promised to treat him. When we were walking down the street we met the Demarch. He stopped and asked me why I was looking so serious, and I said, 'I am thinking how much money I should want to go to England;' and then I asked him if he would not like to go to England, and he said he has always heard that England is a pretty comfortable place for

a gentleman to live in, with lots of money, who didn't mind fogs and no sunshine, but he thought sunshine would suit him better. Then I told him grandpapa had plenty of money, for he had given me a drachma to spend as I liked. And the Demarch laughed and gave me another, and hoped I would not get my head split on a rock, or tumble into the sea and get drowned before I had time to spend it."

"A sensible hope on his part. So I suppose you spent all your fortune—the two whole drachmæ?"

"Yes, I spent it all," Tony said, with a nod. "I bought a splendid red ribbon for the kid. Smaragda won't know which is the handsomest, the kid or its collar. And Mitzo and I went in Marco's boat to see the Saint Sophia, and that cost half a franc. She is a very beautiful ship. Saba, and the captain came down, and shook hands with me, and said I was quite an Englishman, and that I must go to Constantinople when I grow up, and become a Pasha. I said I would consider it, and he laughed, and gave us sherbet and *rahat-ul-koun*. That's how he called it; he says *loukoumi* isn't right."

"Upon my faith, you'll do; a fine enterprising fellow like you won't come to the wall. You will go to see the Sultan next, *Panaghía Mou*. How close and heavy the air is! Well, good-night, Tony. Don't get into any mischief between this and your grandfather's cottage. I will not forget to tell Smaragda about the kid."

Saba, mindful of the supper-hour, hurried through the archway and collected his flock with indiscriminate blows, while Tony jumped and raced among the wet stones of the oleander and myrtle-edged torrent that trended roughly into Vallery's vine-fields, and he noted that the bleat of the goats above the tinkle of their bells, as they ran with him, was beginning to take an anxious and suffering tone.

"I wonder what can be the matter with them," he thought, stopping to

soothe and quiet them. "It does feel very hot, I know, just like summer. There's grandpapa looking at the sky."

When Tony bounded up above the thin line of silver water that curled and swirled in delicate murmur through its shrubs and sedges, night had flung its first arrow into the heart of the dying day, and the west was a river of blood. All the trees had sung their shrill good-night before the woods went asleep. Yet an uneasy dolorous sound broke ever and anon the silence of the land, and there seemed to be a questioning and apprehensive note in the recurring bark of the watch-dogs.

III.

TONY was as un-Greek as possible; an abnormal and perplexing urchin who might turn out a Christian ornament and might take a high rank with the reprobates, supposing it probable he should survive the hourly and incalculable risks of the wildest childhood.

Greek children are the very opposite of wild. They never run, nor leap, nor shout, nor cut mad capers for pure lightness of heart. They are born old, unexuberant, and steady, and may perchance grow partially young with age. I have known an old Greek to laugh heartily, but never a child. These sit still on chairs in an attitude of complete respectability and antique repose; they do not even dangle their feet, or thrust out a furtive elbow in the neighbourhood of another child; they walk about sedately, and only fall when they are thrown down. Peasant babies delight to stand with their mouths open, staring silently and listening to their elders, the most audacious and sprightly variation of this somewhat monotonous entertainment being a glance of dull meaning between themselves. Conceive then the effect on an unenlightened, unaspiring population of this semi-British, semi-Arabian barbarian, full to overflowing of animal spirits, and yet gentle and soft-natured; alert in

the matter of enterprise frequently touching the skirts of disaster, and quite indifferent to or apprehensive of the possibilities of a broken head or an untimely grave. A breathless, dreadful lad, with unexpected sensibilities and an open-eyed curiosity perpetually tending to awkward questioning that would be content with no baffling conjecture or make-shift explanation, but demanded clear and logical instruction, showing a child's merciless contempt for imperfect information or impotence of any kind.

The Demarch had thought it not improbable that Tony would end by the hand of the public executioner, until his heart was softened by the little fellow's unseizable attractiveness as he stood before him with his chubby hands manfully twisting the contents of his knickerbocker pockets, and discussed the relative merits of England and Constantinople. The Demarch was heard to observe that evening that Tony was a frank and pretty rascal who might be anything yet; and the Aga, to whom this comprehensive opinion had been communicated, observed that English blood is assertive and runs high in enterprise, and that on the whole he preferred it to the French or Greek.

But Smaragda was his loyal and ardent admirer. She was convinced that no such nice little boy had ever before been sent into this world by fay or fairy to catch a nice little girl's fancy. She loved him profoundly; screamed and closed her tawny eyes when he flew past her on Pollux; whimpered in sympathetic pain when she saw him one day tumble off a rock into the village tank; and joined delightedly in his contagious laughter when Marigo, the washerwoman, had roughly rescued him by the leg, and planted him on the path to shake out his dragged plumes.

Indeed with everybody, far and near, Vallery's grandson was a favourite, always excepting the Archbishop, who mistrusted his weakness in catechism, and Spiro, who hated him for reasons

unknown. But the schoolmaster down in Chios loved him perhaps more than all; and in the grocer's shop his destiny rivalled the probable fate of France now that Germany had reduced her to a political pulp, and the relative degrees of rascality in the gentlemen in office at Athens and the gentlemen out.

IV.

ANTONIO VALLERY was anxiously scanning the sky as his grandson climbed the low garden-wall, and his curiosity was great enough to allow the cigarette which he held in his hand to burn itself out unperceived.

"Do you think it is going to rain, grandpapa?" asked Tony, with that inimitable gravity children brought up in old society acquire, while he stood beside Antonio and watched the sky, too, keeping his hands in his small side-pockets.

"I am fearing something far different, Tony. Rain is a blessing to us, but that sky looks like a threatened crack in our old baked earth."

"Why? What sort of crack?"

"A dreadful one, boy,—an earthquake."

Tony grew very anxious, and puckered his smooth forehead into an expression of ostentatious intensity. They stood together in silence upon the short grassy slope above the torrent-bed, and the inquietude and depression of Nature were felt in the gasping barks of the village curs and farm watch-dogs, in the nervous bleating of goats and penned sheep, and the piteous lowing of the cows in their stables, with the mules and donkeys adding their more noisy protest at this widespread and indefinable uneasiness and alarm. The sky was extraordinary enough to justify both. Mountains of purple shadows had gathered and massed themselves upon blood-red clouds that brought no light with them, but a dense and stifling heat, as if they glowed with inward fire and suppressed their flame. With

each movement the air seemed to grow heavier and hotter, until breathing became almost a tyranny. Not a star glimmered in the field of lurid dusk above, not a sound of life or motion in the trees beneath.

"Grandpapa, what is an earthquake like? Have you ever seen one?" asked Tony, a little frightened, but determined not to show it.

"What is it like, boy?" cried Antonio, with a slight shudder. "There are hardly words in which to describe it. I tell you there is no evil to approach it in horror. The worst sea is not so cruel as the earth when all the devils of hell are bursting their barriers underneath it, and roaring and howling, and shaking it in their merciless rage, until they succeed in gashing it into the awfulest grave, smothering men, women, and children in the flames of their fire below. I saw such work once done in Sicily. The sky was like that—a sea of blood and fire and gloom. The dull thud underground was like the echo of infernal horse-hoofs tramping through the unfelt air, and the land rocked from side to side like a helpless ship on the wide, waste, deep sea. Ah! but on the water you look your enemy in the face. You see the liquid masses piling up in mountainous waves before you, and you know that they will break into angry foam and swallow you. You can gauge your chances of safety, and mayhap use them, or you can realize the worst. What is that agony, great as it is, in comparison with the appalling sense of feeling and hearing the rock and roar of unseen waves? of not knowing whither to run, how to escape, what to fear? I remember on that dreadful night that, when the swinging ceased, it seemed as if the cord that bound the land were wrenched from east to west in one violent upward jerk, and it lay with the death-rattle in its throat—human forms heaped together under the ruins, trees gashed to their roots, and mighty rocks split open. Oh! an earthquake, Tony! God help us if

that monstrous misery is before us!" he ended, with passionate vehemence.

"Isn't there any one place safer for people than others?" Tony asked with a tearless sob of fright, for his grandfather's words and voice filled him with speechless horror.

"Surely, surely, it is safer for us to be under God's sky, and in the wide empty fields than in a town or village with the added dangers of falling houses and the hustle of panic-stricken people."

"Then it would be worse for Kokona Photini and for Smaragda than for us?" Tony suggested in breathless anxiety.

"I believe so. They are in a narrow street, and the houses are very insecure."

Tony sat down on the wall in his overpowering distress, and tried to think; then he said after a pause, "Grandpapa, had I not better take Pollux and ride down to the village to warn Kokona Photini, and bring them up to stay with us?"

"No, no, Tony. It may be only some freak of Nature, no more easily accounted for than the thousand things that happen daily, and which no amount of learning will help us to understand."

"But if anything happens to show you that it is really going to be an earthquake, like the one in Sicily, you know, won't you let me go?" the little fellow persisted.

"Well, we shall see, lad. In the meantime we may as well have our supper, and leave the goats to Mitzo."

Tony carried his kid into the kitchen, followed by its bleating and nervous mother, and carefully placed it on a piece of old carpet, left for its use beside a heap of dried olive-wood. Turning to the inviting table, with its spotless cloth and home-spun napkins, he proceeded, in spite of fears and tremors, to devour a plate of steaming pillau as only a hungry child can; and when the misythera and dried figs appeared, and he had swallowed his usual allowance of red wine and water,

he felt strengthened enough to resume the conversation.

"I hope nothing will happen to the white kid," he said, as he slowly spread a lump of creamy cheese on bread and crowned it with a dried fig. "It will look so pretty with its new red ribbon, and I am going to teach it lots of tricks for Smaragda. But, I say, grandpapa, I don't a bit like that sky. I wish it would not stay so red and strange. It does not seem right not to see any stars when there is no rain or storm. I am sure I saw a flash of lightning just now,—didn't you, grandpapa?"

"There is no use in anticipating dangers we cannot avert, and against which we are powerless to protect ourselves," said Antonio bitterly, laying down his glass to peer out at the patch of murky red which showed through the branches of the plane-tree before the window. "Go to bed, boy, and try to sleep soundly."

"Are you going to bed, grandpapa?"

"Not just yet: I want to smoke a cigarette and get my thoughts in shape; but young bones need sleep if they are to grow."

"I won't go to bed. I'll stay here, and sleep on the sofa. If the earthquake comes, you'll call me at once, won't you?"

Vallery nodded, and the boy rolled himself up on the sofa, and was soon carried into sweet, dreamless sleep.

It was eight o'clock when Tony fell asleep on the sofa, his pretty flushed face lying like a ripe pomegranate in a bed of sunny curls; and Antonio Vallery continued to watch the lurid gloom of the heavens as the air grew hotter and heavier with its nameless electric forces and currents. Towards midnight the clouds parted and frayed themselves into a line of threads over a rainbow of pale light spanning east and west. A sudden movement of Antonio's chair woke the sleeper, who, seeing at once with widely opened and alert eyes his grandfather's form pencilled clearly in the dim air by the

flicker of the lamp, jumped up, and asked the hour.

"A quarter to one," said Antonio softly, as if fear were a tangible presence to be conciliated and turned away with gentle voice. "I am glad you slept so well, Tony. If there be trouble in front of us, you will face it all the better for rest."

The boy peered eagerly out of the window, and asked: "What does that strange light mean, grandpapa?"

"Nothing good, I fear. It seems to me that the blow cannot now be far off. Such a light as that in the heavens is otherwise inconceivable at this hour."

"May I go at once to Kokona Photini?"

Antonio looked yearningly into the urgent beseeching little face, so imperious in its pleading, so generous in its ardour. He recognized the nobility of the request, and its unselfish purpose, but he dreaded to let the child out of his sight, though it was hardly possible that actual peril would be incurred between the cottage and the village. Still he wavered, and would fain have refused.

"Grandpapa, you promised," Tony pressed.

"Very well," Vallery assented reluctantly. "I don't know why I should forbid you. It is not far, and you will be very careful and not delay?"

Without waiting to give the assurance, Tony rushed off to waken Mitzo, who slept in a tiny outhouse.

"Quick, quick, Mitzo, a lamp! Help me to get Pollux ready. I am in a great hurry to get down to the village yonder."

"It is not morning already, surely," muttered Mitzo sleepily, rubbing his half-closed eyes.

"No, but there is going to be an earthquake, and you must get up quickly," Tony panted.

It was exactly one o'clock when Tony sprang into the saddle, and Mitzo stood at the gate to hold the

lamp until he found his way safely into the jagged path below which fringed the black swirl of water in its rocky torrent-bed. Just as he bent his head under an orange-tree in flower before dropping into the torrent, he felt himself encircled by embracing arms, and looking round inquiringly, his brilliant eyes pierced through the darkness to his grandfather's white and solemn face.

"God bless you, my dear, dear Tony. It is right that you should think of others, but only come back safe to me."

Even in his impatient need of action, he was careful to extricate himself gently from the old man's arms, and cried gleefully: "Of course, grandpapa, I'll come back safe to you. You could not do without your little boy, and I couldn't do without you either."

Tears welled up into his eyes as the prospect of either having ever to do without the other dimly suggested itself to his untrained vision; but he had a mission before him, and he resolutely brushed them away, and recovering himself, added: "Don't be anxious, grandpapa. I'll come back in an hour with Kokona Photini and Smaragda and her brothers. You can give Smaragda my bed—she is small like me; and tell Mitzo not to forget to tie the red ribbon round the kid's throat. Good-night."

He leant forward and patted Pollux bravely. The mule seemed to understand what was expected of him, rendered doubly nervous and sensitive through the sensations provoked by the electrical influences in the atmosphere, and in an instant the rocky slope was crossed, and the dark stream was flying under hurrying feet no less rapid than its downward rush, the hills rising and falling from massy shadow to vague outline as mule and rider shot through the arrowy descent. Pollux, as if realizing by instinct the supreme need of velocity, never swerved or slackened in his mad gallop, as his rider never swerved or blanched in his seat. Now the landscape dropped into

black space, and anon there suddenly emerged out of the infinite shadow long fields and broken walls and ghostly trees shaped in weird indistinctness under the faint glimmer of light rising from the sea across the heavens, and losing itself behind the high peak of Mount Elias. And Tony held his breath in dread that this fierce speed might prove too much for his strength.

At last the unbearable strain of solitude and passionate terror was suspended. He could see the straggling shapes of houses making dim points in the bewildering gloom,—a massy darkness that carried with it the comfort of human brotherhood. And then came the grateful sound under the mule's hoofs of worn and ragged pavement, and the familiar steps and housetops of the village-street greeted his tired eyes like cherished friends. He jumped down, and knocked loudly at Kokona Photini's door. A white cap framing features hardly visible showed itself at a window, and a husky voice called out: "Who on earth is knocking at such an hour?"

"It is I,—Tony. Come away at once, Kokona Photini. Oh, do please, I pray you. Grandpapa says you must—all of you—Smaragda, and Spiro and Saba. You are to stay with us. Come please now. I can't delay," he jerked out.

"God bless my soul! Is the boy gone mad? Where would you have us go at this hour of the night? and what does your grandfather mean by sending a child out like you alone? He is not ill, surely, for he ought to know that you risk your bones quite enough by day."

"No, he is not ill; but he knows there's going to be an earthquake, like there was once in Sicily, and it is more dangerous where there are houses than up in the fields with us. Please come, Kokona Photini. There is no time to be lost. It is quite hot and strange, and the sky has been dreadful to look at all night. I have Pollux

here, and you and Smaragda can ride him," Tony urged, in broken sentences which burst from him with an incoherent vehemence that both startled and convinced Kokona Photini.

"*Panaghia Mou!* This is awful news, child," she cried. An earthquake on these summery isles is an evil too probable for the mere suggestion, even from inexperienced lips, to be received with doubt or indifference. The noise of hurried speech roused Saba, who showed himself quite ready to accept Vallery's view, and acknowledged that it would be safer to be away from the proximity of buildings. This opinion decided his affrighted mother. But as she was retreating to waken and dress Smaragda, she remembered that Spiro had gone down to the town to sleep at the schoolmaster's, with whom he had arranged to go shooting early in the morning.

"Saba, what are we to do about Spiro?" she cried, helplessly holding her head with both hands in her access of sudden maternal alarm. "If we are in danger here, how much worse will it not be for him down there?"

"That is true, mother, but I do not see how we can help him. It is at least an hour's ride, and the mule is lame. Let us hope for the best, and don't stay long dressing Smaragda."

At this juncture Joanki appeared at a window, and roughly inquired how a respectable woman like Kokona Photini could disturb a peaceful village in that unprecedented way.

"I tell you what it is, Joanki, you had better adopt another tone if you want a civil answer," roared Saba crossly. "The matter is simply this, that it looks terribly as if we are on the point of being swallowed alive in an earthquake."

"Christ save us all! What has put such a horrible idea into your head? You are not going to turn joker now, are you?" cried Joanki, blanching through his bronzed skin.

"Just put out your head, and feel how hot the air is. Why, man, you

can almost gather it in your hand, it is so thick. It is not more than a quarter past one, and there is a light over Mount Elias that is neither dawn nor day, with not even so much as a star, much less a moon to account for it."

Kokona Photini emerged from the house into the narrow street, dragging the half-awakened, troubled little Smaragda by the hand.

"Smaragda, you are coming to stay with us," Tony burst out, comforted by the thought. "I told Mitzo to tie the pretty red ribbon round the kid's neck. You'll see it to-night, and you can have it in bed if you like. Aren't you very glad? It is all white and fluffy, and quite soft."

"I don't care a bit about the kid," Smaragda whimpered disconsolately, looking at Tony with a sleepy, fretful gaze, as Saba hoisted her into the saddle. "Mother is crying. She says Spiro will be killed, and I don't care about white kids if no one can save poor Spiro."

"Would you like me to try and save him, Smaragda?" Tony offered, with his impulsive generosity. "I could go, you know, with Pollux. It is not so very far, and grandpapa would not mind if I was very quick. Shall I go?"

"Yes, do go, Tony," said Smaragda, stooping down to lay her short fat arms about his neck. "And please bring Spiro back quickly the way he won't be killed, and I'll love you as much as all that," she cried, opening her arms to their widest, "and lots more as well."

"Don't be sorry for Spiro, Kokona Photini," said Tony, after kissing his small mistress affectionately. "I'll bring him back. Pollux isn't too tired to go quickly, and I won't be very long. You can walk to the cottage if your mule is too lame. I don't mind, I assure you," he protested gallantly.

Hope flashed into the woman's dark eyes, but she held back from expressed consent in womanly pity and tenderness for this pathetic picture of daunt-

less and chivalrous infancy. It was hard to let the child go alone so far, and into what she considered might be actual danger, perhaps death. Yet even harder seemed it to refuse this chance of saving Spiro, her first-born. She looked anxiously and beseechingly at Saba, without the courage to propose the task to him; but he stood apart, ready to lift Smaragda down again when a decision was arrived at, but not at all ready to do what was mutely expected and entreated of him in his mother's glance. He liked his brother, and he liked Tony, but he greatly preferred himself, and had not the least idea of jeopardising his life for any one. So he stood apart, quietly tugging at an invisible moustache, and watching the sky.

Without a word Tony sprang into the saddle when Smaragda had been lifted down, and turning back his head as the mule set into a preliminary canter, he cried out that he and Spiro would surely overtake them before they should reach the cottage.

Just as he was riding away, Joanki came into the street, and broke into savage expostulation with Kokona Photini and Saba for letting a mere child ride down to the town at such an hour alone, and with possible catastrophe hanging over his innocent head. Whereupon little Smaragda began to cry, and refused to be comforted until the good-natured carpenter sent a piercing call after Tony. But it was too late now for hope of effectual interference. Pollux had carried Tony with the same breathless speed into the blackness beyond the village street which closed behind them like a heavy curtain.

V.

THE regular beat of hoofs down the hilly roadway leading to the town was the only sound that broke the intensity of silence, in muffled tread or in loud clear tramp as the path rose and fell in its indented decline. Not a breath of wind made music through the trees, or blew the lightest hedge-

plume across the fields; not a frog croaked in startled companionship among the sedges of the valley-streams; and only now and then a thin faint murmur like the echo of falling water travelling from afar was heard in the overwhelming suspension of all cheerful night-noises. Again the stones and dust flew round them, and Tony sometimes struck his head against the low fig-branches that sprawled their intricately enlaced arms across the orchard limits, and filled up the narrow path to the impediment of mule and rider, or he entangled his foot in the myrtle and oleander bushes, and the nettles stung through his stockings, and drew from the tightened lips a cry of fierce, hot pain. But in spite of bruise and sting, in spite of startled pulses hammering frantically round throat and temples, of aching lids strained their widest in the multiplicity of unformed terrors and emotions that partially stunned his imagination, in spite of the thick enveloping shadows through which he was speeding in a sickening vagueness of alarm, he rode on like a brave little knight, mindful only of his promise and his mission. To add to his sufferings an agony of thirst grew upon him, and as a village rose and sank behind him the sense of loneliness seemed to lie upon him as more and more cruel and intolerable.

He shouted aloud in the might of joy when at last he saw the harbour-lights break upon the widening view, and he strained his eyes to distinguish those of his new acquaintance, the Saint Sophia. The town clock at that moment struck the third quarter of the hour—how pleasant was the familiar sound after the agonizing silence! He pulled his remaining forces together, and tried to cheer Pollux whom he felt to be as nervous and as impressed with nameless horror as himself, and the mule's answer to his caress was one last wild effort, carrying him like a shadowy phantom to the schoolmaster's door; and he stood there snorting and panting in

troubled protest, his brown flanks flaked with foam, and grey where the dust lay thick upon them. Tony himself was so spent with fatigue that with difficulty he lifted himself out of the saddle, and dropped upon the pavement in stiff and nerveless exhaustion. By a supreme exertion he was enabled to knock feebly for admittance.

The schoolmaster was awake, and heard the knock. He opened the window, and peered inquiringly outside. "Who is there?" he asked.

"Tony. Let me in quickly. I am so tired, and I want Spiro."

The schoolmaster ran down stairs, and stared in blank amazement to see the child huddled upon the pavement. He lifted him into his arms, and carried him inside.

"What is the matter, Tony?" he asked, under his breath.

"There is going to be an earthquake! Don't you feel it in the air? It is awful outside. I can't breathe."

Tony pressed his little hands over his face in a dazed way, and then fell down on the floor, and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

"There is indeed something very strange in the atmosphere," said the schoolmaster, stooping down to pat the curly head at his feet. "I could not sleep, and Spiro has been upset all the evening as a nervous girl. But who on earth sent you down? It was a piece of shameful cruelty—poor little fellow!"

"Grandpapa sent me to Kokona Photini's to tell her to come and stay with us because it is safer than her house," Tony said, making a violent effort to keep down the sobs that shook him. "And they were all so sorry because nobody could come for Spiro. Smaragda was crying, so I said I would come with Pollux. Please don't delay. Tell Spiro. Pollux and I are dreadfully tired, and it is getting worse every minute."

The schoolmaster rushed up stairs, and shook Spiro roughly out of his uneasy sleep.

"Cannot you let me alone? It is

not time to get up yet!" Spiro muttered angrily.

"Get up at once," the schoolmaster cried, in an authoritative tone. "Val-ler-y's little boy is here for you."

"What does he want? I have nothing to do with him. Tell him to go to the devil, or anywhere else he likes."

"Spiro, they are all waiting for you—your mother and Smaragda. They sent me for you. Please come," urged Tony, in a faint whisper, who had crept up after the master.

"Be off, you young monkey! How dare you come after me!" roared Spiro, in an unaccountable rage.

"Don't be disagreeable, Spiro. Grandpapa says there is going to be an earthquake, and it may swallow us up any moment. It is hard to come all this way by myself, and I so small and frightened, to save you, and be treated like this," gasped poor Tony, breaking down completely in a wave of self-pity.

"What is he talking about?" shrieked Spiro aghast, as he sat up and glared at the schoolmaster, who was holding Tony pressed to him and tenderly drying his eyes.

"It is on your knees you ought to thank the noble child," said the schoolmaster wrathfully. "Let us lose no time. I have just been looking at the sky, and it is as he says; it forebodes an earthquake."

Spiro flung himself out of bed, and began to dress hastily. He was familiar with the horrible pictures wrought upon the imagination by the very word earthquake, and his mind was a blank equally to good thoughts and to evil. That Tony had, open-eyed and deliberately, imperilled his own life to save him he remembered not; he was even capable of feeling a sharp irritation when the child stood between him and the long leather boots he was seeking, and burst into some puerile invective as he rudely pushed him aside.

In silence the three darted into the empty street, the master holding Tony

convulsively by the hand, and they heard the rush of a mighty invisible wave pass with a muffled roar through the heavy stillness of the air. At that moment the strained nerves of Pollux gave way, and he flew over the pavement, neighing and clanking his hoofs like a spirit possessed.

"*The Mou!*" cried Spiro, crossing himself energetically. "This is the first shock, and Pollux has fled."

The clangorous beat of the town-clock striking the hour trembled prophetically, and the second note was followed by an uncertain tingle of fainter notes. Spiro and the master were white with terror, but Tony had passed beyond conscious sensation and ran with them in a dream.

Eastward and westward shook the earth upon the sulphurous billows of its underdeeps, and in a flash the houses emptied themselves of frantic and terrified inhabitants, hustling, racing with the unseeing eyes of panic, shrieking out every form of propitiatory adjuration which rose to their colourless lips and served as an outlet of impotent anguish. A second swing, mightier and longer than the first, flung Tony and Spiro prostrate as they turned the angle of the street, and the schoolmaster, in starting back to balance himself against a wall, saw an old woman waving her hands in tragic despair and helplessness from a window above on the opposite side. In the pause of transient steadiness, he called out to Spiro to help Tony, and bounded up the rickety staircase.

"Poor Tony! I'll carry you if you like," said Spiro in a changed voice, suddenly awakened to the piteous condition to which fright and fatigue had reduced the brave child.

"No, no. I am only tired. Don't mind me. Smaragda was crying for you, and so was your mother. Run on quickly to them. I'll come afterwards. And please remember to tell grandpapa that I am all right, and not to be uneasy about me," Tony answered, catching his breath in long gasps.

Selfishness, alas! silenced the voice of a generosity hardly ever quite absent in the worst of us, though its presence too often takes a shape so dim and inarticulate as to be incapable of beneficially asserting itself, and Spiro thus magnanimously exhorted, gained with incredible celerity the stony ascent leading from the town; heedless of the rock-points piercing his boots, heedless of the sharp sting of nettles and the scratch of briars, heedless of the small clamour of conscience pleading for a forlorn and forsaken child; pursued by the deafening, merciless roar of an underworld bursting its barriers. As onward he ran, pricked into passion by the animal instinct of self-preservation, the swing of the land grew more ominous, and a flame of violet colour broke in clear lines along the inky horizon.

The schoolmaster, carrying the old woman in his arms, was dashed like a feather upon the strong wave from the wall to the balustrade, as he strove to make his way down the staircase that rocked like a ship. He reached the street in safety, only to find Tony at his feet, prone upon the doorstep, with the life-blood flowing steadily from his fair young head. He planted the woman on her feet, and stooped over the wounded child: he lifted him into his arms, and touched the little bleeding head with infinite tenderness.

"Tony! My poor, poor Tony! Is this the reward for all your bravery?" he cried, and he saw the unconscious form through a mist of hot and blinding tears.

The change of attitude restored Tony for a moment to half-consciousness. He opened his large, dazed eyes, beautiful and beseeching in their fading light, and fixed them inquiringly and yet confidently upon the master.

"Please don't ask me to walk any more. I am so tired," he said dreamily. "Has Spiro gone? I promised Kokona Photini she would see him soon, and I don't want Smaragda to be sorry about him. The kid wouldn't comfort her if he was lost, and I can't go to her,—at

least not yet. Let me rest a little, and then we can go back with Pollux. Poor Pollux! He won't like my being so tired, will he? But then he is tired too. We came dreadfully quick, on purpose to be in time. And I was so frightened by myself in the dark. I didn't mean to be frightened, but I couldn't help it. You won't tell grand-papa, because it would fret him. So tired, so very tired."

His voice faded away into the merest whisper, and he closed his eyes in seemingly painless repose. He opened them again, and stared dully into vacancy.

"I have a pretty red collar for the white kid. I hope Smaragda will like it."

The schoolmaster rose, and struggled slowly with his burden up a lane. His own failing strength and overmastering emotions made the journey one of much difficulty. Tony stirred slightly in the movement, and looking down, the schoolmaster could see, through the glimmering twilight shed from the disturbed heavens, some vague consciousness of gaze, yearningly seeking his own with the exquisite intangibility of expression that looks out of eyes growing dim upon the borderland of eternity.

"What is it, Tony?" he asked, bending down his face.

"Tell Mitzo to take care of Pollux. I can't think what my grandpapa will do without his little boy if—if I am too tired to go home. Tell him—tell him I wanted to go back to him very badly, but—but—"

"Tony, won't you try to pray with me—just a little?" the schoolmaster asked, in a voice thick with tears. "Try to say 'Our Father' with me."

The boy moved his eyelids tremulously in a faintly affirmative sign, and the schoolmaster recited the prayer very slowly. When he said "Give us this day our daily bread," Tony interrupted him softly: "No, don't say that. We don't want bread now. Say, please, 'Save everybody from the earth—"

quake, and be good to my dear grand-papa, and Smaragda, and Mitzo, and—”

As the schoolmaster made the pretty alteration, the country now lay before them, and only a few houses remained to be passed.

“Like the earthquake there was in Sicily,” Tony murmured; and as the schoolmaster stooped to catch the low words, the third and most terrible shock struck underneath. A near wall gave way, split, swayed, and fell upon the man and child, burying them under a heap of stones.

It was a quarter past two, and the shrieks and prayers of agony were silenced, for the town of Chios was one grave and hospital, death, ruin, and desolation stamped upon it.

VI.

Spiro's appearance alone at Antonio's cottage even dashed Kokona Photini's maternal satisfaction with dismay, and while she held in abeyance the trembling ecstasy of her joy to inquire for Tony, and Smaragda stood, with the white kid in her arms, searching in perplexity and distrust for a slim little form behind her brother, and Mitzo's voice was lifted in a dismal howl of anticipation, Antonio Vallery looked sternly from the gate, at which no bright imperious face framed in golden curls appeared, to Spiro, and waited for an explanation.

“My grandson? Where is he?” he demanded quietly.

“He is coming with the schoolmaster. He begged me to run on to reassure you, as he was so tired,” said Spiro awkwardly.

“God forgive you, Spiro, for deserting a child who so nobly risked his life for you; and God forgive you, Kokona Photini, for sending my little Tony out into danger. If my life is made desolate by his loss, the crime will lie heavily on your consciences.”

Every one felt that the measured words held a curse in them, and crossed themselves as in silence the old man passed out through the little

orchard and went on to look for his grandson.

Antonio heard the patter of childish feet behind him, and a soft little hand was pleadingly thrust into his. Looking down, he encountered Smaragda's tawny eyes, piteously distended through their undried tears, and distressful enough to appease even a sorrow as immeasurable as his.

“Please take me with you, Antonio Vallery. I want to find Tony too, for I love him,—oh, yes, ever so much more than I love anybody else except mother. Take me please, Antonio Vallery. I'll be very good, and not get tired, I promise.”

The old fingers closed gently upon the child's, but no further word was spoken. Antonio Vallery accepted the little girl's company half-unconsciously, and together they turned their faces towards the ruined town. Dawn was breaking in the east when they entered the first narrow lane, and Smaragda's quick eyes caught sight of something bright and red-stained.

“Look, Antonio Vallery!” she cried excitedly. “It is the colour of Tony's hair,—just like a glittering *lira*.”

Antonio stared down at the object in dull inquiry: then he knelt on the pavement, and began eagerly to lift the stones that encumbered it—and saw the schoolmaster's dead form clasp, not the flushed and joyous Tony known to all Chios, but a stiff small corpse, stained with blood and dust, pretty still to look at even under the ghastly veil of death without its poetry of soft sleep. Antonio gathered the lifeless body into his arms, and bent over it with the prolonged and inarticulate moan of a dumb creature. The blank incoherence of his grief was incapable of bringing any sharp sensation of bereavement or recognition. He passed his hand tenderly over the cold little face, and then held the curly head between his palms, and gazed at it with hungry, unfathomable yearning for one glimmer of existence beneath the lids that never more would open

on the dark frank eyes they hid. He kissed the curls, and pressed them to his cheek in speechless anguish, shedding no tear, speaking no word, but staring down at the pretty familiar lineaments so unreal in their stillness, not long ago full of life and vigour and rich promise, now irresponsive beneath his gaze of searching pathos.

The little girl sat on the ground beside him, her wide eyes fixed in intense fear and awe, now on Antonio and now on his burden, wondering what had happened to her playmate, and yet not daring to ask.

"Dead! My poor Tony dead!" Vallery muttered.

The men who were carrying the wounded and dead out of the wrecked houses and narrow streets passed them, and stopped to lift the corpses of Tony and the schoolmaster on a stretcher, too thankful that they had survived to perform this task to feel any strong interest in Antonio's desolate state.

"Hands are few, and work is heavy," one of them cried callously. "The one grave will serve both."

Antonio stretched forth his arms in trembling prayer as the little body was roughly taken from him. And when he had watched it being carried away, he turned back from the empty

town, and gave no thought to the silent and grieved child who walked beside him.

"Poor Tony!" said the Demarch that evening, when he called on the Aga to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in escaping the disasters of that awful night, and found that mighty personage tranquilly smoking his narghilia, having rendered thanks to Allah and Mohammed his prophet for the preservation of a remnant of his goods. "A brave little fellow, who died very nobly. Bless you! I can see him now standing before me on the quay with his hands in the pockets of his sailor-suit, and his pretty curls blowing all about his face like a girl's, asking me if I wouldn't like to go to England. An English boy from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet."

The Aga opened his calm, impassable eyes upon the exuberant Greek, settled himself back among the cushions, and slowly and meditatively puffed his narghilia.

"That boy had the soul of a gentleman," he presently remarked, and then relapsed into ecstatic silence.

HANNAH LYNCH.

THE BLOODY DOCTOR.

(A Bad Day on Clearburn.)

THOU askest me, my Brother, how first and where I met the Bloody Doctor! The tale is weird, so weird that to a soul less proved than thine I scarce dare speak of the adventure.

This, perhaps, would be the right way of beginning a story (not that it *is* a story exactly), with the title forced on me by the name and nature of the hero. But I do not think I could keep up the style without a lady collaborator; besides I have used the term "weird" twice already, and thus played away the trumps of modern picturesque diction. To return to our Doctor: Many a bad day have I had on Clearburn Loch, and never a good one. But one thing draws me always to the loch when I have the luck to be within twenty miles of it. *There are trout in Clearburn!* The Border angler knows that the trout in his native waters is nearly as extinct as the Dodo. Many causes have combined to extirpate the shy and spirited fish. First, there are far too many anglers:

"Twixt Holy Lee and Clovenfords,
A tentier bit ye canna hae",

sang that good old angler, now with God, Mr Thomas Tod Stoddart. But between Holy Lee and Clovenfords you may see half-a-dozen rods on every pool and stream. There goes that Leviathan, the angler from London, who has been beguiled hither by the artless "Guide" of Mr. Watson Lyal. There fishes the farmer's lad, and the school-master, and the wandering weaver out of work or disinclined to work. In his rags, with his thin face and red "goatee" beard, with his hazel wand and his home-made reel, there is withal something kindly about this

poor fellow, this true sportsman. He loves better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep; he wanders from depopulated stream to depopulated burn, and all is fish that comes to his fly. Fingerlings he keeps, and does not return to the water "as pitying their youth". I am the last man to grudge him his sport as long as he fishes fair, and he is always good company. But he, with all the other countless fishermen, make fish so rare and so wary that, except after a flood in Meggat or the Douglas burn, trout are scarce to be taken by ordinary hands. As for

"Thae reiving cheils
Frae Galashiels,"

who use nets, and salmon roe, and poisons, and dynamite, they are miscreants indeed; they spoil the sport, not of the rich, but of their own class, and of every man who would be quiet, and go angling in the sacred streams of Christopher North and the Shepherd. The mills, with their dyes and dirt, are also responsible for the dearth of trout.

"Untainted yet thy stream, fair Teviot,
runs",

Leyden sang, but now the stream is very much tainted indeed below Hawick, like Tweed in too many places. Thus, for a dozen reasons, trout are nigh as rare as red deer. On the Border, nay, even in St. Mary's Loch, they are not plentiful, and they are very wily. Before boats were put on the loch it occasionally chanced that a trout which knew not the artificial fly came within casting distance of the shore, but now the anglers from boats have taught them about everything which it is undesirable that a trout should know. Clearburn alone

remains full of unsophisticated fishes, and I have the less hesitation in revealing this, because I do not expect the wanderer who may read this page to be at all more successful than myself.

To reach Clearburn Loch, if you start from the Teviot, you must pass through much of Scott's country and most of Leyden's. I am credibly informed that persons of culture have forgotten John Leyden. He was a linguist and a poet, and the friend of Walter Scott, and knew

"The mind whose fearless frankness naught
could move,
The friendship, like an elder brother's
love."

We remember what distant and what
deadly shore has Leyden's cold remains,
and people who do not know may not
care to be reminded.

Leaving Teviot, with Leyden for a
guide, you walk, or drive,

"Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads
with sand,
Rolls her red tide,"

not that it was red when I went, but
electro purior.

"Through slaty hills whose sides are shagged
with thorn,
Where springs, in scattered tufts, the dark
green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden far above the
vale".

And very dark green, almost blue, was the corn in September, 1888. Upwards, always upwards, goes the road till you reach the crest, and watch far below the wide champaign like a sea, broken by the shapes of hills, Windburg and Eildon, and Priestthaughswire, and "the rough skirts of stormy Ruberslaw," and Penchrise, and the twin Maidens, shaped like the breasts of Helen. It is an old land of war, of Otterburn, and Ancrum, and the Raid of the Fair Dodhead; but the plough has passed over all but the upper pastoral solitudes. Turning again to the downward slope you see the loch of Alemoor, small and sullen, with Alewater feed-

ing it. "It is reckoned the residence of the water-cow," a monster like the Australian Bunyip. There was a water-cow in Scott's loch of Cauldshiels, above Abbotsford. The water-cow has not lately emerged from Alemoor to attack the casual angler, and you climb again by gentle slopes till you reach a most desolate tableland. Far behind it is the round top of Whitecombe, which again looks down on St. Mary's Loch, and up the Moffat, and across the Meggat water, but none of these are within the view. Round are *pastorum loca vasta*, lands of Buccleuch and Bellenden, Deloraine, Sinton, Headshaw, and Gluck. On the right lies, not far from the road, a 'grey sheet of water, and this is Clearburn, where first I met the Doctor.

The loch, to be plain, is almost un-fishable. It is nearly round, and everywhere, except in a small segment on the eastern side, is begirt with reeds taller than a man. These reeds, again, grow in a peculiarly uncomfortable quaggy bottom, which rises and falls, or rather which jumps and sinks when you step on it, like the seat of a very luxurious arm-chair. Moreover the bottom is pierced with many springs, wherein if you set foot you shall have thrown your last cast.

By watching the loch when it is frozen a man might come to learn something of the springs, but even so it is hard to keep clear of them in summer. Now the wind almost always blows from the west, dead against the little piece of gravelly shore at the eastern side, so that casting against it is hard work, and unprofitable. On this day, by a rare chance, the wind blew from the east, though the sky at first was a brilliant blue, and the sun hot and fierce. I walked round to the east side, waded in, and caught two or three small fellows. It was slow work, when suddenly there began the greatest rise of trout I ever saw in my life. From the edge of the loch as far as one could clearly see across it, there was one endless plashing mur-

mur, of all sounds in this world the sweetest to the ear. Within the view of the eye, on each cast, there were a dozen trout rising all about, never leaping, but seriously and solemnly feeding. "Now is my chance at last," I fancied, but it was not so, far from it. I might throw over the very noses of the beasts, but they seldom even glanced at the (artificial) fly. I tried them with Greenwell's Glory, with a March brown, with "the woodcock wing and hare-lug," the "mouse body and laverock wing," but it was almost to no purpose. If one *did* raise a fish, he meant not business, all but a casual brute which broke the already weakened part of a small "glued up" cane rod. I had to twist a piece of paper round the broken end, wet it, and push it into the joint, where it hung on somehow, but was not pleasant to cast with. From twelve to half-past one the gorging went merrily forward, and I saw what the brutes were rising at. The whole surface of the loch, at least on the east side, was absolutely peppered with large hideous insects. They had big grey white wings, bodies black as night, and brilliant crimson legs, or feelers, or whatever naturalists call them. The trout seemed as if they could not have too much of these abominable wretches, and the flies were blown across the loch, not singly, but in populous groups. I had never seen anything like them in any hook-book, nor could I deceive the trout by the primitive dodge of tying a red throat round the shank of a dark fly. So I waded out, and fell to munching a frugal sandwich, and watching Nature, not without a cigarette.

Now Nature is all very well. I have nothing to say against her of a Sunday, or when trout are not rising. But she was no comfort to me now. Smiling she gazed on my discomfiture. The lovely lines of the hills; curving about the loch and with their deepest dip just opposite where I sat, were all of a golden autumn brown, except in the violet distance. The

grass of Parnassus grew thick and white around me with its moonlight tint of green in the veins. On a hill-side, by a brook, the country folk were winning their hay, and their voices reached me softly from far off. On the loch the marsh-fowl flashed and dipped, the wild ducks played, and dived, and rose; first circling high and higher, then marshalled in the shape of a V they made for Alemoor. A solitary heron came quite near me, and tried his chance with the fish, but I think he had no luck. All this is pleasant to remember, and I made rude sketches in the fly-leaves of a copy of Hogg's poems, where I kept my flies. But what joy was there in this, while the "take" grew fainter, and ceased, at least near the shore? Out in the middle, where few flies managed to float, the trout were at it till dark. But near shore there was just one trout who never stopped gorging all day. He lived exactly opposite the nick in the distant hills, and exactly a yard farther out than I could throw a fly. He was a big one, and I am inclined to think that he was the Devil. For, if I had stepped in deeper, and the water had come over my wading-boots, the odds are that my frail days on earth would have been ended by a chill, and I knew this, and yet that fish went on tempting me to my ruin. I suppose I tried to reach him a dozen times, and cast a hundred, but it was to no avail. At length, as the afternoon grew grey and chill, I pitched a rock at him, by way of showing that I saw through his fiendish guile, and I walked away.

There was no rise now, and the lake was leaden and gloomy. When I reached the edge of the deep reeds I tried, once or twice, to wade through them within casting distance of the water, but was always driven off by the traitorous quagmire of the soil. At last, taking my courage in both hands, I actually got so near that I could throw a fly over the top of the reeds (which were as tall as the rod), and then came a heavy splash,

and the wretched little broken rod nearly doubled up. "Hooray, here I am among the big ones!" I said, and held on. It was now that I learned the nature of Nero's diversion, when he was an angler in the Lake of Darkness. The loch really did deserve the term "grim"; the water here was black, the sky was ashen, the long green reeds closed cold about me, and beyond them there was a trout that I could not deal with. For when he tired of running, which was soon, he was as far away as ever. Draw him through the forest of reeds I could not. At last I did the fatal thing. I took hold of the line, and then—"plop", as the poet said. He was off. A young sportsman on the bank who had joined me expressed his artless disappointment. I cast over the confounded reeds once more—splash—the old story! I stuck to him, and got him into the watery wood, and then he went where the lost trout go. No more came on, so I floundered a yard or two further, and climbed into a wild fowl's nest, a kind of platform of matted reeds, all yellow and faded. The nest immediately sank down deep into the water, but it stopped somewhere, and I made a cast. The black water boiled, and the trout went straight down, and sulked. I merely held on, till at last it seemed "time for us to go", and by cautious tugging I got him through the reedy jungle, and "gruppit him", as the Shepherd would have said. He was simply but decently wrapped round, from snout to tail, in very fine water-weeds, as in a garment. Moreover he was as black as your hat, quite unlike the comely yellow trout who live on the gravel. It hardly seemed sensible to get drowned in this gruesome kind of angling, so, leaving the

Lake of Darkness, we made for Buccleugh, passing the cleugh where the buck was ta'en. Surely it is the deepest, the steepest, and the greenest cleugh that is shone on by the sun! Thereby we met an angler, an ancient man in hodden grey, strolling home from the Rankle Burn. And we told him of our bad day, and asked him concerning that hideous fly, which had covered the loch and lured the trout from our decent Greenwells and March browns. And the ancient man listened to our description of the monster, and he said: "Hoot, ay, ye've jest forgotten wi' the BLOODY DOCTOR".

This, it appears, is the Border angler's name for the horrible insect, so much appreciated by trout. So we drove home, when all the great tableland was touched with yellow light from a rift in the west, and all the broken hills looked blue against the silvery grey. God bless them, for man cannot spoil them, nor any revolution shape them other than they are. We see them as the folk from Flodden saw them, as Leyden knew them, as they looked to William of Deloraine, as they showed in the eyes of Wat of Harden, and of Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dod-head. They have always girdled a land of warriors and of people fond of song, from the oldest ballad-maker to that Scotch Probationer who wrote

"Lay me here, where I may see
Teviot round his meadows flowing,
And about and over me
Winds and clouds for ever going".

It was dark before we splashed through the ford of Borthwick Water, and dined, and wrote to Mr. Anderson, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, for a supply of Bloody Doctors.

A. LANG.

THE PRACTICE OF LETTERS.

I HAD decided, my dear George, for many reasons to discontinue our literary correspondence, which appears from your account, and greatly to my regret, to have given so much offence to your young friends on the newspaper press. But men, even as mice, are the creatures of circumstances, and some circumstances of these latter days have moved me to reconsider my decision. You will observe that I have slightly changed the style of my title. This has been done partly for prudence' sake, to advertise the removal of the old cause of offence; but more because it better signifies my present purpose in writing. My earlier letters were designed to indicate in a general way my interpretation of your phrase—the Profession of Letters: I wish now to offer a few observations on some particular points in its practice. These points are at present two: I will call them fallacies, as marking, that is to say, certain popular errors which seem to me in one case decidedly mischievous, in the other merely tiresome, though tiresome in an extreme degree. The first of these I shall call the Fallacy of the Student.

The sentence lately passed on a publisher who has been for some years comfortably taking advantage of our somewhat wide interpretation of a homely old Dutch proverb (for which, if you are curious, you may consult a letter written by an English king to his sister) was vastly satisfactory in every way, and not least satisfactory for the offender's timely confession of his misdeeds. By so doing he made perhaps the only gratuitous reparation in his power, for he not only thereby checkmated those able editors who spied a golden harvest in the reports of so racy a trial, but also most effectually deprived the English worshippers

of the great Parisian goddess of a rare chance for advertising their claims to the crown of martyrdom.

I will not insult your intelligence by explaining the real *gravamen* of the offence, or the irrelevancy of the conclusion (even were the premisses less false than they are) which some apologists have tried to draw from the impunity allowed to certain translations from works of an older time. Nor can it be necessary to press the fatuity of the plea that because these things have been they should continue to be, or that because we have been remiss in one case we must be content to remain remiss in all. As well might it be argued that because the sanitary-inspector had overlooked one case of nuisance he had no right to bring another to book. It was natural of course that these arguments should be advanced by the party who advocate what they are pleased to call the liberty of the subject, by which they appear to mean, so far as they can be said to have any meaning at all, full license to insult, annoy, and injure their respectable neighbours in whatsoever way shall be most profitable and least dangerous to themselves. And I make no doubt that we should have had Mr. Silliman Clavers firing off speeches in Trafalgar Square (thrown open for the occasion by our obliging Home-Secretary), with Mrs. Sequin posing in true Revolutionary fashion as the Great Goddess herself, but for this timely collapse of the case. Let so much, therefore, be set down to the credit of the repentant sinner; he will need it, every jot.

It would be sheer waste of time to discuss the question how far these works in their original shape, whatever their moral offence may be, are yet a power in literature (so runs the cant) to be seriously reckoned with

and allowed for. In the first place, this argument can obviously have no application in any country but that over whose literature the power is exercised: in the second, whatever weight it has can only bear upon professed students and historians of literature who are forced by the purpose of their studies to examine original documents of all kinds. But ask any decent Frenchman who is free to speak his mind (and has one to speak) what he thinks of this vaunted power in his country's literature,—of these monstrosities of fiction, as they have been well named by one of his countrymen who amply fulfilled both the aforesaid qualifications for speaking. Just as loathsome humours and eruptions will always gain power over an unhealthy body too feeble to throw them off, so will these monstrosities show themselves in the literature of a weak and corrupt nation. The ape and tiger are never far from human haunts. It is to me indeed amazing how any one capable of understanding the meaning of the words can give even the name of literature to this nauseous stuff, so utterly false is it in art as in ethics. Yet there are writers in our own language, very delicate and well-behaved writers, who, while expressing the most pious and, I am sure, most genuine horror at what they are pleased to call the indiscretions of this school, have yet hardly words enough for their admiration of, what they are also pleased to call, its method, its force, insight, knowledge of humanity, and indeed of all its high literary and intellectual qualities. The only explanation I have been able to find for this singular attitude lies in that curiosity which some well-nurtured and entirely irreproachable gentlewomen are apt to show concerning the dress, equipage, furniture, and professional equipment generally of those members of their sex whom the newspapers of an earlier day were used to call dashing Cyprians.

I have however noticed one curious fact, which seems to suggest that the

upholders of this "power" are not so sure of their cause as they would have us believe. I have noticed that no two of them seem agreed as to its particular claim on their allegiance. One considers it to lie in the extraordinarily vivid reproduction of the real facts of human life: another denies that it gives us the real facts at all, but praises the wonderful power which can thus impart the very form and pressure of reality to what are truly but the things of the imagination: a third believes that only in this "stern and terrible realism" does literary salvation lie, now that all the materials and methods of the older men are worn threadbare: a fourth denies that the author of "Nana" and "La Terre" is a realist at all—he is this, that, and everything else that is marvellous and sublime, but a realist,—no! And this last critic has indeed blundered into something not unlike the truth. For who are the realists? They are Homer, and Shakespeare, and Walter Scott,—they are, in a word, all the great creators who have dealt with the essential facts of human nature and life; and in such company there is no room for this clumsy Frenchman with his muck-rake and pig-pail.

But to our point. I said just now that the plea of importance for this style of writing could, if allowed at all (and I for one am by no means inclined to let it go unreservedly), be allowed only for its recognition by professed students and historians of literature, who must necessarily concern themselves with every expression of the human mind, just as the student of medicine must necessarily concern himself with every condition of the human body. But what is it Shelley says?

"One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it."

I should like to be a little more certain of the constitution and functions of the student before admitting all the claims made on his behalf. His ample

gown might very easily be made to cover offences suspiciously like those which have just been so righteously punished. They bore their name and purpose on their face in letters a child might read ; but the more insidious approaches made under the ægis of Learning are less easy to detect,—at any rate, less easy to deal with.

It is, you may perhaps have noticed, a common practice of the reviewer to dismiss a book of whose purpose he is a little doubtful with the remark that it cannot fail to be extremely useful to the student. 'Tis a phrase which, if honestly applied, must give any book a claim on our regard. But the propriety of its application to a translation has always seemed to me somewhat doubtful. Surely the student of any literature can only be he who studies it in the original documents. If everybody who reads a translation is therefore a student of the language from which the translation is made, what a nest of these rare birds our universities and public schools must be. Mr. Routh's laboratory for the production of Senior Wranglers will sink to a mere retail business before the wholesale manufactory of students established by the ingenious Mr. Bohn ! I remember hearing Macaulay once laughingly define a scholar as one who read Plato with his feet on the fender : a man may read an English translation of Plato with his feet in Yankee-fashion on the chimney-piece, but that will hardly make him a student of Greek literature. Colonel Newcome was wont to reflect with some complacency that he had read those great historians Cæsar and Tacitus with translations, but I am sure that good and modest gentleman would never on that account have claimed the high name of student. This is an age of short cuts to knowledge. It has been decided by those who are set in authority over us that a little learning is not a dangerous thing, but, on the contrary, of all things most desirable, blessing both him that takes and him that gives.

With this decision it is no business of mine to quarrel, who, happily for me, was born in days when the deepest-dipping human eye might hardly have descried in the future any one of those hundred and odd devices for making Strasburg geese of our boys and girls, and of the latter indeed something, I fear, much worse, if the promoters of the mischievous folly known as the Higher Education are to have their unchecked way. My long day's work is done—would that there were more to show for it !—and I may say with the poet :

“ Wild words wander here and there :
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes my memory confused :
But let them rave ”.

Only it seems to me just possible that some of the forms this raving takes may lead us into trouble.

There is no lack of illustrations to make my meaning clear,—for I would not be misapprehended again. Of these new Arabian Nights it were pure farce to speak ; let us rather take this new translation of Benvenuto Cellini's famous autobiography. You have read the amusing rascal, of course, and read him, as all of us who have no Italian have been well content for the last sixty years to read, in Roscoe's version. But it seems now that you and I and all of us have been living in a fool's paradise, and that Roscoe is but a one-eyed king of blind subjects. A new interpreter has arisen who knows not Roscoe, or rather knows him too well. Certainly no one will dispute the gentleman's qualification for what he has so aptly styled a labour of love : on many a printed page he has proved his acquaintance with the literature and manners of the Italy of the Renaissance to be as extensive as it is peculiar. He brings grave charges against his predecessor, whose work, he vows, is little to be relied on ; to be, in short and in so many words, grossly inaccurate. Nor is this the worst. This unworthy scion of the historian of the great Lorenzo, and his scarce less illustrious son, has dared to deal unscrupulously

with important passages, to omit or to misrepresent whatever his prudish taste deemed unfit for ears polite. Now beyond all question it is the business of a translator to be as accurate as he can be. For my part I have no great passion for that slavish fidelity which plods wearily on a writer's track, word by word and line by line. Such photographer's work is very well for that class of students to whom the volumes of Mr. Bohn's classical library are a care; but for others who wish for some insight into the spirit and manner of their author this sort of translating is but vanity. However, there is no need to begin a discussion on this tremendous question, which never has been and never will be settled: let it be enough that all will cordially acquiesce in the plea that it is no superfluous task to supersede a grossly inaccurate translation.

But one or two things have first to be considered. These important passages which have been so unscrupulously dealt with, what of them? Every new editor of an old book, every re-writer of history, is apt, we know well, to overrate a little the value of his discoveries. To set a date right by a few days, or even by a few hours; to find that a man, who had been represented as disfigured with stooping shoulders and an inflamed face, has not been duly credited with a beautiful Roman nose; or that another man, who had been supposed to have killed himself by his intemperate habits, had in truth died of a chill caught from lying in the gutter through a winter's night while in a state of merely casual intoxication,—these discoveries, and others like them, have before now been held reason good for many a book, by its writer. It is indeed astonishing what a number of my Lord Grig's descendants are about to-day; what a number of worthy souls, ay, and able souls, too, have been led by this passion of the palimpsest, as it may be called, into that strange confusion, so common to critics, and to historical critics especially, of mistaking for errors of fact

what are in reality but differences of opinion.

It is clear that our new translator has some qualms. He does indeed begin by boldly taking his stand on the convenient old theory that if a book be worth translating at all it should be set forth in full, and for his own part declines to defraud his English readers of any insight into Italian society in the sixteenth century, or into the character of the amiable hero whom he has taken under his protection. Nevertheless, he feels himself obliged to admit that Roscoe might plead for his unscrupulousness the offensive and unedifying nature of these important passages, and that some critics at least might admit the plea.

They might, indeed! Unedifying and offensive in the last degree these passages are, and important only to those who, in Matthew Arnold's delicate euphemism, wish to have their senses troubled; indeed, as this very candid gentleman owns that the most unedifying of these passages (of which his scrupulousness has not apparently suffered him to omit a single detail) is not fit to be set before a respectable English public, one is almost forced to the conclusion that he has preferred for his audience a public frankly disrespectful, and has in fact been more solicitous to unravel Cellini's character than to preserve his own. But in truth Cellini's character has very little to do with it. No one will be simple enough to believe that a man can write enough about himself to fill from four to five hundred closely printed pages without making his character tolerably clear to all with eyes to see. Take the case of old Samuel Pepys. It is sufficiently well known that there are passages in his Diary which it would be impossible to print without making that delightful book fit only to be burnt by the common hangman. Yet will any one say that our knowledge of Pepys's character and of the society he lived in must be inadequate while these passages are suffered to languish in

the obscurity of their original cypher? This enfranchisement of the translator has only added some half-dozen pages at most to the very fair allowance Roscoe has already given us; and it is not, I think, too much to say that for every one of Roscoe's readers at all conversant with the class of man whom this splendid swash-buckler typifies in its most outrageous form, or with the society which could make such a man possible, every line of these pages is superfluous. It is not true to say that Roscoe has misrepresented passages, except in the sense that a well-behaved newspaper may be held to have misrepresented a police-case which it dismisses with the significant comment that its details are unfit for publication. He must be a strangely innocent or a strangely ignorant reader who cannot perceive that there is that within these memoirs which passeth show, at least in the opinion of those who (as that excellent saying goes) have the misfortune of good manners to contend against. It is the especial merit of this old version that, while preserving in all essential particulars the spirit of the man and of his time, it refrains from thrusting on unwilling readers those occasional excesses of a bestial nature which bear the same proportion to the real value and purpose of such a book, as the number of pipes smoked by Addison's Retired Citizen, or the proportion of plums to suet in his pudding, bears to a study of English manners in the reign of Queen Anne. Roscoe has, in a word, made it abundantly clear to every intelligent reader what manner of man this topping goldsmith was; a man exhibiting the characteristics of his age both for good and bad, but at moments exhibiting the latter in a degree which even outraged the most vicious society the modern world has seen, though it was possibly his inconvenience as a citizen which impressed men's minds more than his offences against the general code of human morals. To talk of such a man as representative of his age is as absurd

as it would be to talk of Nero as representative of his age; to plead that only by recording every word that such a man spoke and every act he did can the Italy of the sixteenth century be properly judged is as absurd as it would be to plead that only by publishing the full details of the orgie held by Buckhurst and Sedley at the Cock in Bow Street, for which they were pelted by the mob and punished by the law, can the England of the seventeenth century be properly judged. In short, the only result this new translation will have achieved, should it succeed in setting aside the older version, will be to have rendered one of the most entertaining works of its kind ever written, a work which has been justly called as amusing as any novel, unfit (to use the translator's own words) for a respectable English public. And this achievement will, I submit, have been somewhat dearly purchased by the removal of such gross inaccuracies as the use of the word *knapsack* for *apron*, or of the phrase *the figure would have come out admirably for the figure would have come out to perfection*.

The intentions with which this translation has been prepared may be, for aught we can tell, the purest and most exalted possible. No man can pluck the heart out from the mystery of his brother's motive: the feeling which kept little Mr. Moss (of Gandish's) from his sick friend's bedside, though misconstrued by his ribald fellow-students, was in reality most creditable to that ingenuous youth's tact and good-nature. But when I see such a work praised for its inestimable value to the student, I can but ask to the student of what? And when the answer comes, to the student of the literature and manners of Italy in the sixteenth century, again I can but ask if that student may not better serve his own purpose, as assuredly he will better serve all the purposes of literature, whether Italian or English, by prosecuting his studies at the fountain-head, and leaving to those simple

souls who, claiming neither the title nor the privileges of the student, need not therefore undergo his penance, the pleasure of reading an entertaining book without being disgusted by a sort of learning for which they have no taste and which it is not necessary for them to acquire. This fountain-head is no curious nor remote spring. There is more than one copy existent of Cellini's memoirs in their native tongue, and original documents illustrative of the time in its most inconvenient phases are neither scarce nor hard to be come at.

But without prying into individual motives or examining particular books, it is clear that there is a disposition abroad to push the liberty of the printing-press into something very like anarchy. I do not attribute this to any general decadence of national morality or impatience of those principles which are the foundation of every civilized and prosperous community, so much as to a sort of monkeyish malice on the part of a small but noisy minority which delights in opposing every form of law or custom. The manifestations of this malice are as various and as eccentric as its motives are simple, and may be found more or less disguised in almost every field of human activity. A year ago for instance it was to be found very plentifully in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square: the House of Commons furnishes examples every day almost during its session; and the skilled eye may detect it in that last freak of æsthetic communism known as the Works and Wiles Exhibition. No one, of course, looks for any reason in these sallies, but the exquisite sample of unreason furnished by a comparison of the prospectus of this exhibition with its catalogue must be surely unique. For my part, I am not disposed to take this minority very seriously. My confidence does indeed, I regret to say, grow daily less in those qualities which Burke has attributed to our nation, "the ancient and inbred piety, integrity, good-nature, and good-humour"

of the English people; but I still have some faith in that sense of the ridiculous which has so often saved us in our need, and the lack of which has, for all their wit, so often led both Frenchmen and Irishmen into such deplorable outbreaks. How curious it is,—and I do not remember to have seen any explanation attempted in all the voluminous literature inspired by the sufferings or the sins of Ireland—how curious it is that a people gifted with such an exquisite sense of fun and with so keen an eye for the ridiculous in others should be so absolutely blind to it in themselves. Of all the puzzling problems offered for our solution by the Irish race, surely this is the most puzzling. And in good truth it must be owned that my own dear countrymen are not quite so clear of this reproach as their best friends could wish. Whoever is in the habit of studying the life of the time as reflected in that mirror held daily up to Nature by our able editors cannot but confess that the antic-monger and the professional posturer are not without their patrons among the sober Saxons.

These are some of the penalties we have to pay for our reformed England, some of the follies (to spare them the harsher name) committed in the name of Liberty. The tendency of all democracies, the most selfish and corrupt form of government devised by man, is to merge the State in the Individual: every man for himself and the devil take your neighbour is the true democrat's motto. 'Tis the same with literature. That want of checks, which Matthew Arnold seemed to think might have been supplied by an institution like the French Academy, though that has hardly now perhaps the saving influence on its country's taste that was at one time its pride, has no doubt always made its mark on our literature, and made it in many ways for good. But in other days this want was filled by a certain respect paid to the acknowledged powers of the pen both by the

rank and file of its practitioners and by the general public. Literature then was in the main regarded as a great and serious art not to be lightly treated by ignorant or profaned by unworthy hands. I do not say that all these powers stood on a very lofty eminence, or that all deserved to stand even where they did; but the fact that there was a certain recognized standard, and certain recognized adjusters and guardians of that standard, undoubtedly exercised an influence for good. No such influence is exercised now, when it may be said indeed that chaos is come again. Recalling certain baleful experiences in the past I hesitate to suggest that this may partly arise from the absence of any power or powers of sufficient weight to exert the needful authority. And in truth it comes from such a variety of causes that it were hardly possible to select any one as capital. For one, it comes from the fact that literature is now no more than a trade, a business, having only this advantage over other trades that it is considered to need neither special qualifications nor special training. Everyone therefore may enter on this business and practice in it according to his inclination and ability. It has the largest market in the world: every trader can find room in it for his stall, and no stall need lack customers. In short, as the poet reflected on overhearing the midnight conversation of the two speculators in the lonely Haymarket, "Never a beggar need now despair, and every rogue has a chance". Nor is this market governed by any laws such as regulate the great commercial markets of the world, and over which the votaries of that engaging pastime known as political economy wrangle with such unswerving unanimity; nor need any intruder fear a broken hat or head such as I am credibly informed await the rash stranger who dares to set an unlicensed foot within the sacred circle of the Stock-Exchange. Even the universal principle of demand and

supply takes a form of its own in this market, for no man can tell whether the demand creates the supply or the supply creates the demand.

In such a market it is easy to understand how keen must be the competition and unwearying the search for new wares, and how, as I have heard is not seldom the case in other trades, the rashness of the speculator increases as his capital shrinks. I read the other day an extract from some criticism passed on your new story-teller, Mr. Peregrine Walker, to the effect that the taste for rioting in gashes and gore did in truth but prove a lack of the imaginative faculty. Of the truth of the accusation as against Mr. Walker I am no judge, but the explanation is certainly true. All appeals to the coarser tastes of mankind show a lack of imagination: excess of any kind may be said to show it,—the barren or clumsy artist, like Timon, knows not the middle of humanity, but the extremity of both ends; but excess of no kind shows it more than the violent means resorted to in these days to gratify that class of readers who wish to have their senses troubled. A demand for this sort of gratification is never wanting, though we have not yet quite come to openly advertising for it, and nothing in the world is easier than to satisfy it. A glimpse at the quality of the supplies sold in the French market is quite enough to prove this, if proof be needed: like the inventors of a famous American nostrum, the purveyors of these goods might boast that they "don't go fooling about, but attend strictly to business". With ourselves the case is as yet a little different. Whether it be, that, despite their bluster, our champions of liberty have in their hearts a wholesome respect for the law, or only that their tentative hands have not yet taken the true dyers' tint, may be doubtful, but certain it is that our original manufacturers have as yet produced no great thing this way. They content themselves for the most part with deploring the

unreasonable restrictions imposed on English literature by the unmanly timidity of English morals, and by the presence in our circulating libraries and bookshops of the British Matron and her unhappy daughter, generally alluded to by the contemptuous style of the Young Person, and with generally assuming the pathetic situation of the cat in the adage. For myself I am, as you know, no great admirer of this eruption of the Woman in our public concerns, but if her presence has in any way contributed to impose silence on these rash spirits I take off my hat to her with a sense of respect such as I have hitherto found it impossible to entertain. As a matter of fact, however, I do not believe that either the British Matron or the Young Person has anything in the world to do with it; least of all the Woman aforesaid, who commonly essays to justify her existence by a freedom of discussion which even her ignorance of the subjects discussed can only partly excuse. These disappointed enfranchisers of English literature are the very last persons, I fear, to hold their hands out of respect for the scruples of any man, woman, or child in Christendom. The affectation of it of course enables them to wear their crown of martyrdom with a better grace; but the plain truth I suspect to be that they are conscious that there is still a law in England, and that there are still a few honest men left to see that this law shall be no dead letter.

But crude and hesitating as our original manufacturers are, this age of revivals has unearthed or recalled much that can still be made effectual in the service of the Great Goddess. The translator, the editor, and the commentator, can fill, and fill not inadequately, the place of the creator. *Sinon philosophe*, said a French critic of Carlyle, *du moins un accoucheur d'esprits*; and the same distinction would hold not inaptly of those Englishmen who follow, after the creeping fashion of their race, the triumphant

progress of their great French masters. And herein lies the difficulty. With any direct violation of a certainly not puritanical law it is easy to deal, for all the chattering of the monkeys of misrule; but when these violations seek to shelter themselves under the sacred name of knowledge the course of duty is not so clear. It is not always easy to determine the validity of the plea or the honesty of the pleader. Too much zeal might be as fatal to literature as too much laxity; the Puritans wrought harm enough in their generation in all conscience, and we want no young Edward again to set our libraries in order for us. There are of course many works which deserve from their literary or historical importance to be printed, edited, and published with the best aids that modern learning and research can supply, but which nevertheless it would be highly inconvenient to put in general and easy circulation. There is nothing, for example, to be said against a complete and literal edition of our old dramatists, except that it must entail on the conscientious editor a great deal of tedious and disgusting labour. They play an important part in the history of English literature, even where their artistic importance is least, and it is imperative for the student of that history to be acquainted with them. But that is a very different matter from publishing an edition of these writers which, by cheap prices and the significant promise of an unexpurgated text, shall attract precisely the reader who is least able to appreciate the better part of them and most curious to examine the worst. It may, as I have said, be difficult for the law to interfere in cases such as this, for many reasons; it is, then, the more incumbent for those men whose names give weight to a book, and who may therefore be considered as responsible for the stability and good condition of the literary state, to be careful how they lend their countenance to any scheme likely to corrupt that condition and shake that

stability. And it is certain that there is a sort of agitators abroad who would be glad to see the intellectual mind of the State falling into the same confusion and discredit which threaten to dismember the body politic, and from the same motive, that in the general chaos the fool shall be equal with the wise man, and the weak with the strong. Remember the warning of Shakespeare's Ulysses :

“O, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,

And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.”

I have dwelt, my dear George, perhaps at too great length on a subject which, though unquestionably one of the gravest importance to all who believe in the high aims and beneficent purpose of literature, may be to many tiresome and can be agreeable to none; at such length, at any rate, as to preclude me for the present from any consideration of that other fallacy I have spoken of. For that, then, you must wait another letter, which will prove, I hope, more entertaining and, I can promise, less disagreeable.

SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION AND POLITICS.

HOMER and, setting aside the Sonnets, Shakespeare are the most impersonal as well as the greatest of poets, and the impersonality of each of them has received a curious attestation. The existence of an individual Homer has been actually denied: it has been discovered, as the boy said in the examination, that Homer's poems were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name. Shakespeare's plays are being ascribed to Bacon. Bacon, to his work as a politician, a courtier, Lord Chancellor, a renovator of science, a writer on morals, politics, and jurisprudence, adding, in a not very long life, the composition of all these dramas! Bacon creating Falstaff! "Romeo and Juliet" written by a man who in his "Essay on Love" treats the passion as little better than a nuisance and an impediment to important action. Did Bacon write the Sonnets? Did Bacon write "Venus and Adonis"? Who was his partner in the composition of the plays of mixed authorship, such as "Henry the Sixth"? Yet this is hardly a more rank absurdity than the denial of Homer's personality, or even the denial of the identical authorship of the two poems. Besides the other proofs of identity, which have been conclusively presented, the "Odyssey" as well as the "Iliad" is the work of one whose peculiar and almost unique tendency it was to take a small segment of a story and treat it with extraordinary fulness of detail, in marked contrast to the manner of Cyclics, who began their lay of Troy with Leda's egg. The chances are surely incalculable against the existence of two such artists at the same time.

The most impersonal of writers, however, is human; he lives in the environment of his age, and he can hardly help now and then showing himself in a negative or indirect, if

not in a positive, way. Homer shows himself in the passage in which Thersites impeaches the chiefs in a popular harangue, and receives the meed of his sedition from the leading-staff of Ulysses. Evidently this is a scene not of the camp, but of the political assembly. The day of democracy has dawned. The demagogue has arisen and begun to attack the princes and the aristocracy. Homer is attached to the nobility, in whose halls he, like Demodocus, recites his lay, and to the heroic order of things, which the popular leader assails and which is probably passing away. He paints the demagogue foul without and within. He makes him be treated in the way in which the company to whom the poem was recited would have liked to treat the Thersites whom perhaps they had that morning encountered in the Agora. He makes the people, whose suffrages by this time aristocracy was compelled to court, sympathize with their ancient rulers and true benefactors against the upstart agitator who was trying to mislead them. Perhaps as he did this, he bitterly felt the difference between the fond fiction and the reality. He reveals himself as a counterpart in feeling of Walter Scott, who panted to cleave the "politic pate" of Cobbett with his yeomanry sabre. It has always seemed to me not unlikely that Homer bore towards the Homeric age a relation somewhat similar to that which Scott bore to the age of chivalry. Amidst his heroic slaughterings, his banquetings, in which the heroes devour whole sides of beef or pork, his prodigious single combats, his fabulous feats of strength, his battles of men with gods, peep out continually the features, social, agricultural, mechanical, and even strategical of a comparatively advanced civilization.

Again, we can hardly help thinking that Homer reveals himself when he makes Hector say in those ringing lines that he recks nothing of birds of augury, fly they towards the east or towards the west, and that the best of all omens is to be fighting for one's country. This, compared with the levity with which the poet treats the popular deities, making them cuff and berate each other, making Zeus threaten Here with a flogging, making him challenge the whole Pantheon to a tugging-match, and exposing Ares and Aphrodite to derision as they lie in the toils of Vulcan, looks like the grey dawn of sceptical philosophy among the quick-witted population of some commercial city on the Ionian coast. If such a hypothesis brings the date of Homer down to a later period than four centuries before Herodotus, it is not the authority of Herodotus which need deter us from accepting that conclusion. Herodotus, though enchanting, is no authority at all, even for the times close to his own.¹

Of Shakespeare, of course, it is unnecessary to say that he is thoroughly Elizabethan, "holds up the mirror to his time" and gives us "its very age and body, its form and pressure". There are in him scores of allusions to the fancies, fashions, and fripperies of his generation which we see: probably there are many more which we do not see. Something even of individual taste and feeling appears in the

often-repeated scoffs at the affectations of the fashionable language and in the preference for the older and simpler style of music.

"That old and antique song we heard last night

Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected tunes
Of these most brisk and giddy paced times".

Tragedy is of course the offspring and must bear the imprint of a tragic age, that is an age of grand actions, great crimes, and strongly marked character; of an age too in which life has not lost its outward stateliness and picturesqueness, in which royalty still wears its crown, and in which costume is general instead of being confined as it is now to the military profession. Calderon and Lope de Vega came at the end of a tragic age in Spain; so did Corneille and Racine in France, though the fierce spirit of the Fronde had donned the court dress of Versailles. The age, at the end of which Shakespeare came, that of the Wars of the Roses and the great Reformation struggle, was tragic indeed. The barbarism of a bloody time, a time of murderous civil war and countless deaths upon the scaffold, lingers in the hideous plot of "Titus Andronicus", in the butchery at the close of "Hamlet", and the general prodigality of murders and executions. In one respect Shakespeare does not reflect the Elizabethan era. While he gloriously abounds in its fresh and exuberant life there is not a trace in him of its peculiar heroism, of its maritime adventure, of its battles against Spain and the Armada. There are passages and divine passages about the sea and seafaring in general; there is nothing about enterprise such as that of Drake, Raleigh, and Cavendish, or about the world of wonders which it was opening. A voyage to the Bermudas, it is true, furnished the hint for Prospero's island, but the "Tempest" is a tale of enchantment, not of adventure. We seem here to see a limitation in the otherwise all-embracing mind. Under James, perhaps, if

¹ Does he not, after making the Persians lose about eight hundred ships by battles or in storms before they reached Salamis, tell us very deliberately that the strength of their fleet when they arrived there was nearly the same that it had originally been, pretending that this immense loss has been made up by the contingents of a few little islands? I do not presume to tilt against the philologists on their own ground; but I find it hard to believe that between the language of Homer and that of Herodotus there is a gap of four centuries and an ethnological revolution to boot, especially when I find in Herodotus such words as *ἐπεραλκίας* and *ἀλύκταρον*. As to the archaic topography it may be that of the ancient legend adopted by the later poet as his theme. Nobody supposes that the story of Troy was invented by Homer.

Shakespeare cared much for royal patronage, there might be a reason for not presenting a side of national character and a class of national achievements which being closely connected with Puritanism and the rising love of liberty would hardly be congenial to the Court.

What was Shakespeare's religion? He has, on the one hand, been claimed by Catholics as essentially Catholic. If we remember rightly, Cardinal Newman once said something to that effect. On the other hand, those who are sceptically disposed themselves have fancied that they saw in Shakespeare a profound though unproclaimed sceptic. The truth we believe to be that his drama was his religion. The detachment of Teutonic England from the Latin Church, from Papal supremacy and priestly sway, came in several instalments and was distributed over several centuries. The most pronounced and thoroughly religious instalment was the rising of Puritanism in the seventeenth century against the Anglican reaction. What we specially call the Reformation was rather the English Renaissance, for the change which then took place in the religious sphere under the worldly auspices of the Tudor princes and statesmen was more ecclesiastical than spiritual and more political than either. To the English Renaissance Shakespeare, with his fellow dramatists, belonged. He accepted the national church which his sovereign had provided for him, and the ancient hierarchy and ritual of which probably suited well enough his poetic nature. The church-bell is with him the characteristic sound of social life. "If ever you have been . . . where bells have knoll'd to church". It is not likely, however, that the theatrical world, the Bohemia of that day, was very assiduous in church-going. Nor does Shakespeare seem to have regarded with great reverence the parsons of the Tudor Church. He introduces two of them, Sir Hugh Evans in the "Merry Wives" and Sir Nathaniel in "Love's Labour's Lost", and both

characters are not only comic but farcical. They are even totally unecclesiastical. Sir Nathaniel plays a ridiculous part in an interlude, while Sir Hugh Evans goes out to fight a duel.

Nowhere perhaps does Shakespeare depart from his impersonal serenity and impartiality so much as in "All's Well That Ends Well" (I, 3), where he couples in a scoffing allusion "Young Charbon the Puritan" with "Old Poysam the Papist", and afterwards says, "Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart". Clearly the writer of this had no special sympathy either with young Charbon or old Poysam. We may conclude that he disliked anything sectarian or enthusiastic, and was contented with the social religion of his parish.

It is true that Shakespeare had no antipathy to the Ancient Church: probably in the absence of any strong doctrinal antagonism its antiquity, its ceremonial, its art would be grateful to his poetic sense. Where the scene of his play is in Roman Catholic times or countries he takes the religious environments and costume with the rest and introduces friars as ministers of good. This is hardly more significant than his introduction of the gods of Rome in "Julius Caesar", or of weird heathenism in "King Lear", where it harmonizes with the character of the piece. That he had any latent hankering after Roman Catholicism, or that his heart was on the Papal side of the great quarrel between the nation and the Pope, it is impossible to believe in face of such lines as these:

"*King John*. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of
England
Add this much more,—that no Italian
priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But, as we under heaven are supreme head,

So under Him that great supremacy
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold
Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

King Philip : Brother of England, you blas-
pheme in this.

King John. Though you and all the kings
of Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy
out ;

And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself ;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with *révénué*
cherish ;

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my
foes ”.

Much with which the author himself does not agree may be written dramatically ; but there are things which even dramatically he who does not agree with them will not write. Any one who had the slightest leaning to the Papal side would have manifestly outraged his own feelings by penning these lines. The passage on Indulgences has a sting in it if anything in Shakespeare has. The exposure of the false miracles of healing at St. Albans (“ Henry the Sixth,” Part 2, ii. 1.) may be cited in the same connection, if the passage is by Shakespeare, as we believe that it is.

That there was a good deal of free-thinking among the English of the higher class we gather from Giordano Bruno, who visited England at this time and observed the state of opinion with pleasure. Bohemia was likely to have her full share of it and we know that Marlowe and Greene were reputed atheists. But in Shakespeare there is surely neither speculative belief nor speculative unbelief. In certain passages, such as the soliloquy of Hamlet, and the speech of Claudio in “ Measure for Measure ”, he speaks of the mysteries of life and death in a broad, natural, poetic manner, unlike that of an orthodox preacher, but also unlike that of a Giordano Bruno. Nobody surely would say that when he speaks of our life as “ rounded by a

sleep ” he means to insinuate a denial of the immortality of the soul. “ I think nobly of the soul ” is put into the mouth of Malvolio, but there is an emphatic ring in it, and Malvolio, though distraught with egotism, is not represented as otherwise contemptible. Shakespeare's theological deliverances or indications might not have passed the Spanish Inquisition, but they would beyond doubt have passed the English Privy Council, particularly if it had been presided over by Lord Burghley. It is difficult to produce specimens of an atmosphere ; but it will hardly be disputed that while we read Shakespeare it is in a religious atmosphere that we are moving, though the religion is not ecclesiastical like that of Calderon and Lope de Vega, but natural, social and poetic.

“ There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it.”

These lines, recited by the prisoner, would almost have saved him from the clutches of the Inquisition. In Æschylus, in Sophocles, in Euripides, more or less of the speculative tendency is discernible. Æschylus may in a certain sense be regarded as one of the fathers of Hellenic philosophy. He stands in somewhat the same relation to it in which an epic poet stands to history. The writer of the “ Prometheus ” must have had his searchings of heart about the popular theology. Not by mere accident did his theme find a continuator in Shelley. But the mental eye of Shakespeare was turned outward, not inward. In the Sonnets, though there is infinite subtlety in the expression of passion, there is nothing metaphysical.

On the other hand there is no trace of fanaticism. The treatment of Shylock expresses not hatred of the mis-believer but hatred of the extortioner. In the jibes at his religion there is no bitterness. The popular hatred of the extortioner Shakespeare evidently does

share, and it is idle to attempt to get the poet out of a supposed scrape by such desperate shifts as the pretence that the play is intended to expose the inhuman treatment of the Jews.

There is certainly not a tinge in Shakespeare of sympathy with Catholic ascetism. "Because thou art virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale?" The Renaissance, as a revolt against asceticism, running sometimes with heathen sensuality, is pretty well reflected in his dramas, to say nothing of "Venus and Adonis". There is no use in pretending that the passages which the moral Bowdler strikes out are involuntary tributes to the taste of the audience at the Globe Theatre. Evidently Shakespeare delighted in these allusions as much as he did in puns, for which he has so extraordinary a predilection. Of course he does not descend to such ordure as that which we find in his meaner rivals and which stands in hideous juxtaposition to the pure scenes of the "Virgin Martyr". "Always he is Caesar"! But the element is there, and we wish it were not there, let blind worshippers say what they will. The amount of it however is moderate for the Renaissance. Shakespeare's page, if it is not clean compared with that of Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens, is clean indeed compared with the pages of Boccaccio. In England there was the same interregnum between the fall of the Catholic and the rise of the Protestant or modern morality that there was in other countries; but participation in a great struggle for national independence and for a European cause, together with the bracing influence of maritime adventure, preserved the manhood, and with the manhood the comparative purity of the nation.

Though Shakespeare is not free from impurity his ethics are perfectly sound. He never tries, like the Rousseauists, to produce an effect by tampering with the moral law or by exciting sympathy with interesting sinners. In rewarding the good and punishing the evil-doer he is almost as strict as Dante, while he is incomparably more rational

and human than the monkish moralist who puts Farinata, Francesca and her lover in hell. Cordelia dies, it is true; nevertheless she receives her crown. In Bacon's writings there is a touch of Machiavelism, as there was more than a touch of it in his career. In the "Essay on Negotiating", for example, among other sly precepts he tells you that it is a good thing to deal in person rather than by letter, "where a man will reserve to himself liberty either to disavow or to expound". But there is no trace of anything of the kind in Shakespeare, though he is not insensible of the pregnant fact that the boundary line between moral good and evil is less sharply defined than the common language of ethics implies.

"Virtue itself turns vile, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified".

In politics it is pretty clear that Shakespeare simply accepted the national monarchy as in religion he accepted the national Church. It would have been strange if his heart had not been with the Court. The Court was the friend of his calling: Puritanism, which was the soul of the rising opposition, was the enemy of his calling, though the writer of "Comus" tried to bring about a reconciliation between Protestant religion and dramatic art through a revival of the pure form of Attic tragedy. It was impossible that Shakespeare should be a legitimist, or in that sense an upholder of the divine right of kings, if he bore in mind the Tudor pedigree and the title of that dynasty to the throne; but he evidently was a hearty monarchist, and fully recognized the sacred character with which the monarchy had been invested by the union of ecclesiastical with political headship consequent on the rupture with the Papacy. "There's such divinity doth hedge a king" is put, it is true, into the mouth of a king whose hedge of divinity is afterwards traversed by his stepson's rapier amidst general sympathy and applause. So the monarch who says that "Not all the waters

from the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed king", and that "the breath of worldly men cannot depose the deputy elected by the Lord", himself practically illustrates by his catastrophe the limitations of those doctrines. It may be said that both utterances are merely dramatic; but they have an emphatic sound, and what is more to the purpose, they harmonize with the general tenor of Shakespeare's plays in relation to this subject. In "King John" nothing is said about the Great Charter or the abuses of royal power which led the barons to extort it. We have the quarrel between John and the Pope about the appointment of Stephen Langton, in which our sympathies are demanded by the cause of the national sovereign. For the rebellion of the nobles, the "tempest" of which Pandulph "blows up" in the interest of the Church, no other reason is assigned than the supposed murder of Arthur. John is hardly presented as a tyrant, certainly not as the hateful tyrant that he was; and when French invasion comes national sentiment is awakened at once, and the hearts of an English audience are expected to be with the native king. Raleigh, in his "Prerogative of Parliaments", makes one of the personages in the dialogue say of the Great Charter that "it had first an obscure birth from usurpation, and was secondly fostered and showed to the world by rebellion". This was perhaps the esoteric doctrine of extreme courtiers. In general, the memory of the Great Charter seems to have slept during the Tudor reigns. Silence on the subject was evidently most advisable for Her Majesty's and still more for *His Majesty's* players; no doubt it was also most congenial to their feelings. A presentation of the scene of Runnymede at "The Globe" would very likely have been treated by the Privy Council as sedition.

The story of Henry the Eighth was rather a delicate subject for a dramatist who desired to please the Court. Shakespeare's native breadth of sym-

pathy and dramatic sense probably led him, without any help from the craft of Polonius, to the very treatment which was most politic and acceptable. He takes no part in the quarrel, and is dramatically just to all. Henry he presents simply as a majestic lord, which in a rather material sense the tyrant and uxoricide was. He makes the king state his own case, just as he actually did state it, without in any way raising the question of its moral validity. He glorifies, in a splendid vision of Elizabeth's greatness, the child of the Protestant queen. At the same time he evokes a full measure of sympathy for Catherine, and makes tender and respectful allusion to her daughter. Cranmer, the Archbishop of the Divorce and of the Reformation, receives in an uncontroversial way his fitting meed of honour. For the grand catastrophe of Wolsey's fall we are prepared by his pride, his worldliness, his treatment of Buckingham; but a magnificent eulogy is pronounced on him by the mouth of Griffith. Cromwell also is seen on his better side. Only against "the dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome" is anything like indignation pointed. This presentment would perfectly suit the taste of the Court, which, while it of course accepted the Divorce and the Reformation, would by no means wish to identify itself with the revolutionary aspect of the movement, or even be much gratified by anything insulting to Spain. The trade both of Elizabeth and James was kingship. The leaning of James towards Spain, as the head of the monarchical interest in Europe, was perfectly natural. Elizabeth would have leaned the same way if she had not been bound by her title and her circumstances to Protestantism, or even if the Pope and Philip the Second would have let her alone.

Two of the plays, the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest", were evidently intended to be performed at weddings. They both present the same peculiarity of structure, each having a masque in it. The masque, rather show than drama, and

generally allegorical or mythological, like that in "The Tempest", was constantly performed by amateurs at weddings. Bacon provided a masque, entitled the Masque of Flowers, at Gray's Inn, in honour of the ill-starred marriage of Somerset with the divorced wife of Essex; and the upholders of the Baconian authorship of the plays will probably ascribe it to his modesty that he did not make use of one of his own dramatic productions on that occasion. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Elizabeth receives a divine though unhistorical compliment as the "Imperial Votress," who is proof against Cupid's shaft, and passes on in "maiden meditation, fancy free". We can hardly doubt that the queen was present when those lines were recited. But if she was, she can scarcely have failed to be touched by those other lines :

"Thrice blessed they that master so their blood

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;

But earthly happier is the rose distilled

Than that which withering on the virgin thorn

Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness."

Whether there was anything in the tender relations of the very mature coquette which might lend point to such a hint at the time we cannot tell. It appears to be quite uncertain who Theseus and Hippolite were. That the play was performed at the marriage of the Earl of Derby at Greenwich in 1595 seems to be mere conjecture. Who Ferdinand and Miranda were is not doubtful. It appears from the manuscript of *Virtue* that "The Tempest" was acted by John Heminge and the rest of the King's Company before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector at the beginning of the year 1613. Frederick had come over to receive his bride, the Princess who was the darling of all Protestant hearts. Ferdinand, then, was Frederick, and Miranda was Elizabeth. If James was present or read the play his imagination might possibly suggest an original of Prospero the prince duke, "for the liberal arts without a parallel". Perhaps it might

also suggest originals of the conspirators by whom Prospero had been dethroned, and even of Stephano and Trinculo, with their ludicrous dreams of state and their gross assassination plot. Probably James thought the meddling of the leaders of the Commons with affairs of state not less preposterous than the aspirations of Stephano.

"Let me live there ever ;

So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,

— Make this place Paradise."

—these would be graceful and appropriate words of leave-taking in the mouth of the Prince Palatine.

The compliments paid by Shakespeare to Elizabeth and James, especially that paid to James in Cranmer's prophecy, are it must be owned pretty full-bodied. But they are redeemed from servility, and the air of personal adulation is taken off by the close association of the monarch's praises with the national glory and happiness. Bacon's flattery of James is personal. The advocates of the Baconian theory may here again find an addition, though of the slightest kind, to the difficulties of their theory.

Whatever doubts there may be as to the authorship of other parts of "Henry the Sixth" there can be none as to the authorship of the part about Jack Cade. No such blow, humorous or serious, has ever been dealt, or could have been dealt, to demagogism by any other hand. The picture suits the demagogue tyrant of Paris as well as it suited the demagogue tyrant of Kent. "There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer", is satire as fresh and true to-day as when it was written. It fits perfectly as a caricature of what the Radical candidate now says to Hodge. Nor could any Labour Reformer or Workingmen's Candidate of our time well read without wincing :

"George. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the commonwealth and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

George. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

George. Nay, more, the King's Council are no good workmen.

John. True, and yet it is said—labour in thy vocation : which is as much to say as—let the magistrates be labouring men ; and therefore should we be magistrates.

George. Thou hast hit it ; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand."

All due allowance being made for what is merely dramatic, we cannot help seeing that to Shakespeare a rabble, above all a political rabble, is an object of personal aversion. He has even a physical abhorrence of the populace, the expression of which sometimes strikes us as not only anti-popular but almost unfeeling.

"And then he (Antony) offered it (the crown) the third time ; he (Cæsar) put it the third time by ; and still as he refused it the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar."

The passage does not stand alone and it is rather wonderful how such language can have failed to offend the large portion of the audience at The Globe.

From Coriolanus we expect, as a matter of dramatic propriety, extravagant expressions of aristocrat contempt for the people. But the dramatist has certainly put his full force into these lines.

"[Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.] Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues, That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs ?

1st Citi. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,

That like nor peace nor war ? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you

Where he would find you lions, finds you hares ;

Where foxes, geese ; you are no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ice, Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness

Deserves your hate ; and your affections are A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil. He that depends

Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead, And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind ; And call him noble that was now your hate, Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,

That in these several places in the city You cry against the noble senate, who, Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

Would feed on one another ? What's their seeking ?"

The Duke in "Measure for Measure" is one of those exalted and dispassionate personages through whom the dramatist moralizes as he does through the Chorus in the Greek drama. The Duke says :

"I love the people,

But do not like to stage me to their eyes : Though it do well I do not relish well Their loud applause and *aves* vehement, Nor do I think the man of safe discretion That does affect it."

Wherever any one is introduced or spoken of as courting popularity the same sentiment is reflected, while there is nothing on the democratic or popular side.

On the other hand, there is in Shakespeare no want of feeling for the sufferings of poverty or indifference to the inequalities of the human lot. He understands that there are people to whom the world and its law are not friends and who cannot be expected to be friends to the world and its law. There seems also to be a personal protest against the shedding of blood in unjust wars in "Hamlet" iv. 4.

"Ham. Goes it (the army) against the main of Poland, or for some frontier ?

Captain. Truly to speak, and with no addition, sir,

We go to gain a little patch of ground, That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Polack never will
defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty
thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw."

Carlyle has said of the description
of the battle of Agincourt :

"That battle of Agincourt strikes me as one of the most perfect things of its sort we anywhere have of Shakespeare's. The description of the two hosts ; the worn-out, jaded English ; the dread hour, big with destiny when the battle shall begin ; and then that deathless valour ; 'Ye good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England!' There is a noble patriotism in it—far other than the 'indifference' you sometimes hear ascribed to Shakespeare. A true English heart breathes calm and strong through the whole business ; not boisterous, protrusive ; all the better for that. There is a sound in it like the ring of steel. This man too had a right stroke in him had it come to that."

There is the same ring through all that is Shakespeare's of the passages relating to the English wars in France. Evident it is that the poet's heart is thoroughly with the armies of the country. Perhaps his patriotism may be said to appear in a way not altogether pleasing or generous in his treatment of Joan of Arc. He is not above national prejudice in those passages. But it must be remembered that Joan owed her victories to the same belief, on the part of the English, in her witchcraft which brought her to the stake.

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal
kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their
birth.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious
sieve
Of wat'ry Neptune."

—those lines may not be among the best in Shakespeare, but there can be no doubt that the Englishman who wrote them loved England. The great poet of our nation was thoroughly national. In any conflict between patriotism and its opposite, patriotism beyond question has Shakespeare on its side.

Where not only is the form that of the drama but the genius of the poet is pre-eminently and almost miraculously dramatic, gleanings of personality must be scanty and uncertain. In these few pages the gleanings have been limited to the poet's religion and politics. Indications of the man's sentiments and tastes generally may no doubt be gathered by noting the special force with which a sentiment is expressed, whether it is repeated, and the character and position of the personage into whose mouth it is put. Shakespeare was not a total abstainer, if we are to accept the tradition that his death was caused by a fever brought on by a *sederunt* with a party of his old friends who had come down from town. But he seems to have had a strong sense of the evil of applying hot and rebellious liquor to the blood in youth, and a decided antipathy to the drinking customs of "Denmark." The pity for the sufferings of animals which produces Humane Societies is a sentiment of late growth, except in characters so peculiar as those of Anselm and Francis of Assisi. But we seem to find a strong touch of it in the piteous description of the calf, bound and "beaten when it strays" by the butcher who is bearing it off to the slaughter-house ("Henry the Sixth", Part 2, iii. 1), supposing those lines to be genuine. But this is a field which we do not attempt to enter here.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.¹

"AMONGST the novel objects that attracted my attention during my stay in the United States, nothing struck me more forcibly than the general equality of condition among the people. I readily discovered the prodigious influence which this primary fact exercises on the whole course of society ; it gives a peculiar direction to public opinion, and a peculiar tenor to the laws ; it imparts new maxims to the governing authorities, and peculiar habits to the governed. I soon perceived that the influence of this fact extends far beyond the political character and the laws of the country, and that it has no less empire over civil society than over the government ; it creates opinions, gives birth to new sentiments, founds new customs, and modifies whatever it does not produce. The more I advanced in the study of American society, the more I perceived that this equality of condition is the fundamental fact from which all others seem to be derived, and the central point at which my observations constantly terminated." Such are the opening words of De Tocqueville, and they are themselves enough to show that his survey of the American Commonwealth belonged to the past, and that the time for a fresh survey had come. His fundamental fact and his central point have ceased to exist. Instead of equality we have

now the difference between the fortune of Vanderbilt or the Bonanza King and the extreme of poverty, between the palaces of Fifth Avenue and the tenement houses of Five Points. Other great changes have taken place since 1835, when De Tocqueville wrote. The great storm which he saw lowering on the horizon of the Republic has burst, destroying slavery, leaving the Republic scatheless, but modifying political character, and casting political parties in a new mould, while the negro problem is reproduced in another and scarcely less serious form. The population has more than doubled ; its area has extended over regions presenting economically new features which give rise to new phases of social and political character. At the same time it has been in an immensely increasing degree unified by railways, telegraphy, and the extension of commercial companies and connections. What is not less momentous is that it has been linked by the cable, and by improved steamboat communication, far more closely to Europe. Important changes have also taken place in the occupation of the people. De Tocqueville devotes a section to explaining the wonderful pre-eminence of the Americans in the carrying-trade, ascribing it to the daring seamanship, which saved time, and therefore cost, by its disregard of weather. The tariff has now annihilated the mercantile marine of the United States, and the Americans, once so famous at sea,

¹ "The American Commonwealth," by James Bryce, M.P., D.C.L. In three volumes ; London, 1888.

have almost ceased to be a maritime people. Such is the fashion in which Protection does its work, when it undertakes to diversify national character by varying the occupation of the people.

A fresh survey was needed, and the task has fallen into the very best of hands. In style and form it would be hardly possible to match De Tocqueville. If he borrowed something in this respect from Montesquieu, he paid it back with interest. In everything except style and form, Mr. Bryce seems to me fully De Tocqueville's peer. In his method of dealing with his vast subject he is superior to De Tocqueville, and more instructive. Such I believe will be, such indeed already is, the verdict of the best judges. De Tocqueville studied American democracy rather too little in and for itself, rather too much in its relation to what was going on, or appeared to be approaching in France. He also, in his political review, gave his attention rather too much to forms, and too little to the forces. To this, probably, or to this combined with the severity of his strictures on democratic defects, it is owing that his work, while it is always spoken of by Americans with a distant respect, is little in their hands or minds, and, so far as I have observed, does not exercise much influence. Mr. Bryce has made a profound study, not only of institutions, local and judicial as well as political, but of political parties, and of public opinion with its sources and organs. He explores not only the body of the American Commonwealth, but its soul. His work will, as I believe, be much in the hands and minds of Americans, and will exercise a powerful influence over them for good.

To undertake to follow Mr. Bryce through his inquiry in these few pages would be absurd. I can only touch on one or two points, and if what I say on these is critical, or rather supplementary, it will not derogate from the general homage which, to the best of my judgment and so far as my know-

ledge of the United States, which I have now observed for twenty years, extends, is due, and is most heartily paid, to the supreme excellence of the work.

With all due respect to the consecrated memory of the fathers of the American Constitution, I agree with Mr. Bryce, if he thinks that what the fathers found was more unquestionably good and sound than what they made. I have long been inclined to surmise that Montesquieu's misreading of the British Constitution had more influence than is commonly supposed upon their minds. To his notion about the separation of the Executive from the Legislature, combined with the mistaken purism which gave birth to Place Bills, rather than to any deliberate and independent counsels of their own, is to be ascribed, I suspect, the exclusion of the American Cabinet from Congress. That their foresight was not superhuman we are reminded by everyone of those presidential elections, the uproar of the last of which was just dying away when Mr. Bryce's book issued from the press. They thought that in their College of Electors they had provided for [the calm selection of a head of the State by a body of picked wisdom and integrity. Yet a sagacity no more than human might have told them that if the College was itself elected, at the time; and for the special purpose, the result would be a mandate. So completely has a mandate been the result, that in the crisis caused by the deadlock between Tilden and Hayes, while civil war was thought within the compass of possibility, it was not thought within the compass of possibility that a single member of the College of Electors should put an end to the deadlock by transferring his vote. The very suggestion was denounced as a hideous exhibition of political immorality. The consequence is a popular election of the head of the State every four years, with a preliminary agitation of one year at least, if not of two, highly injurious alike to government

and to commerce, and bringing with it the saturnalia of passion, intrigue, corruption, calumny, and rhetorical mendacity, which Mr. Bryce has so graphically and so truthfully described. Mr. Bryce, like a man of truly philosophic and comprehensive mind, always puts in a good word for Old Nick. The presidential election, he says, rouses and stirs public life, and clears away vapours from the political atmosphere. But the question is whether the life which is moved and stirred is wholesome life, or a life the reverse of wholesome; the life of patriotism, or the life of political roguery; and whether the vapours generated by this sulphurous eruption are not more mephitic than those which it dispels. "Nowhere," says Mr. Bryce, "does government by the people, through the people, and for the people, take a more directly impressive and powerfully stimulative form than in the choice of a chief magistrate by twelve millions of citizens voting in one day." Stimulating the form is with a vengeance; and impressive it might be, were it not that, as Mr. Bryce truly says, the men between whom the choice is to be made are nominated by party conventions, each of which wants "not a good president but a good candidate." If in its primary effect an institution is mischievous, secondary effects will not repair the mischief. It was after a presidential election that an American citizen who had seen a good deal of politics said to me in his haste—"Well, only put an end to this, and I will take my chance of the Man." A less heroic remedy than a *coup d'état* and an autocracy would be to extend the presidential term, abolishing at the same time the power of re-election. Such a change is in fact now in the air. Civil Service Reform, if it can be really carried out, would be another antidote. The excitement which so surprises Mr. Bryce is caused among the politicians and office-seekers by the greatness of the stake, the presidency carrying all the patronage with it; and among the

people chiefly by the love of faction fights, which is apparently a part of human nature. There is also a good deal of the sporting sentiment at work; not only is there a prodigious amount of betting, but men mutually pledge themselves to pay ridiculous forfeits and perform grotesque penances if the candidate of their choice does not win. The very slang of the presidential race-course and betting-ring is degrading to the majesty of the State. What the effect of an approaching contest is upon the government when the President is a candidate for re-election, the last acts of Mr. Cleveland have miserably shown. Perhaps the most redeeming features of the affair are the good humour and orderly behaviour of the people, which say much for their love of fair-play and law. I witnessed the second election of Lincoln in the midst of the Civil War. Passion was at fever heat; yet each party was allowed to hang out its banners across the street, distribute its campaign literature, hold its public meetings, and conduct its torch-light processions without the slightest molestation from its rival. I am a firm believer in the ultimate federation of the whole English-speaking population of this Continent by the entrance of Canada into the Union; but I confess I shrink from seeing her people involved in such a maelstrom as a presidential election.

Washington took Hamilton and Jefferson together into his Cabinet. He evidently regarded party as an accidental evil, and thought that in time and with judicious handling it would come to nothing. Instead of coming to nothing it is everything. It little matters what the forms are, whether they are those of the American Republic or pseudo-Monarchial and Parliamentary, like ours in Canada. Party forces its way through all constitutional regulations and bends everything to its own purposes. If the Presidency and both Houses of the Legislature are in the hands of the same party, that party reigns.

Otherwise there is a paralysis of government. The late election has made the Presidency and the House of Representatives, as well as the Senate, Republican. The legislative machine will now begin to operate once more. But for some years past the Presidency and the House being Democratic while the Senate was Republican by a small majority, and the Senate being, unlike our House of Lords, really co-ordinate with the House, legislation has been impossible. The tariff question, the silver question, and other pressing questions have remained in abeyance; masses of useless silver have been accumulating in the Treasury, and a large surplus revenue has been growing up, while all that the Legislature could do was to bale out the surplus in prodigal grants of pensions, to which both parties agreed from their fear of the army vote, and which have swelled the annual expenditure under that head to eighty millions of dollars, a sum nearly equal, I believe, to the cost of Versailles. For six years Dakota, though fully qualified, has been unable to obtain admission as a State because her vote would be Republican. At the same time, the executive has been incapable of *bond fide* negotiation with any foreign power, and especially with England. It was useless to frame a Fisheries Treaty, since whatever the Democratic President might approve the Republican Senate was sure to throw out, as it did by a straight party vote. The evenly-balanced state of parties in the Senate enabled a single member, described by an American journal as "a dissolute demagogue", at one time to hold the key of legislation in his hands.

Mr. Bryce has given us a vivid and memorable picture of the party "machine", with the swarm of political imps, under the names of bosses, wire-pullers, heelers, and bummers, by which it is worked, its intrigues and rogueries, its discipline of falsehood, its loyalty to sinister purposes, and all the evils which it entails, and

not the least of which is the estrangement of the best class of citizens from public life. His description, of which I believe no material part can be gained, is enough to make a professional politician blush for his craft. But he does not ask himself or tell us so definitely as we could desire whether the machine is separable from party, or whether party is separable from the elective system. The theory on which the system of popular election rests is that the electors lay their heads together to choose the right man. This, in any but the very smallest of constituencies and one the members of which are well acquainted with each other, is morally impossible. The members of a large constituency are a heap of grains of sand without intercommunication or cohesion. Hence organization, in other words party, becomes indispensable. So long as there are questions of principle before the nation the parties may be held together by them, and may thus have a moral bond such as justifies the submission of the individual conscience to party discipline; though even at the best of times there will be a great deal of sheer factiousness, corruption more or less coarse, and depravation of national character by a bitter and calumnious strife. But when the questions of principle are exhausted, as they were in England after Culloden or in the United States after the abolition of slavery, and as in time they must be everywhere, how are parties to be held together? They can be held together only by "the spoils". They are sure at the same time to become machines, and the machines are sure to fall into the hands of the sort of men who prefer politics to honest work. England is falling under the sway of machines as well as the United States. A Liberal Three Hundred or a Primrose Habitation is a local machine which in combination with its fellows throughout the kingdom forms a national machine, though at present in the rudimentary stage. Give it a little time to purge itself of

independent consciences and to fall thoroughly under the power of the men who devote their sharp intellects to politics, and you will have in England a counterpart of American caucus-government as it is depicted by Mr. Bryce. Politics will become in England as well as in the United States a regular trade, and of all trades the vilest. Mr. Schnadhorst is already a "boss" full blown and on the grandest scale. The very nomenclature of the political kingdom of Satan has invaded the English tongue. Honourable amateurs at present maintain the fight; they are spurred on by a great issue, nothing less than the integrity of the nation; but they will find in time that they have no chance against the professionals who devote their whole time and energy to the calling by which they live.

For my part, the observations of twenty years have confirmed my faith in social democracy; but in the system of popular election, if it necessarily means government by demagogues, my faith has not been confirmed. In the meantime the demagogic system has been thoroughly developed in England; and the fruit of its development is that we have a great faction struggling to oust its rival from place by making all government impossible, by encouraging resistance to the law, by fomenting rebellion, and by conspiring with the foreign enemies of the nation for the dismemberment of the realm. By the same agencies the House of Commons is being turned into a mob, in which mountebanks as low as ever disgraced Congress play a conspicuous part, and which is totally unfit for the exercise of supreme power. I am glad that Mr. Bryce is cautious in proposing American institutions as a model for British reform. England has in the Instrument of Government a model far better suited to her case.

Society on the American continent, notwithstanding all our boasts of popular intelligence, would be in a critical situation if the realm of commerce and industry were not practically

ruled by a government very different from that of the politicians. No doubt much of what is commonly said, and is recorded in Mr. Bryce's pages, about the railway managers is true. No doubt they sometimes play a mischievous part in politics, though largely in self-defence. Masters, too, in the passionate pursuit of wealth are sometimes grasping, hard, and forgetful of their duty to their workmen. Still these men have been raised to their positions by genuine qualities, not by stump-oratory or intrigue: some of them behave nobly, and as a class they exercise their authority with justice and firmness, confront mutiny with calmness, and in their own province hold society together. Commercial morality is certainly higher than political morality, all the stock-gambling and "cornering" notwithstanding.

There is one point in the procedure of Congress which hardly seems to have caught Mr. Bryce's eye, but which illustrates political morality as well as procedure. I was astonished to see, more than a century after the passing of the Grenville Act, an election petition decided not by a committee or an impartial tribunal of any kind, but in the full House and by a straight party vote. I found myself carried back to the days of Walpole when no quarter was given in elections. The shortness of the Congress-man's term, which makes it hardly worth while to unseat him, is the only apparent limit to the misuse which a dominant and infuriated party might make of such a power.

Everybody who is not in a ring will agree with Mr. Bryce in thinking that the government of cities is one of our chief difficulties—I say ours, because Canada does not differ in this, or in any material respect, from the United States. The fact is that the elective system of municipal government is a survival from the times when the objects of city government were largely political or industrial, consisting in the defence of burgher liberties or the

regulation of trades; when comparatively little regard was paid to police, health, water-supply, or lighting; when, moreover, civic life still made the citizens acquainted with each other, and the great men of the city, the Fuggers and Greshams and Whittingtons, lived in the city and were its mayors. Now a city is merely a densely peopled district in need of a specially skilled administration. It is from want of skill, and from want of the permanency essential to foresight and economy, especially in the conduct of public works, that we suffer, more than from corruption, as to the prevalence of which exaggerated ideas perhaps prevail. There is on the continent one bright exception to the generally unsatisfactory state of things. Washington has a heavy debt, the legacy of a former *régime*; but it is now a thoroughly well-governed city. Its government is a Board of three commissioners appointed by the President of the United States, the district being the political property of the Federation. An attempt was made some time ago to introduce "municipal liberties", but it was defeated by the combined and strenuous resistance of all who had anything to be pillaged. I may say, by the way, that Washington, by the attractions of its good city government, as well as by those which it holds out as the seat of the Federal Government and of the Embassies, bids fair to supply the United States with a capital, the lack of which is noted as a defect by Mr. Bryce. Within my memory Washington has grown from a dismal mudhole into a gay and beautiful city, full of social and intellectual life, of which the politicians are the least part.

Mr. Bryce's account of that most vital subject, the character of the American judiciary, is, so far as I am competent to form an opinion, correct. I have often inquired in different States whether confidence was felt in the integrity of the judges, and have generally been told that it was. Englishmen came into contact at New

York, in the evil days of Tweed and Sweeney, with judges such as Barnard and Cordozo, elected by the Irish vote; and they generalized too much from that case. The elective system is bad; it was never adopted by Massachusetts, and in other States its evils are being practically mitigated by an extension of the term of office. The main defect now is the inadequacy of the salaries, which are insufficient to draw the best men to the Bench. The consequence is a want on the part of the Bench of control over the Bar, in comparison with the control exercised by an English judge, which is visible even to an unprofessional eye. The consequence of this again is inferiority in the despatch of business, so that the saving is costly in the end. But it would be difficult to obtain a large increase of salaries, which to a farmer already seem enormous. The salary of the President is still inadequate; and the same thing may be said of regular salaries in every department and all down the scale. It is the dignity of the office rather than its emolument—which, allowance being made for the cost of living, is hardly above that of a County Court judge in England—that draws men of the highest eminence to the Bench of the Supreme Court. As to the purity of the Supreme Court, not the slightest suspicion has ever been felt, though some of its decisions, such as those in favour of slavery on one side and those in favour of the Legal Tender Act¹ on the other, may not have been free from political bias. I heard Lincoln say that he would take care to appoint a judge who was right on the great political question of the day.

¹ I was rather sharply taken to task the other day by my friend Mr. Smalley for saying in reference to the Legal Tender Act, that the Constitution forbade legislation such as would impair the obligation of contracts. Mr. Smalley says that this applies to the State Legislatures only. Directly it applies only to the State Legislatures, but surely the thing is prohibited as *malum in se*, in which case the prohibition must be regarded as a principle of the Constitution. I heard the argument used at the time by opponents of the Legal Tender Act.

You cannot remark to an American that the weather is disagreeable without receiving an intimation in reply that there is worse weather in England. Americans, when they are unable to deny the existence of a flaw in their institutions or a stain on their record, are apt to lay flattering unctious to their souls by persuading themselves that there is something in English institutions or history as bad or worse. I have learned to regard this curious habit as a compliment in disguise. Yet the habit is somewhat slavish, and I venture to think it is rather too much countenanced, though unconsciously perhaps, by Mr. Bryce. Among other instances, he, to comfort the Americans under the imputation of judicial corruption, tells them that there was a case of it in England as late as the last century. He refers to the case of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield in 1725. But the offence of which Lord Macclesfield was found guilty was not, I believe, judicial corruption; it was complicity in the sale of Master-ships in Chancery and improper dealings with the suitor's fund. Even with regard to this charge, Lord Stanhope, who though not a masterly is a very fair and careful writer, intimates his belief that Lord Macclesfield suffered rather as the head of a system than as an offender in his own person. There has been, so far as I remember, no case of judicial corruption in England since that of Bacon; and historical criticism has greatly reduced the dimensions even of Bacon's delinquency. People whose judges take, or are suspected of taking, bribes will derive small comfort from any stains which they are likely to find on the British ermine.

There is a school of English politicians and political writers which seems to think that it owes no affection to England, and that liberality consists in being just, or something more than just, to every country except their own. I do not suspect Mr. Bryce of any sympathy with such a school. But I think he does sometimes show a tendency to be rather too hard on England.

He lays on her discourtesy towards the Americans the blame for the continuance of bitter feeling after the Separation. This is not fair. For a proud nation it was hard to digest defeat. But George the Third received the first American ambassador with magnanimous courtesy, and the flags of a British fleet were half-masted at the death of Washington. Such ill-feeling as there was on the part of England was largely kept alive by the American loyalists whom the vindictive cruelty of the victorious party had driven into exile in England and Canada. But nothing could exceed the venomous violence of the feeling manifested by the Jeffersonian party, which was the majority in the United States, against England, not on account of anything that she did, but simply for being what she was. Washington found himself called upon solemnly to warn his fellow-countrymen against becoming the "slaves of a hatred". The breaches of international courtesy and law of which American assemblies and ports were the scene at the outbreak of the war between England and Revolutionary France, cast the Alabama cost utterly into the shade. Nothing but Washington's influence, in fact, prevented the United States from rushing into a conflict with England which would have been absolutely unprovoked on her part.

I am happy to be able to agree with Mr. Bryce in thinking that in the breasts of educated Americans the old hatred has nearly died out. The chief exceptions are Protectionist manufacturers whose motive for cherishing the feud is manifest enough. Hostile demonstrations on the part of "tail-twisting" politicians are, as they hardly care themselves to deny in private, the tributes of political servility to the power of the Irish vote. Among the literary men some bitterness of feeling is still kept up, partly perhaps by tradition, and partly by the competition with English rivals, to which by the absence of international copyright they are in an unfair degree exposed. A proof at once

and a cause of the improved sentiment is the change in the tone of American historians, who are laying panegyric and prejudice aside to deal with historical questions as ministers of truth. Some of the volumes in the series of "Lives of American Statesmen," edited by Professor Morse, and the "Life of Young Sir Henry Vane," which has just come from the pen of Professor Hosmer, are examples of what I mean. School histories used to be shamefully false and venomous, and I have no doubt played a great part in keeping up the ill-feeling; but I believe there has been a general amendment of late. The amendment has not been universal, since I received the other day a letter from a gentleman in the States asking if it was true, as a history used in his district stated, that the British Government had issued a quantity of counterfeit American bank-notes for the purpose of discrediting the currency of the United States. I found, too, the other day, that I had caused great surprise by telling an American school that the Alabama had escaped from a British port by a stratagem when the order for her detention was on its way. They had been taught (I suppose by their history) to believe that the Alabama had been sent out by the British Government and manned with seamen of the British Naval Reserve.

It appears that Lord Salisbury is going to give us another instalment of the Dutch auction policy, to which I fear he is not superior, by taking up Female Suffrage. He no doubt fancies, though wrongly as I suspect, that the political woman is Conservative. It is instructive to find that Mr. Bryce, whose sympathies are all on the side of Woman's Rights, admitting that "no evidence has come in his way tending to show that politics either in Wyoming or in Washington (the two Territories in which Female Suffrage has been tried) are in any way purer than in the adjoining States or Territories." The most, he adds, that seems to be alleged is that they are no worse; or, as the Americans express it,

"Things are very much what they were before, only more so." I have seen, in leading journals, statements less favourable still. New Territories wish to attract women, of whom they are always short, and this probably was the leading motive of the people in Wyoming and Washington for introducing the innovation, rather than any conviction that women would be improved by politics, or that politics would be improved by women. All attempts to introduce Female Suffrage into the States have failed, and for the present at all events it may be said that the verdict of the American people has been pronounced against the change. The fact is that to the eyes of Americans the proposal presents itself at once in its full scope and gravity. In their case no distinction is drawn nor could any be made between the unmarried and the married; so that by the adoption of Female Suffrage the Commonwealth would be delivered into female hands. To people in England only the thin end of the wedge is presented; the proposal is ostensibly limited to the enfranchisement of unmarried women. But those women would use their solid vote (which would be very large) for the enfranchisement of their whole sex, and the capacity of electing would certainly draw with it in the end the capacity of being elected. The result would be a divorce of law from force, which would probably be fatal to law. The difficulty of enforcing prohibitory legislation, Mr. Bryce admits, would be much greater if a majority of men in favour of the sale of liquor were overborne by a minority of men turned into a majority by the votes of women. This points to the real root of the matter. Law rests on force, and force is male.

Mr. Bryce does not describe the lot of women in the United States as standing in need of alleviation, or lead us to suppose that there is a necessity on that account for Female Suffrage. It would rather appear from his account that it is the lot of man if anything that stands in need of alleviation.

"In no country," says Mr. Bryce, "are women, and especially young women, so much made of. The world is at their feet. Society seems organized for the purpose of providing enjoyment for them. Parents, uncles, aunts, elderly friends, even brothers, are ready to make comfort and convenience bend to the girl's wishes." The effect of such treatment on the girl's character must be what it would be on the character of any other human being. We are always taught to measure the progress of civilization by the degree of power and privilege conceded to woman; perhaps some day the character of women and the way in which they perform the duties of their sex will also be taken into account. There is nothing apparently that demands our worship in mere sex apart from character and duty. We do not worship it in animals, and there is no reason why we should worship it in the American woman who has just been poisoning her husband and two of her children for the sake of a paltry sum of money. The rule of duty which such a training as Mr. Bryce depicts must set before a woman is that she is bound to have a good time. That rule she fulfils. Men in America do not marry for money; there is a very noble feeling among them on the subject; but women, if I am not misinformed, do now sometimes marry with a view of providing themselves with a partner whose labour may furnish them with the means of living a life of ease and enjoyment. One hears not unfrequently of the wife living in Paris while her husband is working for her in New York. I speak of a tendency; for I know very well that in America there are plenty of excellent wives and of happy and beautiful homes. The treatment of Anglo-American women and the ideal set before them are fraught with serious consequences not only of a social but of a political kind. Maternity becomes a burden to be avoided, and the number of children is small. If this continues the race will be in danger of sharing the fate of the Norman and other

dominant races. The question may even be whether it will endure in sufficient numbers long enough to impart its law-abiding habits and its aptitudes for self-government to the vast foreign elements which are comparatively destitute of both. Mr. Bryce's attention has not been directed to this point, nor has it been seriously directed to the alarming facility and increase of divorce, which, however, causes serious apprehension to Americans who have inquired into the subject. Matrimony can now be dissolved in a few hours; and divorce, I am told, is sometimes talked of with startling levity as a remedy to which, if marriage turns out a disappointment, recourse can be easily had. "In the furnace at Plymouth," said a patriotic orator the other day, "was forged the hammer which is pulverizing polygamy." Polygamy of the simultaneous kind, such as the Mormons practice, no doubt the hammer is pulverizing; but polygamy of the successive kind, such as Illinois and Indiana divorce-courts countenance, seems to be pulverizing the hammer. Marriage in the United States is still as a rule sacred, but the statistics of divorce are alarming. I cannot help adding that "tyrant" is not a synonym for English husband. I have even heard of an American who, knowing the English character well, advised his daughter to marry an Englishman because they made good husbands. Disparagement of England when it becomes a refrain is not reasonable, any more than it is agreeable to an English ear.

Mr. Bryce speaks somewhat too lightly, as many Americans would say, of the danger arising from the foreign element. That danger may have been overstated, but still it exists, and its magnitude is enhanced by the consideration which has just been mentioned. A fuller and more searching review of the different immigrant races, with their respective characteristics, would have placed Mr. Bryce under the necessity of setting forth the relations of the Irish to criminal statistics, industrial outrage,

municipal misgovernment and political corruption, whence awkward inferences might have been drawn as to the real cause of much that is amiss in Kerry and Galway. But it would have enabled him to do more complete justice to the Germans, who, setting aside a few communistic maniacs or criminals, make excellent citizens, and are, in fact, the great hope of the Republic. They go comparatively little into politics; are industrious and domestic; and if they do not bring with them the habit of self-government, they do bring respect for authority and the law. In the political suppression of the negroes at the South Mr. Bryce seems to acquiesce, on the ground of their incapacity. The negro, however, I will venture to assure him, is not the worst of citizens. In the active qualities of citizenship he may be deficient, but he is not addicted to "politics." He is not a law-breaker or venomous. He is at least as loyal as the disaffected peasantry of Ireland; perhaps he is not less patriotic than those among the British factory-hands who have become, as not a few probably have, citizens of a cosmopolitan labour-market. I am afraid he can hardly be more ignorant, though he has less of native sense and worth than Hodge. Surely political history hardly furnishes a parallel to the conduct of British statesmen in flinging supreme power to masses totally incapable of an intelligent exercise of it, without even an attempt to strengthen the upper works of the Constitution.

Of American oratory the general standard seems to me very high, far higher than the general standard of oratory in England. All the good speakers have thoroughly got rid of spread-eagleism. Elijah Pogram, like much else that Dickens no doubt truly described in his day, belongs to the past. The chief defect which I have observed is one which does not seem to have struck Mr. Bryce. Even the best of American orators is apt to make you feel that he is speaking for effect. This perhaps is the penalty of the early training in elocution,

which otherwise gives great advantages, especially in point of delivery. Neither Mr. Bright nor Mr. Gladstone ever makes you feel that he is speaking for effect. His sole aim appears to be to produce conviction. Another point to be noticed with regard to American oratory is the immense demand which it makes upon the power of the voice. To make himself heard in the House of Representatives, in a nominating convention, or in one of the enormous halls commonly used for political meetings, a man must have the lungs of Stentor. The consequence is that politics are in danger of being dominated by the mere power of producing a volume of sound, which bears a very slight relation either to wisdom or integrity. Fortunately the Cabinet offices, their holders not being in Congress, are tenable by a man of administrative ability, though he may not have a voice of thunder. The whole political world, however, is falling to an alarming degree under the sway of platform rhetoric. British statesmanship is in a fair way to be ruined by "the stump" as much as American statesmanship, perhaps even more, since the demands of the multitude are more incessant in England than in the United States. If Mr. Chauncey Depew goes as American Ambassador to England, Mr. Bryce and other Englishmen will have the opportunity of hearing American oratory, at least of the after-dinner and occasional kind, at its very best, and I venture to predict that their tastes will be more than satisfied.

Eminent Englishmen who go to lecture in America will do well to take warning from what Mr. Bryce tells them. Lecturing in America is a high art, akin to the art of the actor; and the eminent Englishman who attempts it without technical equipment, however weighty his matter may be, and however courteously he may be received (for American audiences are wonderfully polite and forbearing), will find that he has made a grand mistake. The days of lecturing without art and merely for the purpose of

instruction, are over; the itinerant teacher having been superseded by the public libraries, of which there is one in almost every town. Emerson was a relic of those days. I have heard him lecture. He was received with the veneration due not only to his literary fame, but to his moral character and influence. Otherwise I felt sure that his delivery would have been fatal to his success. To me, I must with shame confess, his lecture was, as his writings are, almost total darkness. Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Locke, Butler, I can with due effort understand. I can make something even of Hegel. Carlyle is perfectly intelligible to me, when he is intelligible to himself and is not shrouded in the Infinities and Eternities. But of Emerson I can make nothing or almost nothing. In hearing him I found myself, in reading him I find myself, in a sort of avalanche of pebbles, of which a few are transparent, a few translucent, and the rest totally opaque. But I know of course that this is heresy, and that where Matthew Arnold saw light I should see it if I had his eyes. Gough was, and Mr. Ingersoll is an admirable master of the art of lecturing, though I strongly demurred, and I think the most liberal-minded of men, if he loved fair play, would demur, to the latter's platform travesty of Christianity. The position which Mr. Ingersoll now holds, socially and politically, if compared with the position which an open assailant of Christianity would have held twenty or thirty years ago, is, I may remark, a striking proof of the change in religious opinion, and might find a place in Mr. Bryce's chapter on that subject.

Mr. Bryce does justice to the railway system of the United States and to the amount of ability displayed in its administration; nor has he failed to remark its political influence as a unifying force which has largely aided in giving predominance to Federal nationality over the State. The regularity with which this vast system in all its connections and complications is worked, shows that authority and

discipline have not ceased to exist, at least in the industrial world. Sir Lepel Griffin himself could hardly deny that travelling in an American drawing-room car is now the most comfortable travelling in the world. Had Mr. Bryce been in the United States twenty years ago, he might have noted the happy way in which by the adoption of the drawing-room car the principle of equality was reconciled with the demands of wealth. A division of the passengers into first-class and second-class would hardly have been endured.

As a professor in the American University of Cornell I read with special interest and with general assent Mr. Bryce's chapter on the American Universities, including his account of the curious "secret" or "Greek Letter" societies, to one of which (the Psi Upsilon) I belong, and which, I think he is right in saying, supply among us the want of the same social bond which in Oxford and Cambridge is furnished by the College. I hope and believe that he is right in believing that the influence of the Universities on national character and on politics is good and is increasing. The Greek Letter societies help to consolidate and sustain it. American Universities, however, if I may reason from the one with which I am connected, deal with material so different from that of an English University, and under social influences so unlike, that practical inferences cannot be drawn from the operation of one system to that of the other, and the English Universities will hardly find much to guide them in our experience if they are engaged in the work of reform. Mr. Bryce has noted the extension to the American Universities of the passion for athletics, and the tendency to pay a somewhat extravagant homage to the heroes of the bat and oar. Let him mark, however, that at Cornell military training is kept up at the same time. When I was last there, I watched our regiment of students drilling on the Campus, and a fine regiment it seemed to be.

At Oxford, it appears, the volunteer corps, which was never kept up with spirit, has now been allowed to fall into utter decay, while bearded children are devoting their time and energies to bat and ball, as if it were the serious business of life. In this respect Oxford may learn a salutary lesson from Cornell.

Co-education does not appear to gain ground as a system. In the West it is sometimes a necessity. But in the East, where facilities are greater, the division of the sexes in their final education is still decisively preferred. Excellent colleges for women have been founded, as Mr. Bryce does not fail to note, in the Eastern States. The women who come to male Universities are an exceptional class, and a large proportion of them are destined to become teachers. Nobody thinks of sending all the young gentlemen and all the young ladies of New York to the same place of education.

Mr. Bryce, I venture to think, somewhat underrates the social danger arising from labour-agitations and the growth of class-organizations, such as the Knights of Labour, combined with the inflow of foreign communism and the passion for conspiracy which prevails among the Irish. So far our fears have been generally belied, industrial socialism having been pretty well absorbed by political party; but we cannot feel sure that Kearneyism, or something like it, will not break out elsewhere; or that the working men, who are not only increasing in number but becoming more distinct and united as an order, will not, when thoroughly organized and conscious of their strength, use their political power in attacks on the property-holding classes, against whom their "labour journals" are daily inflaming and embittering their minds. Nobody thinks social war possible, but who thought civil war possible till it came? It is true, I believe, that, as Mr. Bryce says, the Pittsburg riots, though formidable and destructive while they lasted, did not mean very much, and that the Cincinnati riot meant still

less; but both attacks showed how easily, in such a community as the United States, the forces of disorder might prevail, for a time at least, over those of order. If I read Mr. Bryce aright, he would admit the wisdom of increasing the diminutive standing-army of the United States so far as to make it a sufficient safeguard of order. All talk of political danger from that quarter is nonsense, and much that De Tocqueville says about the special tendencies of the army in a democracy might as well have been left unwritten. West Point is an admirable school not only of military science but of honour, and I wonder that it did not attract Mr. Bryce's notice. Amidst all the corruption and rumours of corruption at the time of the Civil War, I never heard suspicion breathed against a West Point man.

Mr. Bryce is happily right in thinking that the tyranny of democratic opinion, which De Tocqueville denounced in ever-memorable words and Dickens satirized, is in great measure a thing of the past. The worst phase of it was that connected with slavery, whose Northern liegemen murdered Lovejoy, nearly murdered Garrison, and crushed the philanthropic lady who set up a negro school. *Pauca tamen suberunt prisca vestigia fraudis*. The American Press is not yet so free as the Press of England. Eccentricity and even anarchy may have scope enough; but let Mr. Bryce tender to a political journal a contribution doing justice to England, especially on the Irish question, and he will find that liberty has its limits. He had no difficulty, as he will remember, in finding insertion in a first-class English review, at the most dangerous crisis of the Irish question, for an article by an Irish-American berating England for her misgovernment of Ireland, and reflecting on our national propensities in language and with an air rather trying to an Englishman's temper. Had he sought insertion in an American journal for an article by an Englishman dealing with an American

question in the same strain, there is little doubt what answer he would have received. Nothing can be more miserable than the bondage of the American Press to the Irish vote. However, the result has begun.

As Mr. Bryce's work is probably destined to immortality, I cannot help wishing to remove even a speck from its fair frame. He repeats, in connection with his disquisition on the Press, a story of an old judge, who being asked what sort of circuit he had had, answered, "Well, much like other circuits: there were a good many verdicts for the defendant that ought to have been for the plaintiff, and a good many verdicts for the plaintiff that ought to have been for the defendant; but on the whole justice was done." This appears to be an inferior American version of the good English story of an old barrister who said, "that when he was a young man he had lost a good many causes which he ought to have won, but now that he was an old man he won a good many causes which he ought to lose, so he thought justice was done upon the whole."

It is a pity that Mr. Bryce has not had the opportunity of studying Canada. He would have found there a social element essentially the same as the population of the United States, placed under political conditions somewhat different, and would thus have been enabled to rectify some of his impressions. He would have seen whether the vastness of the American Republic has quite so much to do with certain features of American character as he supposes, and whether the fatalism of the multitude is anything more than common inertia and indifference to public questions. He would have been able to tell how much difference it makes whether a democracy is under the American form of government or under the Cabinet system. He would also have been able to tell whether demagogism, wire-pulling and corruption are less rife under a nominal Monarchy than under

an avowed Republic. Not only is he not well-informed about Canada: he is misinformed. He is mistaken in thinking that "population in Canada is rapidly increasing, especially in the North-West." Compared with the rate in the United States, the increase of population in Canada is not rapid; while the growth of the North-West has been so retarded by misgovernment, railway monopoly, and an abominable tariff that in all that vast region there are now, we are told, barely three hundred thousand people. Mr. Bryce has overlooked the influence of the French nationality on the political situation in Canada. Nor do the commercial relations of Canada and the importance to her of the American market seem to have presented themselves to his mind. He is right in thinking that there is no disposition among the Americans to annex Canada by force. He is wrong in thinking that there is no disposition on either side to an equal and honourable Union. Scotland did not want to be "absorbed" by England, nor did England want to "absorb" Scotland; but both of them wanted Union, and after a long opposition on the part of selfish interests and prejudice the Union came. Even while Mr. Bryce was writing, events were confuting the opinion which he had formed as to the apathy of Americans on the Canadian question. Let England get into a maritime war in which she would be unable to protect Canadian commerce, and the question will, without further debate, receive a swift, though by no means happy, solution. This is a contingency to which, though war may break out any day in Europe and England may be involved in it, the upholders of the present system persistently shut their eyes.

Let me close these somewhat rambling remarks by once more emphatically expressing my sense of the very great importance and value of Mr. Bryce's book.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

NETHER STOWEY.

IN these days of many biographies—*auto* and other—bristling with personalities and private gossip, to say of any fresh addition to their number that it is eminently “racy” might easily convey a wrong impression, and encourage false hopes. And yet that much-abused epithet is precisely applicable to the memoir of Tom Poole—Coleridge’s, Wordsworth’s, Lamb’s, everybody’s Tom Poole—which has just been given us by Mrs. Henry Sandford, herself one of that remarkable Somersetshire family.¹ She has to tell of many persons, such as those just mentioned, “familiar in our mouths as household words”, because of their literary importance; and yet it is not too much to say that the peculiar charm of her narrative is due even more to the bit of unfamiliar English scenery among which her characters move, and which did so much to direct their genius and even to mould their characters. The book is racy—because it is “racy of the soil”. Mrs. Sandford here and there betrays a slight nervousness lest by letting in the light of day upon her beloved Somersetshire hills and coombs she should be inviting the irrepressible tourist, and endangering for all time the quiet and loneliness which now add to the charm of the Quantock country. Not that she is selfish, like the literary gentleman who objected to Chaucer being modernised because he wished to keep the poet “for himself and a few friends”,—only she confesses, with much reason, that the solitude and the untrodden-ness of the Quantocks have a fascination all their own. Mrs. Sandford clearly knows and loves the country she describes,

and she has the art of making her readers know and love it too. And though some among these readers may have heard for the first time through this very book of the noble and public-spirited tanner of Nether Stowey, they will soon find themselves as much interested in the joys and sorrows of the Poole family as if they had known them from childhood. And for the future Nether Stowey will be hardly less celebrated for having produced Thomas Poole, than for having, during two eventful years, given shelter to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and drawn to its neighbourhood William and Dorothy Wordsworth.

Coleridge was an inhabitant of Stowey for nearly two years—from the Christmas week of 1796 till the autumn of 1798. He was very low in funds, and in spirits, when his friend and ardent admirer Thomas Poole, who had made his acquaintance through friends in Bristol, secured a humble cottage then vacant, close to his own house and tan-yard, and found Coleridge, with his young wife and infant son, Hartley, only too willing to accept a modest shelter near so good a friend. The two years that followed were perhaps the happiest—they were certainly the most stimulating to his poetic genius—in all Coleridge’s life. The money-question was not urgent for the time. Charles Lloyd, the son of the Birmingham banker, boarded with the Coleridges, content to share the inconveniences of what Coleridge afterwards spoke of as the “Hovel” for the sake of the daily converse with his marvellous friend; and Poole and a few fellow-admirers of the poet subscribed a yearly purse which further helped to keep the wolf from the door. Meantime the life was healthy; the surrounding scenery superb for

¹ “Thomas Poole and his Friends”, by Mrs. Henry Sandford. In two volumes; London, 1888.

those who loved long rambles, and Coleridge was as yet a never-tiring walker. The opium-difficulty was not yet serious, though the habit of taking that drug as an antidote to rheumatic pains had certainly begun as early as the summer of 1796, if not before. If its effects showed themselves at all upon the poet's genius during these years, it was as yet on the intellectual or imaginative side, rather than on the moral. The enervation of will, and the destruction of self-respect, were yet to be. But in the visionary and spiritual exaltation of certain notable poems of this period, the dream-land of opium certainly seems discernible. No one can doubt that the unconscious state between sleep and waking in which Coleridge represents "*Kubla Kahn*" as having come to him, unsought, at that lonely farmhouse near Porlock, was due to no other cause. And, if so, the very misstatement of Coleridge on the subject of the poem's origin is one of those many self-delusions, so often afterwards to recur, which are among the melancholy results of the opium-slavery.

Coleridge and his household were settled in the little cottage at Nether Stowey by Christmas Day, 1796. A certain cheerfulness in facing domestic discomfort was certainly one of the better sides of Coleridge's character. And in this, it has been well said, as in some other respects, a certain parallelism with Mr. Micawber is often noticeable. Poole had rather discouraged the poet from making this venture, when it came to the point. The difficulty of servants seemed even formidable; but Samuel Taylor declared that this could be got over, even as regarded the preparation of their daily food. Omniscience was always his foible, as it was of a certain famous Master of Trinity, and when Poole urged that the only available servant had no experience that way, the poet replied, "As to cooking, I will myself instruct the maid". On the whole they seem to have managed fairly well,

among them. Sara Coleridge, who had probably not been reared in a school of domestic idleness, helped in the cooking and in the washing, and generally showed herself a capable housewife. They were even able to entertain occasional guests, especially as the ever-hospitable Tom Poole and his mother were at hand to provide spare bedrooms and other accommodation. Wordsworth and his sister from Racedown were there in the June of the following year, and Charles Lamb joined the party in July, as he has recorded in a well-known letter.

Out of this pleasant visit, when Coleridge and the Wordsworths and Lamb spent their memorable week together, arose the idea that the two poets might arrange a permanent companionship in that delightful neighbourhood. The party had roamed together over the lovely Quantock Hills, all except poor Coleridge, who was kept at home with his injured leg; and we can imagine the charm that the richly-wooded hills and coombs of Somersetshire would have for William and Dorothy Wordsworth. For the scenery was in every way as beautiful as their native Cumberland, and yet quite different. Why should not the brother and sister, who were quite free to choose their place of abode, migrate from Racedown to the Quantocks? Nothing was easier, if they could only find a home. This proved, through happy accident, a simple matter. An important family of the district lying between Nether Stowey and the Bristol Channel were the St. Albyns of Alfoxden. The St. Albyn of that day was a minor, and the home-farm was let to a tenant who did not require the old family mansion for his own use. To find a tenant for a large country-house, with no land attached, was not an easy task. In any case only a nominal rent was to be expected in the circumstances, and this nominal rent the Wordsworths were prepared to offer. The letter of agreement by which they undertook to pay John

Bartholomew twenty-three pounds for the furnished house, furniture, gardens, and stables during one year from midsummer to midsummer, is given us by Mrs. Sandford. It was really only one wing of the house that was to be occupied, for the sole inmates were Wordsworth and his sister, and the little son of their friend Basil Montagu, who had been placed under their care. And those who love to read of the circumstances in which great poets produce their masterpieces will remember how often in the notes on his early poems supplied by the poet himself allusion is made to the surroundings of Alfoxden—the gravel walks up and down which the poet paced while he composed the tale of “Betty Foy”; the holly-grove, and the dell with the hidden waterfall near which the periwinkle “trailed its wreaths”; and the lovely lines sent by William to Dorothy by the hands of their little boy-inmate, Edward Montagu :

It is the first mild day of March :
Each minute sweeter than before ;
The red-breast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister ! (’tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign ;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you ;—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress ;
And bring no book ; for this one day
We’ll give to idleness.

The Wordsworths took possession of this spacious country mansion in the late summer of 1797. From that day the association with Coleridge was constant, and the mutual influence of the two poets was attended with permanent results of singular interest for both. Both had been hitherto engaged upon works in which it was impossible that either should succeed. Each had been dreaming of success in dramatic writing—Wordsworth with

the “Borderers”, Coleridge with “Osorio”, afterwards re-named “Remorse”. But now that they were in daily converse on poetry, its powers and limitations, its true sphere and its false, and all those questions on which Wordsworth finally delivered his judgment in the well-known prefaces, they began to find inspiration in themes nearer home, and in forms as remote as possible from the dramatic. The peasant life of Stowey and Holford—

The common growth of mother earth,
Her simplest mirth and tears—

revealed themselves to Wordsworth as being worthy of poetic treatment, and as needing no more elaborate setting than the ballad-metres which he had learned to love in Percy’s “Reliques”.

The precise origin of the “Lyrical Ballads”, the joint work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, is matter of familiar history. Both poets have left in writing their version of its origin, and they are in substantial agreement. The two companions were keen and indefatigable walkers. They were living in the heart of one of the loveliest counties of England, and they naturally desired to explore further into its beauties. Neither possessed much surplus income for such luxuries as travelling, and they desired to raise sufficient funds to defray the cost of a week’s excursion. A joint poem was the first idea, to be contributed to a magazine ; but when the poem far outgrew the limits first proposed, when moreover it turned out that two men of individuality strongly marked and widely different could not well collaborate upon the same poem, the plan of a joint volume took the place of the original idea. Hence the first volume of the “Lyrical Ballads”, in which the poem out of which it grew naturally and fittingly took the first place. It opened with the “Rime of the Ancient Mariner”.

That wonderful poem (writes Mrs. Sandford) in which Coleridge once for all touched that supreme height in poetry, which is neither to be found by seeking nor attained by striving,

originated as we all know, in a walking expedition from Alfoxden to Porlock, Linton and Lynmouth. Porlock is perhaps the most beautiful spot in all the beautiful West Country—where the brown tint of the Severn merges at last in Atlantic blue; where the coombs run down to the mountain edge; and where the sea is bordered by rich red sandstone cliffs, crowned with the overhanging woods that are the latest haunt of the wild red deer. The walk from Porlock to Lynmouth, “keeping close to the shore about four miles . . . through woods rising almost perpendicularly from the sea with views of the opposite mountains of Wales,” is almost the most charming bit of English scenery that I know. I have walked it more than once, and each time with fresh delight and admiration—for my husband was a true nephew of Thomas Poole, and loved the Quantocks as if he had been born amongst them—but certainly we never selected November for such an excursion. It seems to me that a walking tour begun at “half-past four” on a “dark and cloudy” November afternoon, is a fairly good illustration of the fantastic waywardness in their proceedings, which excited such unreasonable suspicions in the breasts of the West Country folk concerning the tenants of Alfoxden What possible good motive could any three people have—one a lady—for stealing out of the comfortable shelter of their own roof at such a time, and not coming back for days? It is true they might have done all this and more in the North, and no one would have made a remark, or hazarded a conjecture; but in the North Wordsworth was a privileged person, as no doubt he would soon have become in Somersetshire if he had stayed there long enough. But in 1797 there was a disposition to question everything he did, and we can easily imagine the stories Mrs. St. Albyn may have heard from her maid, illustrating only too well the weightier misgivings of those local magnates who would, perhaps, think it their duty to call, to ask her if she were aware of the kind of persons to whom Alfoxden had been let.

The general plan of the “Ancient Mariner” seems to have been sketched out during the first few hours of the excursion, on the way over the northernmost spur of the Quantocks to Watchet. The machinery of the poem arose out of a variety of detached and apparently accidental circumstances. Close to Poole and Coleridge lived a young man, agent to Lord Egmont, an important land-holder of that neighbourhood, of the name of Cruikshank. This Mr. Cruikshank had had a remarkable dream in which he saw a skeleton ship worked by a skeleton crew, and had told it to Coleridge.

Coleridge himself had been much among ships and mariners in Bristol, when lodging down in Redcliff Street; and now, at Stowey, he was within easy reach of the waters of the Bristol Channel. The stately ships were always passing “to their haven under the hill”, and the sea was to him a daily sight, and naturally entered into his own daily dreams. So Cruikshank’s spectral ship he resolved to make the scene of a great crime and its retribution. What should the crime be? At this stage of the design Wordsworth intervened with the killing of the albatross. He had been lately reading in the voyages of George Shelvocke, the gallant sailor and explorer of the eighteenth century; and it fell to Shelvocke to relate how in terrible weather, while beating about off Cape Horn, the ship had for its solitary companion “a disconsolate albatross” which hovered for days in the vessel’s wake. Shelvocke’s captain, with the foolish superstition of his class, chose to connect the stormy weather with the presence of this noble and harmless creature, and caused it to be shot. The incident (told by Shelvocke with a strange impressiveness) had gone to the heart of Wordsworth, and led him to suggest a similar crime as that which Coleridge’s mariner should be required to expiate.

The actual machinery of the poem was therefore supplied in almost equal proportions by three men—Cruikshank, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Their separate suggestions went together into the crucible, and out of it in the end came the splendid result we all know. Of late years it has been generally assumed that yet another element in the plot of the poem was derived by Coleridge from an alien source. There is extant an early Christian legend of a pious poor man, left accidentally on board of a forsaken vessel, and miraculously delivered by a company of angels who suddenly appeared, and, manning the ship, brought it safe into harbour. It is of course possible that Coleridge in the

course of his multifarious reading, and with his amazing memory, had met with the epistles of Paulinus of Nola, and had stored up the incident for future use. But there seems no reason why the coincidence, such as it is, should not have been purely accidental. The powers of darkness connected with the crime of slaying the creature "beloved of God" necessitated the counteraction in the end of the Powers of Light. However that may have been, at this point Coleridge's indebtedness to others is presumed to have ended, for all the actual writing, all the witchery of the versification—with the exception of a couplet and a phrase contributed by Wordsworth—were Coleridge's own.

And yet we have perhaps still to look for the actual *genesis* of the poem elsewhere. There is a significant expression occurring in one of the first reviews of the "Ancient Mariner" that appeared after its publication. It was in the "Critical Review", and the article is attributed by Lamb, in a well-known letter, to Southey. "If you wrote that review in the 'Critical'," he says, "I am sorry you are so sparing of praise to the 'Ancient Marinere.' So far from calling it as you do, with some wit, but more severity, a 'Dutch attempt', etc., etc., I call it a right English attempt, and a successful one, to dethrone German sublimity." The reviewer had described the poem as a "Dutch attempt at German sublimity." That the article was Southey's, as Lamb conjectured, is put beyond all doubt by an extant letter of Southey to William Taylor of Norwich, of about the same date, in which he again characterises the poem as "a clumsy attempt at German sublimity." What was clearly in Southey's mind when he used the phrase was the recent introduction to an English public of the romantic and supernatural ballads of Gottfried Augustus Bürger, through the translations of this same William Taylor. Two of the most famous of these ballads, the "Lenore" and the "Par-

son's Daughter", in Taylor's versions, had been then recently published in the "Monthly Magazine". But these, and other of Taylor's translations, had been freely circulated in manuscript for some years, and were well known to Southey, Coleridge, and their circle. Among these ballads the "Wild Huntsman" was conspicuous for power and beauty. It was the story of a despotic margrave who would not refrain from his favourite sport even on the Sabbath day, and who, with his men and dogs, respected neither life nor property, but carried rapine and misery ever in their train. The margrave's "good angel" in vain essays to stay his hand, while a dusky figure, who gallops on the other side, urges him to laugh at such scruples to scorn. The "evil voice" is listened to; and when at last a "holy hermit" standing before his cell, near which the driven deer has sought a refuge, also pleads in vain for the sanctity of life, even in the meanest creature that breathes, the doom that he has thus challenged falls upon the unhappy huntsman. The whole rout vanishes on the instant: a voice of thunder is heard from above; and the unrepentant margrave is doomed to "urge on his wild career", pursued by spectral hounds for all eternity.

William Taylor has himself pointed out that Bürger was probably indebted to Dryden's "Theodore and Honoria" for the incident of the spectre-hunt. This is not unlikely, for it was the romantic ballad-literature of England, as is well known, which had first directed the genius of Bürger into its special line. But this is certain, that if Bürger found his inspiration in the poetry of England, English poetry received back from him a gift fraught with momentous results upon its own subsequent development. Walter Scott became one of the most conspicuous of the translators of Bürger, and Southey and Coleridge at once showed the effects of this new stimulus and example—the one in his Ballads

of Diablerie, the other in the supernatural machinery of "Christabel" and the "Mariner". It is clear to me that Southey recognized in Coleridge's great poem an attempt to rival Bürger, using Bürger's own weapons. That he should honestly vote the attempt "clumsy", is one of those extraordinary verdicts of contemporary criticism of which in every fresh generation the rise of a new poetic genius supplies examples.

But it was not merely the idea of a romantic ballad, with a supernatural setting, that Coleridge owed to his German predecessor. The really noticeable coincidence between the "Mariner" and the "Wild Huntsman" lies in the identity of the crime for which both had to suffer—the outrage upon animal life, the harmless creature "beloved of God"; in the one case the milk-white stag that had found sanctuary, in the other the too-confiding albatross. The moral of the two poems is respectively set forth, in terms curiously alike. In Bürger it is

To Heaven not in vain ascend
The groans of suffering beast or man,

and in Coleridge, the verse of matchless and imperishable beauty,

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

This new-born love and consideration for the lower animals of course did not come to Coleridge and Wordsworth from Bürger. So far as it was due to any leading thinker of the eighteenth century it was to Rousseau; but it was, in fact, but one phase of the revived pity for all who had suffered wrong at the hands of "man, proud man", which was at the root of the vast social upheavals of that period. It is as conspicuous in Cowper and in Burns as in Coleridge and his companions. And it is worth noticing that in the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads", published at the close of the century in 1800, Wordsworth gave the place of honour to a

second long ballad, even more closely a counterpart of the "Wild Huntsman" than his friend's "Ancient Mariner". This was "Hart-Leap Well", where for the second time an innocent creature becomes the victim to man's cruelty and thoughtless pleasures. In this latter poem the supernatural element is also present; though it is worked out, not in the punishment of the evil-doer, but in the mysterious blight and gloom that from that day enveloped the scenes amid which the hunted creature breathed its last. And here, too, a moral is enforced, in closest sympathy with that of the "Wild Huntsman" and the "Mariner":

One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows and what
conceals;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels.

We can well understand therefore upon what sympathetic soil the incident of the albatross fell, when Wordsworth found it in his chance reading of Shelvocke, and how naturally it fitted in with Coleridge's previously conceived idea of a crime and a retribution associated with the sea and ships.

So much for the general outline of the "Ancient Mariner". Little coincidences with sights and sounds of Nether Stowey in the details of the poem are discernible by the curious. The "hidden brook"

In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune,

is delightfully suggestive of the innumerable rivulets of clear water from the hills that intersect the coombs and valleys of the Quantock country, hidden among the oak coppice and heather. And a more prosaic detail is illustrated pleasantly by Mrs. Sandford from one of the many letters of Tom Poole's that have been preserved. It shall be told in her own words.

One of Poole's minor interests at this period was the improvement of the Nether Stowey

church choir. Perhaps, however, modern minds may cavil at the word *improvement* when it becomes clear that his ideal of church music must have been Nebuchadnezzar's band. We find him writing to Dr. Langford in December, 1797, to report that "our singers are more than commonly active"; those who had been dissatisfied with certain arrangements made by their new vicar had come round, and had at length joined the choir that he had established, and if he would now send "the bassoon and the music" that he had promised, "I think, sir," says Tom Poole, "that we shall make good use of them." Those who are fond of noticing the little coincidences of literary circumstance, will be amused to recognise in that bassoon an instrument of music destined to a celebrity little dreamed of by the Stowey singers: for who can feel much doubt that this and no other was the very original and prototype of "the loud bassoon" whose sound moved the wedding-guest to beat his breast, whilst none the less he continued to sit spell-bound, listening to the Ancient Mariner?

Mrs. Sandford is doubtless right in her conjecture, and she might have added as yet another "coincidence of literary circumstance" that the musical instrument in question was destined to a further poetic immortality, in a lyric no less musical and marvellous than Coleridge's. For "who can feel much doubt" (to borrow Mrs. Sandford's own query) that the "loud bassoon" of the wedding-feast is the ancestor of the

Flute, violin, bassoon

of that subsequent festivity, whose sounds the roses overheard, to the envy of Maud's unhappy lover, as he "stood at the gate alone"?

The "Lyrical Ballads, with a few other Poems," appeared in print in September, 1798, with no author's name upon the title-page, and published by Coleridge's devout admirer, Joseph Cottle of Bristol. The little volume (surely one of the most interesting in literary annals) fell all but dead from the press. The critics, those authoritative guides of public opinion, were upon it in an instant. We have seen how Southey (who ought to have known better) dealt with Coleridge's masterpiece; and the others were all in accord. The "Monthly Magazine" could make neither "head nor tail of

it", nor did the general public (as other juries sometimes do) refuse to accept the judge's summing up. People took up the volume in Cottle's shop, and looked at it, but did not buy. As with Wordsworth's *Lucy*, there were "none to praise, and very few to love". Cottle took fright—he had but a small proportion of courage to his opinions—and promptly sold the large remainder of the first edition to a publisher in London. Poor Sara Coleridge was probably more disappointed, because more surprised, by the failure of the enterprise than either her husband or Wordsworth. Six months after the publication, when Coleridge was off to Germany, she states pretty much the truth in her epigrammatic postscript in a letter to Thomas Poole,—“The Lyrical Ballads are not liked at all by any”; and again later, “The Lyrical Ballads are laughed at and disliked by all, with very few exceptions”. Coleridge himself, be it acknowledged to his credit, rarely, if ever, resented the absence of public appreciation. He and the Wordsworths had done a wise thing for their own peace of mind in leaving England for Germany immediately after the publication of the joint volume. Coleridge went abroad to acquire the German language; Wordsworth and his sister had other reasons, partly the society of Coleridge (which they did not however enjoy for long), and partly because their continued residence at Alfoxden was no longer possible. Among the many pleasant surprises in Mrs. Sandford's volumes is the letter from Thomas Poole to Mrs. St. Albyn, imploring that lady to re-consider her determination not to let the house any longer to Wordsworth. For among other dreadful things that had occurred during the poet's tenancy, that terrible revolutionary John Thelwall, while on a visit to Poole and Coleridge at Stowey, had been over to Alfoxden to tea. “Surely”, pleads Tom Poole, with an earnestness almost pathetic, “the common duties of hospitality were not to be refused to any man.

Be assured—" he goes on to say, " I speak it from my own knowledge—Mr. Wordsworth, of all men alive, is the last who will give any cause to complain of his opinions, his conduct, or his disturbing the peace of any one. Let me beg you, madam, to hearken to no calumnies, no party spirit, nor to join with any in disturbing one who only wishes to live in tranquillity." If this be not a genuine example of the "irony of fate", that useful and much-worked expression may be at once dismissed from further service!

Whether Wordsworth's application for a further tenancy of Alfoxden was actually refused, or whether he prudently forbore to press it, is not certain. But at midsummer, 1798, he gave up possession, and in the interval between that date and the appearance of the "Lyrical Ballads" took at least one excursion, memorable for having produced the poem which represents the high-water mark of Wordsworth's power, as the "Ancient Mariner" marks that of his friend and fellow-labourer. On leaving Alfoxden, the Wordsworths paid short visits to Coleridge at Stowey and to Cottle at Bristol, and then "started together on a walking tour along the banks of the Wye, of which the poetical fruits were the lines on Tintern Abbey." They were composed in their entirety, Wordsworth himself has told us, between leaving Tintern one morning and reaching Bristol in the evening. Being thus last written of the twenty-three poems that compose the volume, it brings the book to a close as memorable as its beginning, for it opened with the "Ancient Mariner".

The book is indeed full from end to end of Nether Stowey and its neighbourhood, and Wordsworth's portion of the contents, by far the largest, being composed (as he has recorded) mostly in the open air, in front of Alfoxden House, or in the holly-grove by which the house is approached from Holford village, is redolent "of spring time and the cheerful dawn". It was in Holford that he met the forlorn

peasant, bearing on his shoulders the "last of the flock"; it was the solitary thorn on the hill-top overlooking Alfoxden that suggested the story of the betrayed and deserted Martha Ray, who haunted the spot day and night,

— known to every star,
And every wind that blows.

It was a friend from the neighbourhood who told the poet the story of that other "Mad Mother", whose "eyes were wild"; and it was Thomas Poole himself who was really answerable for the "Idiot Boy", when he incautiously related a village anecdote of not much humour to a poet who was endowed with even less. But Wordsworth, amid scenes and people so different from the bracing and hardy north, was not unmindful of the rock from which he was hewn, and the old "Cumberland Beggar", and above all the "Lines Left on a Yew Tree" were there to witness that already Wordsworth was a "Lake Poet", and that he was of other than a West Country stock. Of this last-named poem, by the way, composed as far back as 1795, Mrs. Sandford is doubtless right in conjecturing that it was the "Inscription" read to Charles Lamb, on his visit to Stowey in 1797, concerning which he wrote with such enthusiasm to Coleridge on his return. And Lamb was right as usual, for nobler lines had not been written in England since Milton died than those with which that "Inscription" ends:

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know,
that pride,

Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used: that thought
with him

Is in its infancy. The man, whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one
The least of nature's works, one who might
move

The wise man to that scorn which wisdom
holds

Unlawful, ever. O, be wiser thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to
love,

True dignity abides with him alone
 Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
 Can still respect, and still revere himself,
 In lowliness of heart.

Besides Stowey and Alfoxden, the haunts of poets, there were other spots of ground among those peaceful Somersetshire hills and coombs having their own poetry, and their own tragedy. Hardly more than a mile from where Wordsworth paced the holly-groves of Alfoxden, the tourist is to this day startled, as he pauses to consult his ordnance map, by the grim title of "Walford's Gibbet". It marks where once a terrible crime received its final retribution at the hands of justice—a ghastly and yet pathetic story. A miserable charcoal-burner drawn into marriage with a mis-shapen woman, because his mother chose to repel the girl he truly and worthily loved; misery, and drink, and then murder; and lastly the law's righteous sentence executed on the spot where the crime was committed—this was the "Somersetshire Tragedy" which Coleridge and Wordsworth first heard from the lips of Thomas Poole, who had known the unhappy criminal in his boyish days. They persuaded Poole to put the story upon paper, and some time afterwards Coleridge, struck with the graphic power and yet simplicity of Poole's method, asked that it might appear in his "Friend." "If you have no particular objection," he says, "no *very* particular and *insurmountable* reason against it, do let me have that narrative of John Walford, which of itself stamps you as a poet of the first class in the pathetic, and in the painting of poetry, so very rarely combined." Mrs. Sandford gives us an extract from the story as told by Poole. Coleridge had not over-stated his friend's capabilities for poetic prose. Poole, after the fashion of his day, occasionally penned compliments in metre and rhyme. Mrs. Sandford gives us a specimen or two, sufficient to show that, after that kind, the gods had not made him poetical. But when he essayed to tell in simplest and most

earnest words what had really touched his deepest sympathies, he became poetical, perhaps without knowing it. There is a genuine beauty in his account of the stillness of the crowd as the wretched man kissed the hand of the faithful girl who might have blessed his life, and parted from her for ever—"some tears for the first time rolling down his cheeks." There is a final touch that even Wordsworth might have envied: "All were amazed—afraid to breathe; the buzz of the multitude was so hushed that even the twittering of the birds in the neighbouring woods was heard."

I have called this paper "Nether Stowey", preferring for the moment to treat of the place and its surroundings rather than of the wise and large-hearted man who gives his name to Mrs. Sandford's volumes. But it would be quite a mistake to infer that Tom Poole gives them only his name. He forms their leading interest and charm from first to last. Around him the poets, scientists, economists, naturally group themselves as they did in real life. He is far too distinguished a man to be dismissed parenthetically, or at the end of a review. He must be studied, as he deserves, apart. Most of us have known him, hitherto, if at all, as the friend of Coleridge; but had Coleridge never lived, he would be no less interesting a man; the sagacious and practical counsellor, as full of generosity as of justice, who in a period of exceptional distress could both give, and forbear to give, as he saw good, anticipating in this as in other ways the Octavia Hills and Samuel Barnetts of our later day: the initiator of schools and clubs and friendly societies at a time when to advocate such things was too often to invite suspicion and obloquy even from the local clergy and gentry of the neglected villages. To be "serviceable" was the motto of Thomas Poole's life; and wherever help was wanted, whether by his private friends, his own workmen, his poor neighbours, the interests of his county-town or of

his own special industry, his untiring energy never failed. Strange and perplexing in views and in temper—deeply religious, yet wildly eclectic in his theology; of roughest manners and softest heart; his passion for books as pronounced as that for practical work—no wonder that his own nearest and dearest found him something of a mystery. An unrequited passion for a cousin was the one romance of his life; and when that was seen to be hopeless, he simply transferred the love and tenderness of which he was capable to all who needed pity, counsel, or substantial help; and when he died they found in his desk a tiny packet on which was inscribed, "The hair of my poor shepherd, who served me faithfully for twenty-three years."

Coleridge, in his later years, enjoying after life's fitful fever the quiet shelter of Mr. Gillman's roof at Highgate, drew a portrait of his old friend. It was in the form of a note to the second edition of his treatise on Church and State.

A man whom I have seen now in his harvest-field or the market; now in a committee-room with the Rickmans and Ricardos of the age; at another time with Davy, Woolaston, and the Wedgewoods; now with Wordsworth, Southey and other friends not unheard of in the republic of letters; now in the drawing-rooms of the rich and the noble; and now presiding at the annual dinner of a village benefit society; and in each seeming to be in the very place he was intended for, and taking the part to which his tastes, talents, and attainments gave him an admitted right.

And yet this is not the most remarkable, nor the most individualising trait of our friend's character. It is almost overlooked in the originality and raciness of his intellect; in the life, freshness and practical value of his remarks and notices, truths plucked as they are growing, and delivered to you with the dew on them, the fair earnings of an observing eye, armed and kept on the watch by thought and meditation; and above all in the integrity, i.e., *entireness* of his being (*integrum et sine*

cerâ vas), the steadiness of his attachments, the activity and persistence of a benevolence which so graciously presses a warm temper into the service of a yet warmer heart, and so lights up the little flaws and imperfections incident to humanity in its choicest specimens, that were their removal at the option of his friends (and few have, or deserve to have, so many!) not a man among them but would vote for leaving him as he is.

Henry Nelson Coleridge thought that this might "in substance be worthily converted into an epitaph". Mrs. Sandford agrees, and asks, "who so fit to pen Tom Poole's epitaph as the friend whom he loved above all others, and whose friendship was the chief treasure, as it was also the most remarkable experience of his life?" Poole died somewhat suddenly in 1837, and sleeps as unobtrusively as he had lived, his flat gravestone almost concealed beneath an overhanging thorn, in the beautiful churchyard of Stowey. He has been dead more than fifty years, but the older villagers remember and speak with reverence of "Justice" Poole, and the place is full of traditions of his goodness and his oddities. The house he lived in is untenanted and for sale, or was so six months since. The "Tartarean tan-pits", that Coleridge joked about, are mouldering into ruin, and overgrown with grass and flowers—Nature "ever busy with her hand in healing". But the "dear Stowey gutter" still rushes impetuously throughout the year before Tom Poole's house, brimming with the stream that comes direct from the peaceful bosom of the Quantock Hills.

The stream, an emblem of his bounty flows, and an emblem, too, of the pure and cheering influence that during a long life made all men happier and better in his native town.

ALFRED AINGER.

MAROONED.

CHAPTER X.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM.

WE had been eight days out when I met with a very unpleasant experience. The brig was still on the Spanish parallels. The night had come down moonless and dark, and the vessel, close-hauled under all plain sail, was quietly rippling over the breathing surface of the sea, with lines of delicate green fire breaking from her cut water to abreast of the gangway, where they trembled out into the deep blackness there. The air was damp with dew, and as Miss Grant was below and there was nobody on the quarter-deck but the mate, I flung my cheroot overboard, and entered the cabin. There I found my companion with a book in her hand, trying to read by the light of the lamp, whose swaying to the movements of the brig bothered the eye with a flitting of shadows. Broadwater was at his usual place at the table, with a bottle of rum and a steaming glass before him. He sat apparently lost in thought, with one eye shut and the other fixed upon the lamp, his little mouth rounded into the familiar whistling shape, his pear-shaped nose as ruddy as the liquor in the bottle, and the expression on his face indescribably absurd with its rubicund cast of tipsy sentiment.

"Have a glass of rum and water, Mr. Musgrave?" he said to me, with a stupid smile, pointing with a drooping finger to the tumbler before him, yet speaking as if the silence had grown oppressive and he was glad to break it.

I declined, and asked Miss Grant what she was reading. Before she could answer, Broadwater said, "Beg pardon, Mr. Musgrave, but can you tell me if you're a married man, sir?"

"I certainly *can* tell you," I replied, bursting into a laugh; "I am not married. Are you?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, "and I wish I wasn't. She's a nice young lady, but," he added gloomily, "I don't like her mother, sir. That there mother of hers is always interfering; and what's worse, she's got no respect for me." His hand wandered somewhat aimlessly towards his glass, which he presently grasped, half emptied, and replaced with a heavy sigh. "Mr. Musgrave," he went on, "you'll excuse me sir, if you please. You'll be marrying some of these days—bound to it—an' I'd strongly recommend ye to take Capt'n Broadwater's advice—the advice of old Guy Broadwater, who's as well known from Freshwharf down to Blackwall as the Monument is, or the dome of St. Paul's: don't you go and get married to a party that's got a mother. If you do, you'll find you've gone and married 'em both. There's nothing as weighs upon a man's feelings like his wife's mother. You mind, sir. Remember what I says, and you'll recall this voyage as the one sarcumstance of your life that was the making of ye."

He drained his glass, and pulling out his great silver watch, that seemed to pop from his trousers'-band like a cork from a bottle, he cast an uncertain glance at it, and rose with a succession of nods at me, whilst he said, "Recollect Capt'n Broadwater's advice, sir: it'll be the making of ye," fell about a little whilst he replaced the bottle in the locker, and then, saluting Miss Grant with a tipsy smile, lurched towards his cabin, talking to himself as he went, the burthen of his words being, as far as I could collect it, "Take my advice, Mr. Musgrave; it'll be the making of ye."

As he was nightly in the habit of

withdrawing to his cabin more or less overtaken with liquor, we had by this time grown used to the practice, had come indeed to view it as part of the navigation of the *Iron Crown*, and had therefore nothing to say about it now. We sat talking for half an hour or so: Miss Grant then went to bed; and after smoking my pipe in the companion-hatchway, from which sheltered point I took notice of the heavy gloom amid which the ship was sailing—a shadow so thickened with the deep dusk of the night, through which here and there a star glanced haggard and sparely, that the fabric of spar and canvas was invisible from half the height of the main-mast—I descended to my berth, and, to use the proper nautical expression, “turned in.”

On extinguishing the light and pulling the blankets over me, I found my mind somewhat threateningly active. Maybe I was a bit nervous; why, I knew not, unless I harked back to Broadwater’s supper and dinner-table, in whose dishes indeed reasons might be found for an intellectual condition only a little short of lunacy. I fell to thinking of the captain’s being in liquor, of the blackness through which the brig was stemming, of our safety being dependent upon the vigilance of the mate, who, for all I knew, might be snoring on his back on the skylight or on a hencoop, whilst the man at the wheel lurched there with eyelids of lead and his chin upon his breast. Now and again came the long-drawn sobbing sounds of water washing along the bends close against where my head lay, with a note of yearning in the small roar of its passage that set me thinking of the cold death in the liquid profound under our keel, and of the slenderness of the structure of plank, tree-nail, and beam, which was our only barricade against the intrusion of the spectre. Then Miss Grant came into my head, and the thought of her beauty put a sort of light into my mood, though my fancies continued to hang in a nervous

jumble upon my mind. However, after a while I fell asleep, and lay dreamless for some time, as I believe; and may have rested so for an hour or more, when I had a hideous nightmare. I dreamt that the cabin-door was suddenly flung open, and that Captain Broadwater entered with his eyes on fire and his face blood-red with drink. He grasped the immense carving-knife he was in the habit of flourishing at table, and approached me close. Whence came the light by which I viewed him I know not; but he was horribly distinguishable. He seemed to say, and I quite understood him, that it was his intention to murder me because I wished to leave his ship; but that, as his hatred of me was too intense to suffer him to despatch me quickly, it was his intention to destroy me by degrees. I lay paralyzed, tried to bawl out, but could utter no sound, endeavoured to stir, but felt as dead as a log of wood. Agony at last broke the spell; I awoke, sprang into a sitting posture, with the perspiration pouring from my face, and stared, panting as if I had been wounded to death, into the blackness of the cabin.

As I sat peering and endeavouring to collect my senses, I heard the sound of what resembled a human groan. It seemed to come from the floor of my cabin. I was still suffering from the agitation caused by my nightmare; and my nerves having been unduly wrung, whilst I had scarcely yet had time to recollect myself, I confess that this strange and alarming noise filled me with so much consternation that I felt almost as helpless as when Broadwater stood beside me in the vision. The extraordinary noise was repeated; I could not doubt my hearing. It rose from the deck under my bunk, and was so exceedingly like the groan of a drunken man in pain that I thought to myself, Good Good! there may be more in my dream than I am as yet conscious of!

The sense of the presence of a real danger served to rally me. My tinder-box—I had no other means of pro-

curing a light—was in the pocket of my coat that hung near the door, and it was necessary to get out of bed to obtain it. I threw my legs over the edge of the bunk, intending to very warily slide round by the bulkhead to where the coat was, that I might not tread upon whatever the object might be that groaned upon the deck, when the noise sounded again—a thick, snoring, choking moan. I whipped my legs into my bunk, much more alarmed than it pleases me to confess. Great mercy! thought I, is it conceivable that Broadwater in a drunken fit has *really* entered this cabin with the design of murdering me, and that the liquor he has swallowed has proved too potent at the last moment to enable him to execute his horrid project! If he has a knife in his hand, I reflected, starting as another groan arose, I may stumble over him in groping and fall upon the blade; or if I should roll over him he might not be too drunk to imagine that I was attacking him, when of course he would defend himself and perhaps kill me.

Another groan determined me. This must end, thought I, come what will; and with that I slipped over the edge of my bunk, but instead of touching the deck my feet pressed upon a soft, naked, hairy body. Before I could cry out, the thing started up with a savage squeal and threw me down. It ran over me, but my fright was so great that I had not the least idea whether it was man or beast, until, putting out my hands to protect myself, I grasped a curly tail, to my drag upon which the pig—for a beast of a pig it was!—responded by making his nature known in a series of ear-piercing squealings. I groped for the door, found it open and swinging to the movement of the vessel, and feeling for the hook secured it backwards against the bulkhead. I then sought for and tumbled into my small-clothes; but whilst moving with my arms outstretched to where I thought I should find my coat I fell over the pig again. I was now as angry as I had before

been frightened; in truth I was not a little bruised with my falls, and my temper was still further inflamed by the distracting cries of the pig whenever I struck against it. Miss Grant opened her door. She had lighted her lamp, and fearing that the beast would make for her, I cried out: "It's only a pig. I'll have him out of this in a minute. Shut your door quickly, or he'll run in upon you." She instantly did as I told her, but a moment after I could hear her laughing as though she had fallen hysterical.

I stepped cautiously towards the passage, and found the door that shut off the after-accommodation from the state-cabin closed. But for this, I should have had light enough from the reflection of the dimmed lantern that swung in the cabin to have seen by. By sliding my hands about I succeeded in feeling the handle of the door, which I opened; but the moment the light streamed in the pig ran for it, and striking me on the legs as it swept past, threw me again to the deck. The cabin-skylight was opened, and the voice of some one above called to me. I could just distinguish the features of the boatswain, but before I could tell him what was the matter, Broadwater, followed by the mate, came running out from their berths in the fore end.

"What is it? what is it?" shouted the old skipper. "Anybody being murdered?"

But the mate's swiftly rolling eye instantly caught sight of the pig, at which he made a spring. The creature with a prodigious squeal slipped, as though its back had been greased, out of his grip, and with a wild kick-up of its hind-quarters, and a defiant flourish of its tail, made in a gallop in the direction of the captain, through whose bow-legs it bolted, bringing him down as if he had been shot. By this time the boatswain, peering through the skylight and seeing how it was, had ordered some of the men of his watch to jump below and catch the pig, and down they trundled, four of

them, filled with anticipations of a fine bout of skylarking—for Jack dearly loves a pig-hunt. The uproar was now prodigious. The pig raced round the cabin and under the table yelling like a steam-horn to every clutch that was made at it, and after it went the sailors, tumbling, swearing, laughing, whilst the mate shouted to them in a shrill voice to bear a hand and catch the brute. Old Broadwater, who appeared somewhat dazed by his fall, sat upon a locker rubbing the back of his head, now and again lifting his clenched fist as the pig galloped past him, and heaping curses upon the thing in a half-smothered tone. The men however enjoyed the sport too keenly to be in a hurry to end it, and a full five minutes of roaring, puffing, laughing, and squeaking passed before the pig was captured. It was then carried away by the fellows, one of whom, it seemed to me, must have tormented it in some secret manner, for the squealing of the beast as it was borne up the ladder and along the deck was so violent and sharp-edged that it might have been heard a league distant.

Scarce had these distracting notes been silenced, and just as I was about to put a question to Captain Broadwater—for talk was not to be dreamt of whilst that noise lasted—I heard the boatswain on deck cry out in a loud and fearful tone, "Hard up! Hard up! Over with it, man, for our lives!" and then an instant after, "Ship ahoy!" he roared, with the same note of violent hurry and sense of danger in his voice, "Port your hellum! port your hellum, or you'll be into us!"

The mate gained the deck in a couple of leaps: Broadwater followed him as though he had been whipped up by a tackle; and forgetting that I was without shoes or stockings, clad in nothing indeed but a shirt and trousers, I shot up the ladder to see what was the matter. It took my eyes some moments to get used to the gloom, for there

was sheen enough in the cabin to turn the night black as a wolf's throat when you rose out of the companion-hatch into it; then close upon our starboard-bow, as it seemed to me, I spied a light oscillating, as though passionately flourished, and I could just distinguish a huge black shadow there like a deeper dye of blackness upon the liquid dusk that overhung the ocean. A minute after, close by the first light up sprang a second—a sea-torch of turpentine, the long sickly flame of which streamed away into smoke, though it had power enough to palely colour a small circumference of atmosphere, out of which there stole glimmering to the illumination the rigging and lower canvas of a big ship. She loomed up so close aboard that the sight was something to hold a man breathless.

In the brief interval of silence that followed the boatswain's cry to her to port her helm, I could distinctly hear the hiss and splash of the curl of water breaking at her stem; the voice of a man rapidly delivering orders as though for life or death; the rattle of tiller-chains to the swift revolution of the wheel; the flap of some light sail aloft buried in the black void, hollowing inwards as the ship, answering her helm, rounded to the wind. One moment she was off our bow, the next abreast of us, so close that the face of the man holding the streaming flare-tin glimmered out yellow as the rind of a ripe lime; and as he leaned from the bulwark-rail, torch in hand, swinging at arm's length from a backstay, the figure of him upon the yellow atmosphere of light was for all the world like a human shape wrought in black silk upon a ground of rusty amber. I cowered involuntarily, believing the stranger's jibbooms to be over us, and expecting every minute to hear the rending and crashing of masts and strong fastenings to the sheering sweep of those outstretched spars. She was soon on our quarter, and then it was

possible to fetch a breath; though even when there, you *felt* her terrifying presence in the oppression of the vast shadow of her black heights upon the dusk. Presently the flare over her side went out—the blotch she made melted into the general shadow—and then she was as utterly gone from the sight, though but a few cables' lengths distant, as though she had foundered.

By this time Broadwater had recovered his faculties, and he now let fly a whole hurricane of questions at the boatswain; demanding to know how it was that the vessel had not been sighted sooner, whether there was a man forward on the look-out, and the like. But neither rage nor rum could blind him to the almost preternatural gloom of the night. Indeed it was like being in a vault. One or two stars showed faint as the dimmest of their own reflections, and it staggered one to see them, so unreal was their wan gleam. What had become of the moon I do not know. The outline of the brig met the blackness without a break, and though I stood within a couple of yards of the boatswain and Broadwater, I should not have known there were people near me but for their voices. Gordon answered the skipper quietly, said that he had been keeping as bright a look-out as was practicable to mortal sight on such a night, but that, had he had as many eyes in his head as a peacock carries in its tail, and each eye a telescope at *that*, it would have been all the same; to which old Broadwater answered with a growling, "Well, boil me, if it ain't so!" and after that cooled down and spoke rationally.

But just before I went below I heard Gordon exclaim, "It was the crying of the pig, sir, that made our presence and position known. The ship heard it, and showed a light, guessing there was some craft close aboard. If it hadn't been for that squeaking, I allow that we should have been on the road to the bottom before this."

CHAPTER XI.

A TRAGEDY.

You will believe, after hearing the boatswain's remark to the captain, that I was no longer disposed to make a trouble of the invasion of my berth by the pig. A trifle light as air will at sea, and often in an instant, become as solemn and as serious a thing as doom. I returned to the cabin cold from the deck, with the chill moreover in me that a sudden danger and swift release will put into a man, and going to my berth I thrust my feet into a pair of warm slippers, wrapped a dressing-gown about me, and re-entered the cabin with a bottle of brandy in my hand for the comfort of a dram. I was waiting for the arrival of Broadwater, desiring to gather, though without temper, how the pig had made its way aft, when I was surprised by Miss Grant peeping through the door that led to our berths, and then advancing.

"I expected you would be up, Mr. Musgrave," she exclaimed, seating herself at my side; "what a noisy time this has been! Far more alarming indeed than the commotion the other night when the poor man committed suicide. I have really felt frightened."

Yet she did not look so. Her eyes were as steady, her lips as composed, her manner as quiet as ever they had been in the tranquillest hour we had passed together since our first meeting. Her hair, roughened by the pillow, made her beauty the more striking for the disorder of it upon her white forehead and whiter neck. It was no moment to take notice of such trifles, but it seemed to me that this woman could never look more fascinating than when newly and hastily arisen from her couch, and hurriedly attired in a pink dressing-gown!

I related my story of the adventure with the pig, at which she laughed continuously, until I came to tell her of our narrow escape, and how, under Heaven, an incident that would seem merry enough to everybody but the

person who took part in it, was the cause of our escape from a catastrophe that might have sent every soul of us to the bottom ; and then she grew very grave.

"It needs an effort of mind," said I, "to conceive of the genius of luck taking upon itself the aspect of a pig. Henceforward I shall think respectfully of Broadwater's affection for roast and boiled pork."

"I wish this voyage were over, Mr. Musgrave," she exclaimed. "I feel as if we had already passed a couple of months at sea. Do you think if the ship had run into us we should have been drowned?"

"Impossible to say, Miss Grant. She was a lump of a craft, to judge by the huge loom of her shadow ; and I fear that, staunch as the Iron Crown may be, one thrust from that big chap would have made old staves of the little hooker."

At this moment Broadwater's bow legs appeared in the companion-way. Down he came, pulling off his hat as he arrived. Sleep, and the turmoil of the pig-hunt, and the alarm he was fresh from, had cleared his head, and he was as sober as one could wish.

"Rather late for you to be a-sitting up, miss," said he approaching the table ; "there's no longer call to be afraid. It'll be all plain sailing now for the rest of the night."

"What time is it, captain?" she inquired.

He pulled out his watch—"weighed it" would be the correct term, for it was like breaking out an anchor—and said, "Close upon four bells—two o'clock, mum. Is that there bottle yours, Mr. Musgrave?"

I replied that it was, and grasping the hint conveyed by the question, begged him to help himself. He smacked his lips to the draught, for the brandy was of my own buying, choice and old, and said : "A close shave that just now, sir. I don't know that I ever remember a darker night, considering it's fine weather."

"Ay," said I, "dark it is ; much

too dark for human eyesight, as your second mate truly said. 'Tis fortunate that we are endowed with other faculties than vision only. Had there not been ears aboard the stranger to catch the squeaking of my pig where should we be now?"

"How could the pig have got into the cabin?" exclaimed Miss Grant.

"Why," answered Captain Broadwater, "he must have broken out of his sty under the long-boat, and grubbed along quietly in the darkness until he comes to the companion-way, down which he rolls, courted, maybe, by a smell of feedin'. All hands of us aft being asleep, as I allow, there was nobody to hear him. But if that there door was shut," he added, pointing, "I don't see how the pig was to get into your passage ; and supposing *your* door to have been shut, how was he to enter your cabin?"

It seems, however, that the door that conducted to the passage had been left open and unhooked, so that it was likely the pig, in grubbing about, had given it a shove with its snout and slammed it to. But how the creature contrived to enter my cabin, the door of which I remember having shut, I was at a loss to imagine, until going presently to fetch a cheeroot—for I was absolutely sleepless and was in the habit of smoking whenever it pleased me in the cabin, with Miss Grant's good leave, of course—I examined the latch of the door of my berth, and observed that the tongue caught so thinly that it yielded to the slightest pressure.

I think Broadwater would have gone straightway to bed had it not been for my brandy-bottle. Miss Grant protested that she felt too restless to return to her cabin, and said she wished it were daylight.

"The dawn 'll soon be coming along, miss," said the captain ; "meantime, what's there to be uneasy about now?"

"The lady is not uneasy, captain," said I, "her rest has been broken, and she no longer feels sleepy;" and I wondered that even his little eyes

ould not have observed her composed and tranquil expression. Indeed it seemed to me that what uneasiness there was lay altogether in *him*. His manner was subdued, he spoke with a note of respect; there was that in his bearing which suggested that the weight of his alarm had not yet lifted, and I would see him sometimes shoot a look at the companion or up at the skylight, and then thoughtfully stroke down his nose, while his little eyes met in a squint upon the glass around which his carrot-shaped fingers were curled. He was too much of a seaman not to know that we had all of us come off just now very narrowly indeed with our lives; and though, as I have said, he would no doubt have gone to bed but for the brandy, he could not sit there and reflect upon what had occurred without indications of discomposure, which contrasted strongly with Miss Grant's reposeful expression, steadfast eyes, and calm, sweet utterance.

And yet from the few words she had let fall, I was sure that she had mastered the full significance of the danger we had escaped as completely as if she had witnessed the scene—as completely indeed, as if she had been as practical a sailor as the captain himself. Once she lifted her finger to the light moan of a sea running stealthily along the side against which we were leaning, and exclaimed: "How cold the sound is there! I remember once telling Alexander that qualities sensible to the touch may also be so to the hearing. He did not understand me; but surely, Mr. Musgrave, isn't the icy breath of a winter's blast, as it sweeps past the window, as perceptible to the ear as it would be to the face if one should look out of doors?"

"I find nothing hard to understand in that fancy," I replied; meanly willing, I fear, to exhibit my understanding as in some senses superior to her Alexander's. "I once saw a man lying dead in a posture of terror—he had died with a shriek, I learned; but I did not need to be told *that*, for I

could see his cry in the attitude, though Death's forefinger had been upon his lips for twenty-four hours."

"A queer sort of twisting of the faculties, ain't it, sir?" exclaimed old Broadwater; "to see a shriek, and hear cold weather! That's a kind of boiling above most men's intellectuals, I should think. With your good leave, Mr. Musgrave, I'll take another drop, sir. Good old Jamaiky, as a standing drink, is to my taste unsurpassable by any sort o' liquor to be found in the first nobleman's cellar in the country; but a drop of brandy after this here pattern is an agreeable change, and I've heard," he continued, helping himself, "that an occasional variation is recommended by the doctors as serviceable to the liver. Your health, sir; miss, to you."

He nodded with more complacency than I had ever witnessed in him when not in his cups, and sighed with satisfaction after drinking.

I thought I would take advantage of his mood to put in a good word for his crew, and said, "Your fellows seem a lively lot—true Jacks when it comes to a bout of skylarking. Did you notice how they relished the pig-hunt? I should say there's nothing to be afraid of in men who possess their capacity of enjoying little things."

I had scarce uttered these words when, through the silence that followed, and through the whole length and breadth of the brig, as it seemed to me, there rang out so wild and shrill a cry of human anguish, that the like of it I could never imagine deliverable by human lips. You would have sworn it was a woman's voice, and had not Miss Grant been by my side I must have thought it was she—as the only one of her sex on board—who had uttered it.

"Great Heavens!" I cried, "what has happened?"

Broadwater had started to his feet at the sound, but he then appeared to be stricken helpless, for he stood staring with a sort of gape in the set of his lips towards the companion-

ladder. Miss Grant's face was full of consternation, and she kept her eyes fixed on me with a wild look of consternation in them. I listened, expecting to hear a second cry. There was a sound of swift running overhead, a sharp, angry shout in the voice of the boatswain; a minute after the chief mate came staggering down the ladder with his hand to his side, his dark face dreadful to see with the ghastly colouring upon it. He stood whilst you could have counted ten at the foot of the ladder, swaying, his left hand upon his heart, his right hand extended, his ashen lips inarticulately moving; then dropped without a groan, and lay motionless.

A voice halloa'd on deck. I could not catch the words, but it was easy to recognize Gordon's tone, and it seemed to me that he was bawling for assistance from the wheel, or close to it. The light burnt dully in the cabin lantern; I turned the mesh high that we might see what was the matter with the mate, and then went up to him. He lay on his side, and when I looked at his face I could not question that he was dead. He had run from the cabin in his shirt and trousers on hearing the squealing of the pig, and in that attire had bounded on deck when the boatswain's sudden cry had raised the alarm of collision, and thus was he habited as he lay—a clearly murdered man—at the foot of the cabin-steps. His left side was dark in the lamplight with the saturation of blood, and already there was a large dusky patch slowly sifting out, like ink upon blotting-paper, over the sand-coloured planks on which the man rested. His head was uncovered, his eyes half closed, his lips had not yet had time to soften down out of the rigours of their grinning twist of agony and terror; the gleam of his white teeth was as though he snarled, spite of his lying still. God knows, handsome as the lineaments were, it was now a face as villainous for the wrinkled torment and fierce sneer about the mouth, and the sly brutality

of the half-closed eyes, and the savageness of the woolly hair that even in life when all was well with him was enough to repel most sorts of sympathy, as imagination could depicture. I know that the memory of it, with its base accentuation of stained deck and dyed shirt, haunted me for years; and the thing is before me at this moment, though without the old horror.

This is a passage that takes some time to describe, though the interval between the dropping of the killed man and my bending over him was to have been spanned by twenty or thirty seconds. Broadwater appeared to have been bereft of reason. A professional danger—the thundering down of a squall catching him aback, a big ship under a press close aboard him, white water under the bows—might have found him equal to its confrontation. The vocational instincts would have gone to work, and preserved him from gaping like a fool. But here was something wide of his experience, a sudden violent shock—a frightful menace in its way, too, for it was impossible to say what greater and blacker tragedy yet lay secret, but sure, behind this first and most bloody one.

I found Miss Grant at my side looking at the body, with a white face indeed, but with a bearing perfectly collected and self-possessed.

"Mr. Musgrave," she said, in a quick yet firm voice, "what is to be done? Direct me: I am prepared to assist you in any way."

"So far as this man is concerned," I answered, pointing to the body, "there is nothing to be done. Look at his face. There is no virtue for him now in any staunching or dressing. He has been stabbed to the heart!"

She shuddered, and returned to her seat at the table.

"Captain!" I cried suddenly, angered by the posture of helplessness into which this business had struck him, "here is murder—murder, do you

hear, sir? If your crew have not mutinied, what else should this signify? There is no leisure at sea, sir, for goggling. For God's sake go on deck, man, and find out what's the matter!"

Had I run at him with a pitchfork, the action could not have started him more effectually than my speech.

"Goggling! who's a goggling?" he roared. "By this and by that," and here he bellowed out a whole volley of curses, "the man who's done this thing shall swing for it! From my own yard-arm he shall swing for it, though there's ne'er a pair of hands on board but mine to run the villain aloft! Murder! Murder aboard of *me*! Why, what do they hope to do? what's their intention?"

He made for the companion-ladder with fury in his looks and gestures; but at that instant down thundered the second mate, with his face as white as its dark tincture of weather would suffer it to be, as wild in his manner as a demented man; so distractedly agitated that his quick, distressful breathing broke up his words as they rolled hoarsely from his lips, and it was with an effort you caught his meaning.

"Captain! captain!" he cried, "there's been a murder done. The mate—ay! there he lies—stabbed, sir, stabbed by the half-blood Charles!"

"Where is he?" bellowed Broadwater, who had come to a stand on seeing the boatswain, but who now gathered himself together afresh for a spring on deck.

"Hold, sir!" cried Gordon, "hold! hear me out. For God Almighty's sake deal with them as though an ill word *now* should tarn 'em all into wild beasts! Mr. Musgrave—sir—you've been to sea. You know that when sailor-men are ripe for mischief the sight and smell of blood will change the most peaceable of them into devils. Tell the captain this, sir! beg him to listen to me, sir, or there'll be not a life of one of us now here collected as'll stand the chance of that flame

there if you was to try and blow it out."

"Captain," said I, half wild with the thoughts such talk as this put into my head, as I looked for an instant at Miss Grant to mark what effect the incoherent consternation of the boatswain produced upon her, "you must listen to this man. He has something to tell you. There are three of us; I have weapons of my own, and you will not be without arms. For God's sake, don't let the worst happen without preparation! Sit—be cool. There," I cried, pointing to the body of the mate, "is something to warrant a cold debate!" And with that I grasped him by the arm, with a quick sense of satisfaction coming to me, somehow or other, out of the feel of the mass of muscle my fingers gripped, and shoved him towards a locker. He sat down, with his face as dark as the stain on the cabin-deck, without speaking, with a fixed glare of his little eyes at Gordon, and a kind of suffocated heaving of his breast.

"Now, Gordon!" I exclaimed.

The man had already grown somewhat calmer.

"Captain," he said, "this is how it happened. Charles, the half-blood, was at the wheel. When you went below, the mate," here he turned his eyes with a sickly roll upon the body, and a sharp catching of his breath, "came up to me, and talked of the craft that had nearly run us down. He spoke in a passion, gave me hard words—told me I had no eyes, wasn't fit to take charge of the deck, and swore cruelly that he'd reckon his own eyesight to have been blasted if he'd have missed the shadow long afore they showed the binnacle-light over the side. We argued, and I fell as hot as he. After a long spell of jawing he went forra'ds, and I heard him talking to some of the men there. His words went with a snap in them—bitter hard words they was, sir!—a sight too fierce for flesh and blood; and the men took courage, I suppose, from the blackness, and gave it him

back, till forra'ds it grew into a whole growl of curses, and then," he continued, with another sickened look at the figure, "he steps aft, threatening them with a hundred work-up jobs for to-morrow. He comes up to me, and lets fly again. He talked as if he hadn't his right mind, and I tell ye that I peered for the gleam of a knife in his hand, dark as it was, for he acted as if he was going to run a muck. It was his watch below; there was nothing to keep him on deck; whilst, if I couldn't boast of his education, there was nothing on God's ocean in the seafaring line as he was competent to teach me." He cast another look of dismay and disgust at the dead man, and stopped to take breath.

Broadwater watched him with a fixed gaze. I was afraid he would interrupt the fellow, but he had fallen into his earlier posture of bewilderment and astonishment.

"I could follow him," continued Gordon, "by the white of his shirt a-flitting about the deck, and after a bit he walks to the wheel where Charles was, and spoke to him. There was some muttering; then I heard *him*," pointing with his finger at the body without looking at it, "talking shrill as a fishwife, whilst the half-blood answered sulkily, as a man struggling with his temper; and this went on till of a sudden Mr. Bothwell made the cry ye must have heard, and before I could run aft he had slipped to the companion, where I lost sight of him. I found the wheel deserted. The half-blood had gone forward in the murky blackness along the line of the larboard bulwarks, and though I noticed the slapping of shoes, yet, not seeing him, I supposed he was still at the helm. I halloa'd for some one to lay aft and take the wheel. The moment he came, I says, 'Where's Charles?' 'In the fo'k'sle,' he answers. 'What's he done?' says I, for I couldn't guess at the truth of the matter from the noise of Mr. Bothwell's yell. 'He's knifed the mate,' says he. 'How do you know

that?' says I. 'Why,' he says, 'afore dropping down the scuttle he sings out, "Nat—Dan—Terence—is there e'er a one of you on deck?" 'I am,' says I, who was standing close. "By God!" says he, "the mate'll trouble us no more; my knife has found his heart out! It'll be the skipper's turn next!"'"

Broadwater started to his feet.

"For Heaven's sake, hear him out!" I cried; "time may be precious; how on earth shall we know what to do unless we get the truth?"

The skipper had lifted his arm with a frenzied gesture, and would have plunged, spite of my entreaty, into one of his now familiar roaring bouts; but happily he was half suffocated by rage and terror, and scarcely able to articulate. He continued to watch the boatswain, whilst his extended arm fell to his side.

"When I heard this," continued Gordon, throwing a look up the companion-ladder as if he suspected listeners there, "I went forrards, put my head into the scuttle, and called to Charles. He answered without showing himself. I says, 'In God's name, what have you gone and done?' 'I've sent a villain to hell!' he answers, 'let him come back if he can.' Some of the chaps laughed at this. They had trimmed the fo'k'sle lamp afresh, and all hands seemed wide awake, as no doubt they would be after the row of the pig and the danger we scraped clear of; but I tell ye, Captain Broadwater," he continued, with another look up the ladder, "that there was a sound in them men's laughter which gave me to know that a cask of gunpowder, with the head knocked off lying clear for the first spark, wouldn't be a bigger danger in the hold of this vessel than's her fo'k'sle to her as it now stands, sir." He paused, dried his face on a great blue handkerchief, and then went on speaking hurriedly. "I says, 'Charles, you must come out of that! No use skulking below. There's no stabbing men in this here craft and lying snug after it. Up with

ye now !—don't give me the trouble to fetch ye.' He bawled out a curse, keeping hidden all the time. I put my leg over, but ere I could lift the other, four or five men sprang under the hatch, and one of them said, 'See here, Mr. Gordon. We don't owe you no grudge. These are your quarters as they are ourn ; but the man's not to be touched. Understand that ! By the Eternal ! If so be a finger's laid upon him the capt'n'll answer for it with his life ! so aft with ye, sir, and give him this piece of news from his fo'k'sle.' I got out of the hatch, and after a look down at the men, came away to tell ye what's happened."

I had made up my mind to offer no suggestions, and so contented myself with watching Broadwater, wondering what measures such a head as his would be able to devise for the remedying of the horrible mess into which he and his mate had plunged us. He seemed to wake up when the boatswain ceased, and fell to pacing the cabin in silence, measuring twenty or thirty strides before he spoke. He then said, "Better return on deck, Mr. Gordon, and look after the brig, sir. Send Billy here." The boatswain ascended the ladder ; Broadwater resumed his walk.

One wants a paint-brush instead of a quill for such a picture as this. The dead body of the mate ; Miss Grant motionless and composed, though, methought, there was the flash of an almost preternatural vitality in the dark sweep of her eyes whenever they met mine ; the short, square, muscular figure of Broadwater pacing the length of the cabin, staring ahead of him with the blind, wooden look of a figure-head ; the play of shadows set dancing by the lamp ; the midnight silence on deck ; the soft, washing sound of water running in some sobbing black fold along the bends ; the creak and jar of the fabric as she rolled on the light swell, with many a muffled note like the short laughs or sullen grumblings of a company of giants below, stealing

to our ear from the freighted hold beneath our feet—I say there is nothing in ink to give you the colour, the horror, the strangeness of this picture, and the noises breaking into the interval of silence, during which the captain stepped from one end to the other, whilst Miss Grant and I waited for the arrival of the boy, knowing what he was wanted for.

A few moments before he came, Broadwater halted at the side of the dead man, stooped and listened, grasped his wrist and held it, as though feeling for the life there, then shot erect, and cried out, "Never before did such a thing happen aboard of me ! never before ! And they talk of murdering me too, hey ? How many lives must it cost 'em ? How many lives must it cost 'em ?" He thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt, and made as if to run to his cabin, but checked himself, wheeled round, and fell to pacing the deck afresh.

The boy arrived. "Here," shouted Broadwater fiercely, "help me to carry that body to his berth."

The unhappy youth stood with his knock-knees trembling one against the other, whilst he stared at the corpse with eyes which threatened to leap from their sockets. If ever human hair stirred upon the head to the agitation of the spirit, his did. But his fear of Broadwater was livelier than his dread of the corpse. Between them they carried the body to its berth in the fore-end, and I had not known how heavily the presence of the thing had hung upon me until it was gone, when I fetched a breath as easy as a sigh.

Broadwater returned, and the boy shambling in his wake went stealthily to the ladder, and then fled up it as though the mate were in pursuit of him. The captain looked through the hatch as if he meant to mount on deck, but hung irresolute, with a short glance round to me that was like a question. I own that the difficulty with which he was confronted was enough to stagger a brighter intellect

than his pork-fed and rum-tinctured brains. Yet his hesitation at such a juncture was mighty discomposing. Observing that he continued to stand in a posture of doubt at the foot of the ladder, I said bluntly, believing that a plain question might help him, "Captain, what do you mean to do?"

He looked at me oddly for some moments, sent a glance into the black arch of atmosphere formed by the cover of the companion-way, and answered in a deep, sea-growling note, "Cursed if I know. What would *you* do?"

"Wait till daylight, anyhow," I replied; "remain cool, and keep my temper. That's what *I* should resolve upon first. For the rest, I should be guided by events."

"And who says I ain't cool?" he cried in a quarrelsome way, "and as to losing my temper——" He stopped dead to the sudden choke of rage in his throat, clenched both fists till I noticed the veins stand out black to the tension like whipcord under the flesh, lifted his arms to the deck overhead, and shook them convulsively in a fit of speechless passion; then looking for his cap he pulled it fiercely down to his ears, and went with a heavy tread up the steps.

"We ought to be grateful," said I, "that the fellow's rage is often too great to enable him to speak. His speechlessness was the very petrification of his curses!"

"He is not the man," she exclaimed, "for such an emergency as this. Pray God there may be some good sense left amongst the crew. If not, what will happen?"

"I comfort myself with the thought," I replied, "that sailors are slow to mutiny. They know the law. If they refuse their duty, certain and severe punishment awaits them ashore; if they seize the vessel, it is piracy—a criminal act that ends with Jack Ketch. If they murder—but enough of such talk, Miss Grant. Here has been a wild disturbance that may presently settle down into a sulky calm;

and let the tranquillity be as sinister as it will, providing we can step ashore at Rio before it ends, we shall have reason to be satisfied."

She glanced at the dark stain on the deck, a slight shiver ran through her, and she folded her arms across her breast as though for the warmth of them.

"What a night this has been!" she cried; "indeed, what a time the whole voyage has been, so far as it has gone! I have heard stories of wild doings in vessels of this kind trading to the West Indies and to South America, but nothing to equal our experiences!"

She shivered again; I caught a tremble in her under-lip, and a swift expression of mingled worry and horror in her eyes, and fearing that she would break down—and surely what she had seen and suffered since she had quitted her berth might well have broken a hardier spirit than ever woman was yet informed with—I poured a little brandy into a glass, and begged her to drink it; but she waved it aside with a sudden proud smile, sweet with kindness, too.

"Do not misjudge me, Mr. Musgrave," she said; "if I seem to falter in a time of trouble, it is not, I think from want of courage. It is the sense of uncertainty that always weakens me most—the not knowing what to do." She suddenly ceased, lifting her hand to motion silence; but the noise was no more than the growling of old Broadwater's voice talking to the boat-swain close against the cabin-skylight, one frame of which stood open. We strained our ears, but could not catch words enough to enable us to gather the import of their talk. I advised her to return to her berth, and sleep out the rest of the night if she could. She smiled at my speaking of sleep, and said she would go to her berth and dress herself.

"But you will not come on deck, Miss Grant?"

"Why not?"

"Be advised by me, I beg you. It

is bleak and black; what can you do on deck? Next, in the present temper of the men, I could wish you to keep out of sight of them. The dawn will soon be at hand, and sunrise may give a new complexion to our affairs."

"I will do whatever you please," she said; "I merely need advice. What follows I hope I shall have courage enough to meet;" and with another smile—so full of spirit that it was almost enough to make one doubt that she fully grasped the significance of our dangerous situation, in a small brig with murder newly done, and the crew sheltering and making a hero of the assassin—she entered her berth. Ten minutes after I quitted my own cabin, fully dressed, and went on deck.

CHAPTER XII.

MUTINY.

As I stepped over the combing of the hatch, I caught sight of the dawn sifting out into dim ash along the sea-board on the port, or, as we then termed it, the larboard side. It was a cold, unearthly light, and against it the sea-line ran in a short clear ruling, black as liquid pitch. The wind was a quiet breeze, as it had been throughout the night; but the swell had veered from abeam to the starboard quarter, and swung the brig onwards in gliding, floating movements, though that her sails were doing their work you knew by the sound of the singing of running waters rising from the obscurity, mingled with a dull noise of moaning, and the flat, echoless plashing of ripple colliding with ripple into short spouts of sea, which leaped without life round about the vessel's quarters.

I can conceive of no spectacle more melancholy and cheerless than the first breaking of day over the wide and troubled ocean. There is a bleakness in the aspect of pallid heaven and yet darkling water, and in the gray complexion of the canvas and rigging of the ship, that enters the atmosphere

as a sensible quality of cold; and I have known men who, though they had been on deck for several hours without feeling the edge of the wind, have slapped their breasts with a shudder to the first opening of the desolate faintness in the east. But it was soon broad daylight, and then you saw a piebald sky, mottled into rich marble with dashes of white vapour—a broad-bosomed swell rolling in folds of dark blue and brimming to our channels, freckled with foaming wrinkles.

There were some men talking near the fore-hatch; occasionally they directed their glances aft to the quarter-deck, where the captain and boatswain stood in silent waiting, as it seemed to me, until the spring of the sun from the ocean should fairly settle the dawn into day. I took a long survey of the blue circle, but there was nothing to be seen. Not that there was anything to be hoped from the sight of a ship, unless indeed she should prove a man-of-war; for our trouble was not of a kind that a merchantman could meddle with. How could her people serve us? Advice was hardly likely to prove profitable to Broadwater, and more than that he was not going to obtain by backing his topsail to speak a stranger and asking him to send a boat. And yet even the remotest gleam of a ship would have yielded me a sort of feeling of relief, by qualifying, however worthlessly, the profound sense of loneliness that possessed me on first seeing the vast stretch of liquid waste bathed in the delicate light of the sunrise.

There was an air of surly and defiant stubbornness in the postures and glances of the group forward that was instantly noticeable. I counted seven of them, and supposed therefore that amongst them was one or more of that division of the crew which had the watch below. They appeared to be holding a council; and it was startling, I can tell you, to mark their forms, so to speak, come out from the blackness into the dawn, and to think of them

as having been there talking one to another, as they now were when the darkness hid them.

I looked for the man Charles, but he was not on deck. No doubt it was the fancies put into my head by the thought of the dead creature below, which helped my imagination to colour and accentuate the attitudes and expressions of the fellows; but even though the night had passed as tranquilly as the preceding one, I must still, though bending the most incurious eye in the world upon them, have found something in their varied demeanour to render me uneasy. There was doggedness and obstinacy in the plant of the figures swaying upon their legs to the heave of the deck; in the arms squared firmly upon the breast, the rugged wrist of one hand showing out past the dark half-concealed knuckles of the other; in the challenging glances aft; in the well-conveyed indifference to the presence of the master.

The second mate had a very worn and haggard look. He showed like a man worried to the heart; but I think it must have been the shock of Bothwell's murder that paled and lengthened his face, for he had used the sea for too many years, and had lived too closely with sailors, to be scared to the degree that his visage and manner now indicated by mere mutinous mutterings and loafing, insolent attitudes. As to old Broadwater, it was quite impossible for him to look gaunt; his purple countenance was as much a part of him as his ears or his feet, and he would die with it on him, as a negro dies with a black skin. But the incidents of the night had done their work with him nevertheless. The arch over each eye was sharper; in quiet times this would have made him appear as though labouring under astonishment, but there were other features and other expressions to lift this aspect of surprise into a look of savage consternation. Had I viewed him without knowing what was the matter, I should have imagined that

he had been on deck day and night for a week, exposed to violent and dangerous weather, during which his mind had been heavily strained by anxiety.

There was a man named Daniel Ladova, another half-blood, as I supposed, standing at the wheel, and I could have laughed outright at the pat fit of the fellow's face to the circumstances of the time; for though I dare say he may have been at bottom as steady, respectable, and sober a creature as one could wish to see in a ship's fore-castle, yet he was so confidently ugly, with his flat nose, the nostrils whereof were stretched past the line of his eyes, his wide mouth and negro fulness of lips, his coal-black, long, streaky, Indian hair, low forehead and complexion of saffron, the whole topped off by the sieve-like pitting of small-pox, that one might have searched every shipping-yard in Great Britain without meeting with a fellow better qualified by his looks to stand at the brig's helm in this particular juncture.

Suddenly Broadwater made some observation to Gordon and walked aft. The boatswain called out, "Forward there! Send Charles aft, one of you!" but there was a half-heartedness in his way of singing out that made one feel he regarded the captain's command as purposeless and ridiculous.

The fellows lounging about the fore-mast looked round to the hail, but only quitted their posture to that extent. No one called to Charles, no one even approached the scuttle to do so.

"D'ye hear what I say, men?" repeated Gordon, but in the same half-spirited tone, as though the bother of this time had taken most of the manhood out of him; "one of you tell Charles that the captain wants him aft."

"Charles has got nothen' to do with us," cried back one of the fellows huskily; "if the capt'n wants him, he knows where to find him."

Broadwater bawled from the station he occupied near the wheel, "What are they a-saying, Mr. Gordon? What are they a-saying, sir?"

The boatswain replied, "If we want the half-blood, we must call him ourselves."

"Send all hands aft! Send all hands aft!" shouted Broadwater furiously, stepping forward by half-a-dozen angry strides, and then halting, with his chest rising and falling to his passionate breathing, that was not all pure wrath either, for I could *feel* the irresolution that lay under all this show of temper, and guessed that but very little likely to prove useful to us could follow on any intentions he might have in his mind.

The boatswain instantly roared out, "Lay aft all hands!" in much such a hurricane note as he would have delivered in a gale of wind, in summoning all hands to reef topsails.

My heart beat fast now, I confess, for the men's refusal to obey this order would signify mutiny; and though from the first hour of my climbing aboard the Iron Crown I had been apprehensive of grievous trouble in this way, now that it had come to look as if the thing was about to happen, I was as much agitated as though I had never given it a thought, and it had broken upon us on a sudden. Judge, then, of my relief when I saw the knot of men gathered about the foremast leisurely make their way aft with a shambling, devil-may-care gait for the most part; one or two with a half grin, which was less suited to my taste than the mulish, sullen countenances the others carried. The captain, leaning forwards and backwards on his curved legs to the swing of the ship, his arms up and down, his hands clenched to the appearance of small rounds of beef, his cap jammed so tightly down upon his head that the upper rounds of his ears forked out with the pressure, stood fixedly regarding the sailors as they approached. Meanwhile the boatswain had gone forward, and picking up a handspike,

thumped the deck heavily with it, whilst with his head overhanging the scuttle—by which I would have you understand the little fore-castle-hatch through which the men emerged from, or dropped into their quarters—he delivered a second leather-lunged roar of "All hands lay aft!" emphasizing his cry with a further smiting of the deck with his bar, which he then threw down. This done, he came away, and stood a little abaft the main-rigging, the captain having posted himself abreast of the companion-hatch. In a few moments the rest of the men who were in the fore-castle tumbled up, hoisting themselves out with their elbows, and vaulting lightly on to the deck, with a sailor's enjoyment of an incident that at least gave them something else to think of than the cheerless, laborious routine of the ship's work.

The sun was now risen, and some degrees above the horizon. It was half-past four in the morning, maybe later; one takes no particular account of time in such passages as these. The warm breeze blew steadily, and the brig buzzed softly over the blue hills of swell. I had often read of difficulties of this kind happening at sea, but never been brought face to face with the reality; and I remember thinking, as I stood on the larboard side of the vessel, close against the quarter-boat, and ran my eye over the group that had come to a stand a little abaft the mainmast, that though the perils of the deep be many, some frightful, and all of them formidable, the worst of them, ay, even fire itself, must yield in horror to mutiny—where men arm themselves against their fellows, where the passions of undisciplined minds are let loose, where tyrannic authority and bitter grievance come in conflict, and where the struggle is inflamed and rendered wilder than anything of a like sort could ever become ashore through the fore-castle perception that, the bad business once entered upon, there is no mercy to be expected in the event of failure, no hope to be cherished

should rebellion prove successful. In disaster men work together for their lives; in mutiny they work together for their own destruction. The sweep of the sparkling sea-line round about us was like the compression of the very spirit of loneliness into our little brig. There was nothing to help the eye, to ease, by a solitary detail of discipline, the perturbation excited by the scene. On board an Indianman, for instance, there would have been mates and midshipmen in plenty, loyal to the commander; with an array of passengers, maybe, in whose fidelity one could count in the name of self-concern. It would be strange, too, if the whole of a big ship's company should prove disaffected; so that the quarter-deck might reckon at least on the negative services of a portion of the crew. But if yonder crowd, gathered about the mainmast, and staring with mingled derision and hate at the square, round-legged, red-faced man, whose lifted brows and whistling mouth put the expression of a gape into his countenance, broke into revolt, what should our case prove? I counted ten of them, and the man who steered would make eleven, and Charles, who skulked below, twelve. Twelve reckless fellows, with the scent of the assassin's knife fresh in their nostrils, with instincts and yearnings perhaps made devilish by the memory of a usage of which I as a passenger must needs have seen but a very little part, though I had witnessed enough to convince me that had I been of their company, and suffered as they had, my resentment would surely not have left me among the hindmost of them in the posture they now exhibited!

The picture was as nautical as the most ardent lover of ocean-pieces could desire. The men were variously attired: in blue dungaree, in patched canvas breeches, in half-boots, and coloured shirts which revealed their brawny breasts; here a round hat, there a sou'-wester; and around every sailor's waist was the narrow sea-belt, with a sheath of leather upon the hip,

holding, convenient to the grasp, the black haft of a dagger-shaped knife. The shadows of the rigging crawled upon them, as the vessel, with a little humming of water at her bow, floated, with cradling swings, from one sapphire knoll to another; not a feature but had the true oceanic colour: the coils of rigging swinging at the belaying-pins; the big scuttle-butt securely seized under the high bulwark; the little white caboose with its head of black chimney whence blew a vein of blue smoke; the yellow long-boat amidships snugged under the spare booms with a black snout projecting from the sty under it; and a darting and withdrawal beyond of the heads of cocks and hens glancing like red rags as they showed and vanished through the bars of the coops. Aloft, swelling gently, rose courses and topsails to the little royals, with a breezy stir of shadows in the hollows, and a pearly curve sunwards where the bosom, arching beyond the bolt-rope, caught the full splendour shining out of the east.

Broadwater pulled off his hat, dried his forehead, covered himself afresh, and approached the men by half-a-dozen paces.

"Is the man Charles among ye?" said he; "if so, let him step out, for it's *him* I want, not *you*."

Of course he knew perfectly well that the half-blood did not form one of that little crowd. Perhaps he meant to convey that he had not deigned to glance at the fellows; but this was absurd, for every man as he stepped aft must have observed that the captain watched him as a terrier does an approaching rat. One or two of them glanced over their shoulders, as though believing that the half-blood had come from the fore-castle. No answer was returned to Broadwater's inquiry.

"Now, look here, men," he continued, with an air of bluster which I hoped would not increase upon him, "you know, of course, that Charles committed murder this morning by stabbing the mate, who lies a dead

body in his bunk below ; and you likewise know that for an act of this kind, when he gets ashore he'll be hung up by the neck, and left to dangle there till his bones blow away. Now, as he's a murderer, it's my duty to put him in irons, and keep him under hatches till I'm able to hand him over to the people employed by the law to sentence and strangle him, and all such folks as he. D'ye see, men?" with a powerful flourish of his arm, and a slight increase of bluster, as though he was gaining in spirit from the air of attention with which the sailors seemed to listen to him. "We don't want no difficulties. Aboard *me* everything has always been plain sailing, and up to the knocker. My mate lies a dead man, and I want the chap as killed him."

He paused, running his eye over them. Two or three of the crew gave their heads a quick shake, but none of them spoke.

"The man," proceeded Broadwater, "is lying snugged away in the fo'k'sle. Now, look ye here, my lads, there need be no trouble about it at all. All that you've got to do is just to remain where you are, whilst me and the second mate fetches him—seeing that he won't come under milder persuasions."

I thought by the manner of the men that they hung in the wind, and would let the captain have his way. He must have fancied this also, for he started to walk to the fore-castle with a gesture of his hand to the boatswain ; but, ere he could get one leg fair before the other, a tall, powerfully-built seaman flung himself with a stride or two upon the line of deck which the captain was about to measure, and cried out, "Stop, sir ! no furdur ! We don't mean to let you have the man !"

If Broadwater had been shot through the heart the arrest of his movements could not have been more spasmodic and utter. Rage once again rendered him speechless, and the rush of blood to his head darkened his purple countenance into an almost livid com-

plexion. Half-a-dozen sailors thrust up and formed about the man who had spoken. Their looks were so threatening, that I dreaded in Broadwater the least gesture that might be mistaken as combative by the fellows. The boatswain came to the side of the old man, who, gasping for breath, and as voiceless as a person in a fit, fell back step by step till he had put some half-dozen yards between him and the crew, by which time he had recovered his voice ; but I protest, had I not looked at him and observed his lips to move, that I should not have known him by his tones. He raised his arm, and shook his clenched fist at the tall sailor.

"Your name's Terence Mole," he said. "If it should cost me every shilling I'm worth so to punish ye for this here job as to keep ye cursing your mother's memory day and night for ever having bore you, I'll spend it ! If, to have ye punished for this, it should oblige me to tear the shirt off my back and pawn it for more law yet to crush you with, I'd do it, and go naked for the rest of my time, and die easy ! You scoundrel !"

He fell speechless again, with another mad brandishing of his arms towards the tall sailor. The man watched him with a cold, insolent grin. One of the crew exclaimed, "Soft words, master, soft words. Ye want that there man Charles, and we don't mean to let ye have him."

The boatswain, with a glance at the captain, turned upon the crew. "Lads," he exclaimed, "consider what you're a-doing of ! In protecting this here murderer you're making yourselves parties to his crime ; and though I don't know much about shore-going law, I can't question that your abetting of the villain may end in stringing most of ye up alongside of him ; whilst it should sinnify transportation for life to the rest of ye."

"Mr. Gordon," answered the tall seaman Mole, "we've tarned the matter over, and we've made up our minds not to let the man Charles suffer, least-

ways aboard this brig, for his act. He's rid us of a devil," he pronounced the word with a sudden snap of the teeth, "and if he hadn't done it some one else would; though it was for him, by rights, to make a beginning, seeing how he was sarved," he pointed with a dark thumb in the direction of the foremast, "merely for commiserating the fate of a drowned shipmate. If the capt'n's flesh an' blood, so are we. We're willing enough to listen to reason, but so long as we continue to be the crew of this here brig, Charles don't go into irons; nor shall we allow him to be punished in any other way."

With that he folded his arms, rearing his figure erect, and angrily staring at the captain. The boatswain turned to Broadwater as much as to say, "Speak, sir, speak. You hear what the man says." The old fellow swung on his heel and walked aft, and stood with his hands behind him gazing seawards. The men fell to talking among themselves, and there was a laugh or two, but the hilarity had a very false ring, and was instantly checked by a growling, "Dowse it, you fool, dowse it!" I observed some of the seamen regarding me, but I pretty well understood that by this time they knew that whatever might be my sympathies they assuredly did not incline towards the cabin-end of the ship. Besides, I had a right to listen and look on at all events, and leaning against the rail, with my hands in my pockets, I kept my eyes fixed on them, unmoved by their gaze.

Although Broadwater scarcely re-

mained a minute abaft the wheel, the time seemed so long that I believed that he intended the men should break up and go forward of their own accord, without giving himself the trouble of dismissing them. But I was mistaken. He suddenly wheeled round and came along at a rapid pace, abruptly stopping however at some distance from the crew.

"It's your intention, then," he shouted, "not to allow me to clap this murderer in irons and lock him up?"

"You heard what was said," one of them exclaimed.

"Mr. Gordon!" he suddenly roared, "forrards with us both! By the thunder of heaven, we'll have a try for the bloody villain, let follow what will!"

I saw him tweak at the band of his trousers with the motion of a man who girds himself for an affray, then make a spring. The men closed in a wall before him. He struck at them, but I could not see that his blows were returned; they did no more than to press upon him and drive him backwards. Gordon threw his arms around the old fellow's waist to drag him away. Sickened and horrified by the scene, I ran to assist the boatswain, dreading lest one of the many blows which the old fellow was raining might lead to a general onslaught on him, and grasped his right arm, and in a few moments we had hauled him clear of the crew, at whom the boatswain continued shouting, as together we pulled the skipper aft, "For God's sake, go forward, men! for God's sake, go forward!"

(To be continued.)

THE MEMOIRS OF AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNÉ.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is one of the most delightful as it is one of the most popular forms of literature. Potentially, at any rate, it combines the advantages of many forms: it is a varied entertainment at which every guest can find something to his taste. You may have analysis of character superior to anything in the most modern analytical novel, for who can dissect another's soul with the accuracy that he can lay bare his own? If the writer be truthful and have played a leading part on the world's stage, you may have the most satisfying because the most veracious of histories; on the other hand, if he be a liar, you may revel in the wildest of romances. The lover of gossip may sip his favourite beverage in his arm-chair without the trouble of going in search for it: the student of manners may revel in pictures of society drawn from the life.

It is however of the essence of a true autobiography that it should reveal, whether consciously or unconsciously, the writer's character. The so-called autobiography of a man who merely relates events from the point of view of one who has been a prominent actor in them is really a branch of history, and is only to be distinguished from ordinary memoirs by the fact of the writer being an actor instead of merely an eye-witness. Cicero's letters are autobiographical in the true sense: Cæsar's Commentaries are not. The interest of Greville's Diary is mainly political and historical: the interest of Pepys's Diary is Sam Pepys himself. The true autobiography does not necessarily call itself by that name; in fact it is often all the more truly an autobiography for not doing so, for self-revelation is never so complete as when it is unconscious. Much of the charm of

Montaigne's Essays lies in the autobiographical interest.

But true autobiographies, like all delightful things, are rare, for few men have at once sufficient egotism and simplicity to talk about themselves long enough to make a book out of their talk, and the necessary literary skill to make their talk entertaining. The great autobiographies, the autobiographies that are classics, may be counted on the fingers. In the first class I should put by themselves Rousseau, the most conscious, and Pepys, the least conscious of self-revealers, and Cellini. But a high place in the second class should be assigned to the work whose name stands at the head of this paper, the *Memoirs of Agrippa d'Aubigné*. It is a true autobiography, for it reveals the writer's character; and it is full of varied interest, as being written by one who played no small part in the affairs of his country in times of stress and trouble. A man who was at once a soldier, a theologian, a poet, and a historian, who for five-and-twenty years was the intimate friend of Henry the Fourth of France, who at the age of seven translated Plato, and at the age of seventy was condemned to death for the fourth time but lived to marry a widow in the following year, may be supposed to have something interesting to tell us.

Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, to give him his full name, first saw the light in the year 1552 (N.S.). His father was Jean d'Aubigné, Chancellor to the King of Navarre and an active leader of the Huguenot party. His mother died in giving him birth, the doctors having declared that either mother or child must be sacrificed. At the age of four he made his first acquaintance with the hardships of life, for there

arrived from Paris a stern and pitiless tutor who taught him Greek, Latin and Hebrew concurrently. At the age of six he could read in four languages, and at seven he translated the *Crito* of Plato. When he was eight an event happened which made a deep and lasting impression upon him. Soon after the conspiracy of Amboise, he was riding with his father, who had taken part in it, through the town, when they suddenly saw before them the decapitated heads of some of the conspirators. The ghastly spectacle deeply affected the elder d'Aubigné, hard and self-contained man though he was, and on the boy riding close up to him to see what was the matter, he solemnly placed his hand on his head and said: "My child, to avenge those honourable men you must not spare your head, as I shall not spare mine; spare it, and you will earn my curse." Such was Agrippa d'Aubigné's baptism into the Huguenot cause.

He was soon to have a taste of the dangers that the cause involved. At the age of ten, while he was living with a tutor named Béroalde, a nephew of the celebrated Hebrew scholar, François Vatable, the whole family fell into the hands of a Catholic leader, the Chevalier d'Achon, and after a brief examination before an Inquisitor were summarily ordered to be burnt. Agrippa on hearing his fate merely said that his horror of the mass took away his horror of the fire. But on d'Achon asking him to dance a *gailarde* to help to pass the time before the execution, he performed with such grace as to win the hearts of all present, and in spite of the remonstrances of the Inquisitor he and his friends were set at liberty.

Soon after this his father died from the effects of a wound, and thus at the age of eleven he was left alone in the world with nothing but his mother's slender fortune to support him, for the paternal estate was so heavily burdened with debt that his guardian renounced the succession. There was, however, enough to pay for

his education, which went on with unflagging vigour. After spending another year with the worthy Béroalde, he was sent to Geneva, where he studied for two years under the great Theodore Beza, and learnt among other things to make Latin verses in less time than it took to write them. But by this time he was getting somewhat tired of learning, and on the third civil war breaking out (September, 1568), he could stand a life of inactivity no longer. With nothing on but his shirt he let himself down from a window of his guardian's house, and after running with bare feet for a considerable distance joined a band of Huguenot soldiers. They presently encountered a Catholic detachment and a skirmish ensued in which Agrippa, still in his shirt and bare-footed, did good service. He was then only sixteen. The next two years were chiefly occupied with fighting (he was in the battle of Jarnac where Condé was killed) and fevers, during one of which he made the hair of his fellow-soldiers stand on end with his account of the various marauding expeditions which he had conducted in the Huguenot cause. From this fever, he tells us, he rose a changed man.

After the peace of St. Germain (1570) he had leisure to fall in love with Diane Salvati, the daughter of Sieur de Jalcý, and to compose a volume of verse, which he called "*Printemps*," and for which he pleads that a certain *fureur*, the "fine frenzy," may be allowed to atone for the general lack of polish. It consists of a hundred sonnets called *Hecatombe à Diane*, twenty poems called *Stances*, forty-two odes, and various miscellaneous pieces; no mean performance, judged by quantity alone, for a boy of nineteen. Whatever may be d'Aubigné's defects as a poet it is impossible to deny his amazing facility. He is professedly a disciple of the school of Ronsard, to whom some of his earliest verses are addressed, and to whom his affinity is shown by the dignity and elevation of his muse, his

mastery over many varieties of verse, and his occasional use of Greek and Latin words. Though he modestly speaks of his poems as wanting polish, they are by no means either rough or inharmonious; and if his work bears evident marks of haste and is wanting in what the French call *ciselure littéraire*, it at any rate breathes the spirit of true poetry, for that same *fureur*, which he tells us recommended the poems to many, is a most useful and genuine poetic quality.

The marriage of Henry of Navarre to Marguerite of Valois in 1572 brought d'Aubigné to Paris, but having wounded an officer of police, who had tried to arrest him while acting as second in a duel, he was obliged to seek safety in flight. Three days after came the massacre of St. Bartholomew. But though he escaped assassination at Paris he came near to it elsewhere. At the door of a country inn he was suddenly attacked by a man on horseback, and was left after a desperate struggle with a terrible wound in his head. On the surgeon looking grave, as if his recovery were doubtful, he resolved to die in the arms of his mistress, and before day-break he was in the saddle. For sixty-six miles he rode without drawing rein and arrived at Jarcy speechless. He recovered, but his constancy was not rewarded, for soon afterwards, on the ground of the difference of their religion, an uncle of the lady caused the match to be broken off. Again d'Aubigné fell into a dangerous illness, and again, in spite of his being attended by several doctors and a celebrated quack into the bargain, he was restored to health.

The year 1573, the year of the peace of La Rochelle, marks the beginning of a new epoch in d'Aubigné's life, for it was in this year that he entered the service of Henry of Navarre, to whom he had been recommended as a man who found no danger too great (*qui ne trouvoit rien trop chaut*). The first result of this connection was an apparent desertion of the cause to

which his father had devoted him, for at this time Henry was virtually a prisoner at the court of his cousin, Henry the Third. At this court d'Aubigné spent a couple of years, and according to his own account managed to adapt himself to the tainted atmosphere as easily as his master. Masks, ballets, Italian plays and suchlike entertainments were among the things dearest to Henry of Valois's soul, and in planning and superintending these d'Aubigné was unrivalled. His gaiety, his restless activity, and his wit made him a general favourite; but the Queen-Mother looked on him with disfavour, and one Fervacques, whose mistress he had rebuked for the trifling peccadillo of poisoning her mother, made continuous attempts to assassinate him. Having failed to kill him with more manly weapons, he put some poison into his soup which made his hair fall off and his skin peel, but did him no further harm. Such practices were quite in keeping with the character of the French Court, where the most savage bloodthirstiness went hand in hand with the most degraded effeminacy and the most abject superstition. Duels of a most murderous type, generally resulting in the death of at least two of the combatants (they fought, as a rule, three aside) were of daily occurrence, and in these d'Aubigné took frequent part, often, it is true, in self-defence, but as often from his innate love of fighting and danger.

But though d'Aubigné and his master were outwardly enjoying themselves in this terrible Paris, and though they were on intimate terms with the Duke of Guise, and even fought under his banner against their fellow-Protestants, they were fully aware of the danger of their position. Their gay carelessness was in fact a mask which alone made it possible for them to live in safety. Had either Catherine or Guise known the depth of far-seeing policy that lurked under the blunt, joyous demeanour of the

Bearnais, the poisoner's glove or the assassin's knife would infallibly have put an end to him before the world had learnt his worth. At last, strongly urged by d'Aubigné and his other Huguenot friends, he made his escape (1570). For the next eighteen years, up to the time when he returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church, d'Aubigné was one of his most zealous and faithful adherents. The two men were not unlike one another in their untiring activity and irrepressible geniality, and though their relations were often somewhat strained, partly from Henry's want of consideration, partly from d'Aubigné's susceptibility, they were never wholly broken off. The faithful counsellor was often very plain-spoken, but this Henry was the last person to resent. And d'Aubigné's advice was always honourable and generally prudent. On Henry's love-making he looked with more lenience than perhaps it deserved, but quite early in the history of their connection he roundly refused to hunt his game for him, and when Henry wanted to marry the fair Corisande he gave him such advice as it is the fortune of few kings to get from their counsellors: "Love your mistress," he said, "if you will, but show yourself worthy of her; let your love be an incentive to spur you on to virtuous actions, and remember that you are now the next heir to the throne." He was thanked for his advice, and, what is more, it was followed. D'Aubigné is not the only writer who taxes Henry with ingratitude to his adherents, but his ingratitude arose not from any badness of heart, but from the coarseness of his disposition, which made him careless about wounding feelings that were finer than his own. For d'Aubigné, rough though he was in speech and manner, had peculiarly susceptible and delicate feelings. He had, moreover, a strong appreciation of his own merits and services:

It is a common thing to speak of a king as fortunate in his ministers, or of the leader of an enterprise as being

fortunate in his lieutenants; but it will generally be found that the cause of this so-called good fortune is first the worth of the leader which brings men of equal worth about him, and secondly his insight into character which enables him to make the best use of their services. But be this how it may, it is certain that in Henry of Navarre's camp were to be found men of the highest character and ability. There was Maximilien de Bethune, Baron de Rosny, better known by his later title of Duc de Sully, who from the day when as a boy he was presented to Henry by his father, never left his side either in the council-chamber or on the field of battle. There was François de la Noue, surnamed *Bras de Fer*, the Huguenot Bayard, as ready with his pen as with his sword, whom Montaigne rightly puts among the most distinguished men of his day. There was Duplessis-Mornay, "the Pope of the Huguenots"; there was Crillon, whom his master called *le brave des braves*; and there was Lesdiguières, the hero of Dauphiné, of whom Queen Elizabeth said that if there were two Lesdiguières, she should beg one of the King of France.

Such were the men with whom d'Aubigné was now associated as one of the King of Navarre's most trusted servants. During the next thirteen years there are not many remarkable incidents to note in his career. At first Fervacques's persistent attempts to assassinate him were his chief trial. He had other enemies too about Henry's person, who did all they could to discredit him, and on one occasion he nearly died of wounds received in a duel which he fought to vindicate his honour against their attacks. He was also wounded several times in the various skirmishes, sieges, and sallies in which he took part, for whenever there was any dangerous work to be done it was always d'Aubigné who undertook it.

After ten years of this perpetual fighting the wounds and hard work told their tale, and he had a serious

illness which kept him to his bed for four months. Before he was well recovered he heard rumours of an approaching battle. He instantly left his bed, got together a small troop of soldiers, and making his way with great difficulty across the country joined the Huguenot forces in time to share the glory of their victory at Coutras (1587). The year before this he had had a narrow escape. Having made himself master of the island of Oleron, off La Rochelle, he held it for some time against the Catholic troops who were sent to retake it, but at last after several days of hand-to-hand fighting, in which he always led his soldiers in his shirt, he was overpowered by numbers and taken prisoner. St. Luc, the Catholic captain, one of Henry the Third's *mignons*, promised him his life and allowed him to go on *parole* to La Rochelle on condition that he would return the following day. But receiving orders the next morning from the King to send d'Aubigné to Paris to be put to death, he sent a secret message to him not to come back. D'Aubigné, with a sense of honour which went far beyond that of Regulus, would not accept the release of his *parole* without actually touching the hand which he had clasped when he gave it. He returned at once to St. Luc, who received him with tears. Fortunately just at this time a Catholic of some note was taken prisoner by the Huguenots, and an exchange was effected. On recovering his liberty, d'Aubigné was disgusted to learn that during his captivity the island had been sold by the King of Navarre to the Catholics. This ingratitude, as it seemed to him, on the part of his master, made him entertain serious thoughts of quitting his service; but Henry was bound up with the Huguenot cause, and to desert one was to desert the other. So with characteristic energy d'Aubigné set himself down to a diligent study of the Catholic controversialists, to see if he could find, as he expresses it, a "crumb of

salvation" in the Roman religion. One of the writers whom he consulted was our countryman, the Jesuit Campan, who had been hanged at Tyburn five years before; but he found him more eloquent than convincing. The celebrated Cardinal Bellarmine made at first a much greater impression on him, but the result of a careful study of such of his works as were then published was that he became a more confirmed Protestant than ever.

The only other incident to be noted in this period is his marriage in 1583 to Suzanne de Lzay, with whom six years before he had fallen violently in love on seeing her at a window as he rode one day into the town of St. Gelais. His married life seems to have been thoroughly happy, though his wife must have had many an anxious moment, and can have enjoyed but little of his society. In 1588, however, d'Aubigné, being, as he says, *trop las de courir*, constituted himself governor of Maillezais, a fortress near La Rochelle which he had taken. His master by no means approved of his retirement, but d'Aubigné having for more than twenty years never had four consecutive days' holiday, except when prevented by wounds or sickness from military work, thought himself entitled to some rest and refused to give up his governorship. It does not appear, however, that he was any the less active for the cause in consequence.

The following story is too characteristic of both Henry and d'Aubigné to be passed over. One night shortly before the taking of Maillezais, while d'Aubigné, as was apparently his custom, was sleeping with M. de la Force in a room opening out of Henry's bedroom, he said to his companion, "La Force, our master is a skinflint and the most ungrateful man on the face of the earth." La Force, who was half asleep did not hear, and muttered "What do you say, d'Aubigné?" upon which the King, who was noted for his quickness of hearing, quietly said, "He says I am a skinflint and the

most ungrateful man on the face of the earth." D'Aubigné felt rather sheepish, but Henry was not in the least annoyed. The story is unfortunately not quite authentic, for it is only given in the notes of the early editions of the Memoirs and does not appear in the manuscript. But in his history d'Aubigné relates a similar story in which when his bedfellow did not hear his remark, the King chimed in with "How deaf you are, don't you hear that he says I want to marry my sister to several brothers-in-law at once?" "Go to sleep," coolly replied d'Aubigné, "we have plenty more things to say about you."

From the time when Henry became King of France the Memoirs become less detailed. The death of Henry the Third left his successor in a very difficult position, for the Leaguers refused to recognise him as King, and even the moderate Catholics were very averse to see a Protestant on the throne. D'Aubigné eloquently and forcibly advised him to stand to his colours, to trust to his old companions and to rally round him those Catholics that were for King rather than for Pope. Henry for a time followed his advice, and in most of the battles and sieges which marked the course of the struggle between him and the League, between France and Spain, between toleration and bigotry, d'Aubigné took a prominent part.

In 1590 he had the misfortune to lose his wife, and for three years afterwards, he tells us, he did not pass a single night without weeping. Henry's conversion to the Catholic religion (1593) considerably estranged him from his old servant, who loved the cause even better than the man with whom it had been so long identified, and who from this time forward devoted himself to redressing the grievances of his Protestant brethren. Soon after Jean Chastel's attempt to assassinate the King (1594), d'Aubigné after a considerable absence reappeared at Court. "Voilà Monsieur Monseigneur d'Aubigné," he heard the King say as

he stood in the courtyard waiting for the royal carriage to drive in. The "Monsieur monseigneur" augured a cold reception, but the King embraced him warmly, and bade Gabrielle d'Estrées do the same. Presently the King showed him the mark on his lip which Chastel had made. "Sire," said d'Aubigné, "you have as yet only renounced God with your lips, and He has been satisfied with piercing your lips, but when you renounce Him with your heart, it is your heart that He will pierce." "Noble words," exclaimed Gabrielle, "but out of place." "Yes," said d'Aubigné, "for they are of no use."

As a proof that he had not lost Henry's confidence, the king of the League, Cardinal de Bourbon, was entrusted to his keeping at Maillezais. Some one alleged d'Aubigné's unruliness and discontent as an objection. "D'Aubigné's word," said the King, "will be enough to prevent any fear on that score." The sequel showed that the King was right. For on the Duchesse de Retz sending a messenger to him with an alternative bribe of two hundred thousand ducats, or one hundred and fifty thousand crowns with the governership of Belle Isle, d'Aubigné's verbal answer was, "The second offer is the better one, for it would enable me to eat in peace and safety the bread of my treason; but as my conscience follows me so closely that it would embark with me when I sailed for Belle Isle, you can go back with the assurance that had I not given you my word, I would send you to the King."

In 1598, d'Aubigné's efforts in favour of his co-religionists were rewarded by the Edict of Nantes. It was a strange irony of fate that its revocation by the grandson of the man who passed it should have been partly owing to the influence of the grand-daughter of the man to whose importunities its passing was largely due. But so it was; François d'Aubigné, Mme. de Maintenon, was Agrippa d'Aubigné's grand-daughter.

During the last years of the King's

life, he grew gradually more and more out of favour. According to his own account his friendship with De la Trémouille, Duc de Thouars, whom Henry especially disliked, was the main cause. But doubtless age and discontent, and the feeling that his long services had met with little or no reward, had neither softened his temper nor made his manners more courtier-like. It is therefore hardly to be wondered at if the stern, virtuous, grumbling old Huguenot had become somewhat distasteful to a sovereign who still spent in gay pleasure such moments as he could snatch from the prosecution of world-wide schemes. But it is satisfactory to find that before his death he took d'Aubigné again into favour, and even talked of sending him as an ambassador to Germany, an act which, considering d'Aubigné's undiplomatic freedom of speech, must inevitably have resulted in what Henry most desired, a speedy war. The King however changed his mind, and, instead, related to him in detail his grand scheme for destroying the power of the House of Austria.¹ D'Aubigné snorted like a war-horse at the prospect of this mighty undertaking, and begged that, in his quality of vice-admiral of Saintonge and Poitou, he might be allowed to take part in it by making a descent on Spain. But Henry's plans, which might have changed the whole course of European history, were suddenly cast to the winds by an assassin's knife.

With Henry's death the last link of d'Aubigné's allegiance to his Catholic rulers was broken, and from this time forth he identified himself more closely with the malcontents at La Rochelle. On Condé's revolt breaking out he became his quarter-master-general, but

the war was soon ended by the treaty of Loudun (1616), which d'Aubigné bitterly characterises as *une foire publique d'une générale lâcheté, d'une particulière infidélité*. Soon afterwards Condé seeing d'Aubigné in the distance shouted to him, "Go home to Doignon." "Good-bye," said d'Aubigné, "go to the Bastille." And to the Bastille Condé in fact went, and passed three years there, while d'Aubigné consoled himself with the completion of his great work "*Les Tragiques*" which he had begun nearly forty years before. It was published with the strange title, "*Les Tragiques donné au public par le larcin de Prométhée (au Desert, 1616)*." Not long afterwards he sold his two fortresses of Doignon and Maillezais, which somehow or other seem to have become his private property, to the Huguenot Government at La Rochelle, and retired to St. Jean d'Angely, where he published at his own expense his "*Histoire Universelle*", and accounted it a great honour that it was condemned and burnt by the Royal College at Paris.

But he no longer felt himself at ease or even safe in France. He was an object of suspicion to the Government, and his own friends at La Rochelle showed him scant courtesy. He therefore determined to spend the remainder of his days at Geneva. Here, in recognition of his long and faithful services to the Protestant cause, he was received with every mark of honour. The mayor came in state to call upon him, took him to church and put him in the ex-mayor's seat, the seat appropriated to princes and royal ambassadors, and finally crowned his hospitality by giving a public dinner in his honour. But the French Government did not leave him in peace even at Geneva, where he was as active in the Protestant cause as ever, and great efforts were made to induce the Genevese to dislodge him. Accordingly for better security he built himself a house in the neighbourhood, and during the building had once more a narrow escape of his life. While

¹ It is unfortunate that D'Aubigné has given no particulars of this Grand Design, as it is called, which has so much exercised historians; but the little he says tends to confirm the view now generally taken of it, that the main object of it was merely the humiliation of the house of Austria, and not, as Sully says in his *Memoirs*, the remodelling of the whole of Europe.

standing on the fifth story of the scaffolding, superintending the operations—he was turned seventy—he suddenly fell, but catching hold of a newly-laid stone, and therefore anything but firmly fixed, he hung by one hand, two pointed spikes waiting to receive him below, till assistance came. “It pleased God,” he plaintively adds, “to leave me at no time and in no place free from danger.” In the same year he was condemned to death by the French Government for having used some stones of a dismantled church for his house. He was then engaged to be married to a widow, and it struck him that the way in which she received the news of his condemnation would be an excellent test of her courage and worth. So he promptly told her, and received this gratifying answer, “I am happy to share with you in God’s quarrel; what God hath joined together, no man shall put asunder.” The marriage took place in the following year.

There is not much more to relate. To Englishmen it will be interesting to hear that the old man at the age of seventy-two was nearly making a journey to England in company with James Hay, Lord Carlisle, James the First’s magnificent favourite; but he was stopped by a rumour that Geneva was likely to be besieged, and to be absent in a time of danger was wholly contrary to his principles. His latter days were embittered by the conduct of his son Constant. Gifted with many of his father’s talents and educated by the first professors in France, whose services were obtained by giving them double the ordinary pay, he might have achieved honourable distinction. But he took to drinking and gambling, married a woman of low condition and then killed her, and finally completed his father’s mortification by becoming a Catholic. His celebrated daughter, Françoise, was born in the *conciergerie* of the prison of Noirt, where he happened to be residing for a season at his country’s expense.

It was apparently in 1628, after the taking of La Rochelle, that d’Aubigné wrote his memoirs, and two years afterwards, on May 9th (Ascension Day), 1630, after a fortnight’s illness, retaining his consciousness almost to the last, and with the praise of God on his lips, he went to his long rest. His widow’s letters testify how tenderly she loved him and how sincerely she mourned him. He left three legitimate children, Constant and two daughters, and an illegitimate son named Nathan, the ancestor of the family of Merle d’Aubigné. This Nathan was the son of one Jacqueline Chayer, with whom d’Aubigné lived for a short time after the death of his first wife. In his will he expresses great repentance for his sin, and says that he had called his son Nathan after the prophet who censured King David.

The first thing that strikes one in d’Aubigné’s character is his ceaseless, untiring energy. From the time when at four years old he began his studies to almost the very end of his long life he was never for a moment idle. When he is not fighting, he is writing; when he is not planning an enterprise, he is planning a house. The numerous hairbreadth escapes which he had from death by fever, from death in battle, from death by assassination, from death by the public hangman, make his life one long romance. Most faithfully did he carry out his father’s injunctions not to spare his head in the Protestant cause. His bravery, his utter carelessness of his own person, amounted at times, as he himself admits, to temerity. It may be the duty of a commander to encourage his men by being foremost in every danger, but no possible advantage can arise from his fighting in his shirt. Not a few of d’Aubigné’s actions savoured not so much of the cool courage of a grown-up man, as of the bravado of a boy who courts danger merely from the love of excitement and applause. But d’Aubigné’s faults are all on the surface. Foolhardy, if you please, obstinate, self-confident,

arbitrary, rough in speech and manner, he was at heart chivalrous, loyal, honourable, full of warm and tender feeling. In the life he led, the life of a soldier in a war that was at once domestic and religious, and in an age inferior to none in dissoluteness, he must have been the daily witness of every sort of excess, and he did not escape untainted from the contact. But amid the dark assassins, the cynical debauchees, the effeminate voluptuaries, the careless pleasure-seekers that crowd the canvas of the Wars of Religion, the noble figure of the old Huguenot stands forth in pleasing contrast. Sainte-Beuve says of him that he was a type of his age, and to a certain extent this is true. In his restlessness and energy, in his thirst after learning, in his varied acquirements, in his indifference to personal danger he was a true son of the Renaissance; but the sterner and purer morality which he had learnt from the Protestant religion makes him rather resemble one of the heroes of an earlier generation, of an age when chivalry still reigned in the land, when valour had not degenerated into ferocity, nor the love of woman into sensual lust.

His name is not unworthy to stand beside those of the many distinguished Protestants who in the sixteenth century did so much to raise France to greatness, beside those of Jean Goujon, Bernard Palissy, Ambroise Paré, the Estiennes, and Ramus. And it must be remembered that it is not as a mere soldier, as Mark Pattison contemptuously calls him, that d'Aubigné is honoured in France at the present day, but as a man of letters, as the author of "*Les Tragiques*." The Me-

moirs from which I have taken the foregoing account of his life are characterised by Michelet as *le plus beau livre du temps*, and though this praise is perhaps excessive, it is in the right direction. There is an atmosphere of manly sincerity and single-heartedness about them that makes one's heart expand to the writer. No doubt an old man of seventy-five, writing probably from recollection, is not always accurate in his statements, and it is not inconsistent with d'Aubigné's character that he should a little magnify some of his exploits, but it is impossible to help feeling that in the main his statements are true. There may be inaccuracies with regard to matters of detail, such as dates and the names of places, but the general tone of the narrative is truthful. That it was not written for the world is shown by the preface, in which d'Aubigné enjoins his children not to allow more than two copies of the work to be made, and to keep them in the family. This injunction was for a time faithfully kept, but in the year 1729 the Memoirs were published, under the title of "*Histoire Secrète*", at Cologne. This edition, however, in the true taste of the eighteenth century, was modernized by the editor, and another which appeared in 1731 at the Hague fared still worse. In 1851 M. Lalanne found in the Library of the Louvre a manuscript of the Memoirs which had belonged to Mme. Maintenon; and having satisfied himself on investigation that it was an accurate copy of the original, which is still in existence at Geneva, he printed from it the first authentic edition.

ARTHUR TILLEY.

HOME-RULE FOR INDIA.

ACCORDING to Megasthenes, as quoted by Strabo, the bulk of the population of India are husbandmen. "They never resort to the town either to take part in its tumults, or for any other purpose. It therefore not infrequently happens that at the same time and in the same part of the country you may behold men fighting at the risk of their lives, while other men close at hand are ploughing and digging in perfect safety." This description was written centuries ago, but it embodies one leading truth which holds good to this day. The bulk of the population is still engaged in husbandry; and it may still be asserted with confidence that the masses in India are profoundly indifferent to everything that does not immediately concern the cultivation of the soil, the simplest problems of domestic economy, and the worship of rural duties. The Government, as owner of the soil, takes and has taken from time immemorial its share of the produce; beyond that, the average Indian has no knowledge of politics. And while we are dealing with generalities, there is another point that may be noticed. Notwithstanding all the efforts made and the money spent in the hope of educating the people of India, and of inculcating the principles of European civilization and culture, the intellectual development of the country, looked at broadly, remains very much what it was in the days of Megasthenes. If knowledge means book-learning and a capacity to understand things as we understand them, the natives of India are still steeped in ignorance. The total population may be put at two hundred millions; less than four millions are under instruction; and of this number ninety-four per cent. are only learning to read and write in the vernacular, and to practise the simplest rules of arithmetic.

But this is a general statement. Let us try to get an idea of the Indian villager's life in a particular locality. It has been described by a writer who knows it well as one of unrelenting toil. He rises before daybreak, and after a few mouthfuls of stale bread, is off to the fields to work. At eight o'clock his wife or child brings him a stale bread-cake and a bowl of butter-milk. The work goes on steadily till noon, when he gets a good meal of more bread-cake and a little boiled pulse. In the cold weather he eats this in the field, only coming home for it in the hot season. In any case the work is resumed, and must go on till evening, when, after feeding his cattle, he can sit down to a well-earned dinner in the mud hut. After that he will go out to smoke and chat in the "common house" of the village, or under the *bar* tree outside. His womankind have also been hard at work all day; grinding corn, cooking, cleaning the house, and spinning. The boys of the family, as soon as they are old enough, are taken to the fields to tend the cattle; and in the evening play rounders and hide-and-seek. The monotony of the daily round is only relieved by the gaiety of the periodical fair or the occasional wedding; or when the season comes for sugar-pressing, and every one walks about with a yard of sugar-cane in his mouth. The villager in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is utterly uneducated. Some of the headmen can read and write, but the rest are as innocent of letters as a South Sea islander. Even when there is a school in or near the village, it is difficult for the farmer to send his son to learn. Apart from the interruption to agricultural duties, it would make the boy, his father thinks, discontented with his lot in life, and unfitted for it.

Mr. Denzil Ibbetson, from whose "Kurnaul Settlement Report" I have borrowed this picture of rural life in a Punjab district, confesses, as every Englishman must who knows the people, to a warm liking for the Jât husbandman. With all his monotonous toil, he is often exceedingly intelligent, considering his opportunities. He is hospitable, and he likes a joke, when the point is broad enough for him to perceive it. His wants are simple. "Let me see ten good oxen, and ten *maunds* of grain, a grey buffalo's milk, and sugar to sweeten it—God grant me this much, and I will not grumble." His loyalty is beyond all question, for he well remembers the anarchy that preceded our rule. Not that our administration is faultless in his eyes; he has indeed two grave objections to urge against it. He bitterly complains of the native judges whom we set over him. Since their authority has been extended, he says, "everything has begun to grow dark." He also affirms that the British Government is no respecter of persons. We do not maintain the prestige of his village elders. Matters have come, he will vow, to such a pass that a headman now cannot even box the village watchman's ears without being dragged before a magistrate, and perhaps fined.

Any number of pictures of Indian country life might be drawn; all differing no doubt in detail, but all suggesting the same general impression, that we have to do with a simple-minded rustic,

*Qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis.*

He it is who by his industry furnishes the State with its revenues; and it is mainly on his behalf that the British administration of India is organized; to protect him against external foes and internal commotion, from the violence of lawless men, from plague and famine, and to enable him to enjoy the fruits of his toil in peace and security. Nor have our efforts

been wholly in vain. Take the Punjab before annexation. In those days every village was really little else than a fort, built on some high ground so as to overlook the country for miles on every side. A neighbour was an enemy. No man could consider either his horse or his wife his own, unless he was strong enough to defend them; for although, as Sir Lepel Griffin says, the Sikh leaders were best pleased at spoiling the Mohammedans, or looting an imperial convoy, they were robbers first and patriots afterwards, and plundered with strict impartiality. Men in those days ploughed the glebe with matchlocks by their side. Some faint idea of the difference between British and native administration might be gathered from what goes on in the native States. Speaking of the Mahratta principalities of Central India, Sir Lepel Griffin writes that the peasants are little better than serfs. Torture is a recognized part of the judicial and police system. Taxation is double, treble, and sometimes fourfold what it is in British India. Sir John Strachey, when in India, was once entrusted with the duty of transferring a number of villages which for many years had been under British administration to one of the best governed of the native States. "I shall never forget", he says, in his book on India, "the loud and universal protest of the people against the cruel injustice with which they considered they were being treated."

But a movement is now on foot in India, and is trying to win support in England, in favour of a policy altogether incompatible with the objects hitherto aimed at by the British Government of our great Asiatic empire. If we are to believe the vain clamour of the National Congress, flagrant injustice is being done to the Queen's Indian subjects; their righteous claims are persistently ignored, and the indifference of the local authorities compels them to appeal to public opinion in England. This is the meaning of the yearly meetings held

at Calcutta, Madras, and Allahabad, and of the busy agitation of the agents of the Congress in London. That this movement is regarded with anxiety by those best able to judge may be inferred from the unusual pains taken by eminent authorities to dispute its methods and to make light of its plans for national regeneration. Sir Auckland Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces and Oudh—and even better known perhaps to English readers for his work in Egypt—has permitted the publication of a long and weighty letter addressed to a prominent supporter of the Congress; while on the eve of his departure from India Lord Dufferin, who had so far studiously ignored the agitation, spoke freely and boldly of it, and declared in so many words that its demands could never be granted.

Reduced to simple language, the argument of the National Congress is that India wants Home-Rule or something like it; that the Indians are a nation capable of governing themselves, and that the time has come for England to think of bestowing the gift which we have taught India to expect. In the course of his adventurous journey through Central Asia, Lieutenant Younghusband, of the King's Dragoon Guards, had an excellent opportunity for discovering what ordinary Asiatics think of our rule in India. Merchants and pilgrims from all parts of the East visit Kashgar and Yarkund. Many of them have travelled through British India, through the independent States of Afghanistan and Persia, through Russian Turkestan, and through the outer provinces of the Chinese Empire. The very general opinion of these men—not imparted to Mr. Younghusband as a delicate compliment, but noised abroad everywhere in the bazaars—is that the English are the only people in the world who really know how to govern a country. They make roads, railways and canals, build schools and hospitals, and see to the welfare of the people: "Every one does what he

likes and goes where he likes without let or hindrance." This is valuable testimony. Our system of rule is here judged according to an Oriental standard of perfection, and the verdict is entirely in our favour. The men who gave it, indeed, had not been educated in our schools, and their vocation led them to regard the absence of restrictions on trade, the facilities of communication by road and railway, and the apparent prosperity of the buying classes, as far higher blessings than political liberty or intellectual development. At the same time the philosophy of these travelling merchants is that of Asiatics generally. Much the same views have always been held in the East, saving at exceptional seasons. But how far is the present time exceptional? Speaking of India alone, there have no doubt been periodical awakenings, and we may be witnessing one now. Sir George Birdwood the other day was pointing out how the ancient trade with Mesopotamia and Egypt gradually undermined the caste system of Brahmanic India, and substituted Buddhism for Brahmanism. This was an awakening. The Mongol conquest was another. The influence of England is beginning once more to rouse the slumbering East. Yet the doubt is in the first place whether any advance has been made towards infecting more than the very smallest proportion of the population with our ideas of national progress, and whether the only class which is learning the lesson with any alacrity is learning it aright and as we should wish it to be taught. Is the policy again of the British Government chiefly to aim at satisfying the aspirations of the Anglicised class, in the hope that the leaven will gradually spread to the remainder? Or will the untaught millions who do not send delegates to a National Congress, who do not write or even read the newspapers, who never heard of Mr. Bradlaugh and the House of Commons,

Who till the soil,
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with
enduring toil,

and pay the revenue—will the masses still require so much of our energy to provide for their welfare and to keep them secure from foreign and internal danger, that we can have little time to spend on attempts to acclimatise European liberties in India? Lastly, will India as a nation substitute, for the old Asiatic standard of prosperity by which the merchants and pilgrims in Eastern Turkestan judged our rule, a new standard more in accordance with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century in England?

It is certainly advisable that Englishmen should know what this educated or Anglicised Indian really is, and what he wants. As one of the Oriental products of the age, he is in many ways a very interesting study. The best, most polished specimens are met with in London. Intellectually they seem quite able to hold their own. They talk well, and are often better acquainted with European, or at any rate English, literature than is the average Englishman. One can hardly help suspecting, however, that their culture partakes rather of the nature of a veneer. It enables them to talk fluently and speciously of the glorious results to be looked for when representative government is established in the East, and when English institutions (including the ballot, the caucus, and the sweating-system) are exported wholesale to India. But there is often very little beneath the surface of their intellectual acquirements. Only rare instances can be quoted of educated Indians who have applied the principles of Western research to the study of their own history, philosophy, or religion. The only good books of the day on India are still written by Englishmen or by Germans; and no Indian has ever published anything to be named in the same breath with Sir Henry Maine's "Village Communities", or Sir Alfred Lyall's "Asiatic Studies". Even if we wholly accept the Chinese notion that the qualities of a ruler are best ascertained by literary tests, we must surely feel

some diffidence at the want of anything to prove intellectual capacity of a high order in the educated Indian. Displaying as it does so little that is new in its mental reflections, his borrowed energy is unlikely to prove more productive in public life, which, after all, requires action not less than eloquence.

Let us, however, take the educated Indian at his own valuation, and see what he wants and look for. We may forget for the moment the uneducated masses and listen to the demand made by this new type of Asiatic. He professes to regard political liberty, with a leading place in the administration of the country, as more desirable than the passive contentment of a people protected from the dread of foreign invasion, lightly taxed, and interfered with as little as possible. Instead of the old Asiatic ideal of happiness, he would set up a new one, the ideal of educated India. Yet the Indian agitator, it should be noted, has not yet aspired to what in England is considered a full share of political liberty. This may come in time. At present what he chiefly wants is an easier admission to the Civil Service. In fact he is a place-hunter, pure and simple. He may often profess loftier aims; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he would rest perfectly satisfied with a well-paid post under the British Government. There are few educated natives who would not far sooner be commissioners of a division in a British province than Rajahs of native States. Perhaps it might be pointed out here that large portions of our Indian Empire are under purely native rule as it is; that natives already have a place in the Indian Legislative Councils, that on municipal committees and district-boards they have a powerful voice in the management or mismanagement of local affairs; and that there is nothing to prevent natives of ability rising to many high positions. The subordinate Civil Service is mostly manned by natives, and many of them are on the Bench. Those who enter the Covenanted

Civil Service by literary competition in England are eligible for any civil appointment in India. There is no limit to the number of natives who may present themselves for examination; and it is only the superior ability of the Englishman that prevents the Indian filling all the vacancies. But what the native agitator wants is that a certain proportion of Government posts should be set apart exclusively for him. He does not ask for the citizenship of the Empire. He wishes India to be declared a separate and special province, in which the employment of Englishmen should be limited, if not altogether forbidden.

The main bearings of the whole question have recently been examined by a Commission whose report is now public property. The Public Service Commission was instructed "to devise a scheme which may reasonably be hoped to possess the necessary element of finality, and to do full justice to the claims of natives of India to higher and more extensive employment in the public service." In other words, it was to study the existing machinery of administration, and to say how far European could be replaced by native regency. Nearly four hundred persons were summoned to give their evidence, and seventy more witnesses came forward of their own accord. Notices were widely circulated in each province inviting any one to give evidence if he wished; and the fact that only two hundred and forty-three non-officials gave evidence, either by special invitation or of their own accord, might suggest that the people of India generally are not so absorbed in the questions under investigation as we are sometimes given to understand. However, by the help of the evidence collected and the opinions recorded, we may form a fairly sound idea how India is governed, what modifications of the system are advisable or possible, and (which is of most consequence) how far we can listen to the demand for a more or less decided approach to Home-Rule for India.

The Government of India has become much more complicated than it used to be. New responsibilities have been incurred, new duties have been imposed, and the machinery of administration is perhaps the most elaborate piece of official mechanism that will be found anywhere. The State does everything; and does it, moreover, with a good deal of ostentation. One meets the official—or at any rate his messenger and office-box at every turn. Red-tape is universal, and almost every human interest has its special bureau. By the term Indian civilian we generally understand a member of what is usually called the Covenanted Civil Service. The Indian civilian is appointed by public competition in England. Ever since 1853 the examination has been open to "any person being a natural born subject of Her Majesty." It is thus open to every native of British India, though not to the subjects of Native States. Twelve members of the Indian Covenanted Service are natives of India who successfully competed at the open examination in London. Under the regulations, however, now in force, it is quite unlikely that natives would ever gain access to the Covenanted Service except in very small numbers. Only a few of those who come to England to compete with young Englishmen will be successful. The exceptions can be ignored; and the Covenanted Civil Service represents the purely English element in the Executive.

Not without reason the Indian civilian thinks a good deal of himself. After a severe struggle with rival competitors he has gained admission to a *corps d'élite*. He is bound to rise to positions of honour and responsibility, and may win distinction in the fulfilment of duties as arduous as any entrusted to servants of the Crown. The self-confidence and *esprit de corps* of the Indian Civil Service, its recruitment in England and the purely English tone of its traditions, would always be a guarantee for the due maintenance of the leading principles

of Western civilization which we have introduced into the country. No one therefore who believes, as most Englishmen will when they reflect on the matter, that the Government is a trust not to be idly repudiated, can view with unconcern even the discussion of measures which might injuriously affect the status of the Civil Service in the least degree. Indian Home-Rulers, however, assert that the time is at hand when India will be ruled by Indians; and that by way of preparing for this millennium we should take steps not merely to throw open a certain number of appointments to Indians, but to exclude Europeans from them. Advanced native thinkers, as they style themselves, explain how this is to be done. A third, or a tenth, or some fixed proportion of the vacancies in the Indian Civil Service now competed for in London, might be reserved for natives of India, who should be allowed the exclusive right of contesting them; and if possible the native examination should be held in India.

Of course, considering the education we have given them, it was only to be expected that representatives of the more pliable races would come forward sooner or later with crude political theories bound to be either dangerous or absurd. Before now promoters of popular instruction have been disconcerted at the crop that springs from a broadcast sowing of dragons' teeth. But it is not the political precocity of young Bengal by itself which the Indian Government would find it difficult to deal with. The encouragement and support given in England to these budding revolutionists is the real danger. For they not only find adherents amongst people whose interest

in India varies directly with their want of knowledge; but what is more surprising, they command in some unaccountable way the sympathy of one or two observers who have had ample opportunities of forming a sound opinion.

A detailed examination of the resolutions passed at the Congress lately held at Allahabad would fill volumes. Enough has been said perhaps of the chief demand they make—namely, that places should be found for the educated Indian in the Civil Service to the exclusion of a better qualified Englishman. But it is the means by which Indian reformers seek to promulgate their creed that requires most careful attention. The promoters of the Congress, to whose orations we are invited to lend a respectful ear, are busily circulating among the common people tracts and pamphlets which can only be described as an undisguised incitement to sedition. In these compositions English rule and English officials are plainly held up to execration; and the natives of India are insidiously advised that force may obtain what is denied to merit. Members of Parliament and all public writers and speakers in England who desire to comprehend the matter should enquire by whom and how the agitation is conducted. Limited as it may be now to a narrow class, this agitation may expand, if not properly dealt with, into a movement fraught with the greatest danger. The troubles which might one day threaten India from the outside are not so remote that we can afford to miscalculate or neglect the possibility of internal commotion.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

VOLTERRA.

THE approach to the ancient Etruscan city is very fine, its towers and walls standing out sharply in crescent shape against the sky, with the queer mass of Monte Nero rising sheer out of the plain close by. The whole country looks as though it had been tossed and tumbled about without rhyme or reason, and I wondered whether Martin had ever been here, as his quaint picture of "The Plains of Heaven" is curiously like this savage, grand, lonely landscape. The hill seemed endless as our horses toiled up the well-made road, and at length deposited us at the Albergo Nazionale, whose hostess was sadly disconcerted at our arrival, as all her best rooms had been ordered for the next day—rooms, as she informed us with pride, inhabited by the young princes of Aosta not long since. The theatre, too, was open, and had attracted many people from the country round.

Some of the mediæval writers gravely assert that Volterra owes its foundation to Noah, who, having settled Shem in Asia and Ham in Africa, one hundred years after the deluge set sail for Europe with Japhet, and landed in Italy, where, on the top of a high hill, answering to Volterra, he raised an altar to God. Others say that a grand-nephew of Noah, named Vul, was the real founder, whence comes the name *terra di Vul*, land of Vul. Some again resolve it into *Vola Tyrrhenorum*, or land of the Etruscans; but Dennis and other competent authorities regard Volaterræ as merely the Latinised form of the Etruscan name Velathri; the syllable *Vel* or *Vul* being frequently found in Etruscan names, as Velsina, Vulci, Velimnas, &c.; and the rest of the word *atri* appears, according to the above-mentioned writer, to have some analogy with *hat* or *hatkri*, found on the coins

of Hatria, the Etruscan town which gave its name to the Adriatic, and to the *atrium*, or court, of Roman houses. Cramer and Millengen both infer from this analogy that Volterra was founded by the Tyrrhene-Pelasgi, when they left the shores of the Adriatic to settle in the land of the Umbri.

There is small doubt that Velathri was one of the twelve great Etruscan cities, but her early history is as little known as that of her inhabitants, those mysterious, highly-civilised people called Tyrrheni by the Greeks and Etrusci by the Romans, whose language has been wiped out like writing off a slate, and is one of the enigmas still awaiting a solution. One can only gaze with wonder at the colossal walls,

Piled by the hands of giants
For god-like kings of old,

and at the cinerary urns which are dug up every day within the boundary of the ancient city, some of them sculptured with figures of rare grace and beauty.

The Piazza Maggiore, once called dell' Olmo, from a gigantic elm-tree which grew where now stands the Palazzo Pubblico, built in 1256, is picturesque enough. Two *marzocchi*, or Florentine lions, guard the entrance of the palace, recalling the days when Volterra succumbed to the power and wiles of the Republic, and armorial shields of the various Podestas, some in della Robbia ware, with the usual garland of fruit and flowers, decorate the front. If the stones of the old Piazza could only speak, what tales of blood and daring, of treachery and self-sacrifice, they would tell! It was here that Bocchino Belforti was beheaded on the tenth of October, 1361. His father, Ottaviano, head of the Guelph party and a descendant of the

richest and most powerful family of Volterra, in 1339 rebelled against the bishop, a Ghibelline, and turned him and his adherents out of the city, burning and plundering their castles and possessions. He became absolute master of Volterra, and entered into a league with the Florentines, whom he supplied with money and men for their wars. In 1342 he sold his native town to the infamous Duke of Athens, managing to retain the good graces both of the citizens and the tyrant. The Florentines having proved themselves hard masters, Giusto Landini, a *popolano* (son of the people), raised the city against them in 1429. Clever, handsome, and courageous, Landini sent ambassadors to Siena and Lucca to ask for help, but with small success. Nothing daunted, he trained the people of Volterra, and prepared for a desperate resistance against Palla Strozzi and Rinaldo degli Albizzi, who were marching against the city, when the nobles, jealous of his popularity and power, asked him to come and confer with the priors and council in the Palazzo Pubblico. Little dreaming of treachery, Giusto went unattended, and, no sooner had he put his foot over the threshold of the council-room than twenty daggers were drawn against him. Two of his cowardly assailants fell, but he was overpowered, and, mortally wounded, was thrown out of the centre window on to the pavement below. The death of the gallant young Landini was instantly communicated to the Florentine army, who marched into the city, imposed heavy fines on her citizens, forced them to build Il Cavaliere, a new fortress close to the old one, and deprived them of the privilege of electing their Podestà.

The Palazzo del Podestà, now the Prefecture and seat of the tribunal, was bought by the town of Volterra in 1223 for one hundred Volterrean *lire*, from Giuseppe and Lottarigo de' Topi; and in the walls of the tower are still two ancient stones on which a mouse is rudely sculptured, so

rudely that the lower one is exactly like a huge pig. In old times the prisons were here, and from the chapel, where the wretched criminal passed his last hours, a trap-door let his body fall into a subterranean room. It was from this tower that Giovanni Inghirami let himself down by a rope, amid the jeers of the populace, in 1472. Paolo Inghirami and Bernardo Riccoboldi, of Volterra, with a Siennese and three Florentines, had bought the right of excavating alum from the commune of Volterra, whose interests were said to have been entirely neglected by the secretary. Public opinion ran high, and at length the matter was referred to the arbitration of Lorenzo de' Medici, who decided in favour of the lessees. Paolo Inghirami, surnamed Pecorino, returned from Florence, and one Sunday morning, coming out of the Duomo, "with a most superb air," says an old chronicler, "he being a tall and handsome man, with very bushy and arched eyebrows, one Guasparri, having with him a dozen or more of those we call Lombards, tall men, as straight as their own pine-trees and fairer than women, walked up and down insolently on the Piazza. It being known that this Guasparri was in league with the enemies of the house of Inghirami, Paolo determined to take horse and retire to his country place. But, alas! his evil fortune decided that other counsels should prevail, and he walked with most proud bearing into the Palazzo del Podestà, whence he sent to summon his adherents and servants. Now was the turn of Mancino degl' Incontri, his sworn enemy! On a sudden, a thousand voices cried, 'To arms!' and in a few seconds the city was in a tumult, the great bell from the tower of the communal palace tolled ominously and filled all souls with terror. Night put an end to this, but fires blazed in the streets, and you may well conceive that sleep fled the city. Next morning, burghers, and peasants curiously armed, ran furiously up and down, crying with threatening voices for 'Il Pecorino.' He, who was no

coward, hearing these loud voices, yet began to quail; and those who tried to preach peace were most evilly treated. The Podestà, not knowing what to do, at last signified that he would give up Paolo, on condition that his life should be spared. Ferocious cries replied that no conditions would be given, and on a sudden the crowd forced the door of the palace and broke in. Romeo Barlettani, who of a truth was an excellent peace-loving man, put himself forward to try and stop the people, and might have succeeded, but that a burgher, who owed him much money, knocked him on the head, when his body was thrown out of a window on to the crowd beneath. Paolo Inghirami, hearing the crash of the falling doors, rushed down dark steps into a small room which served as a prison, but being soon discovered, defended himself with much desperation, running several of his assailants through the body. They hesitated, when a most villainous and ferocious idea seized them, and in the twinkling of an eye sulphur and such-like stuff was procured, and a large fire kindled at the door of the prison. Paolo fell dead, and his fine body was hurled from the top of the tower into the Piazza. Giovanni, his younger brother, having taken refuge on the very summit, was made a butt for the arrows of the multitude; but being satiated by the blood already shed, the people gave him his life, and let him down by a rope from the high tower, as though for a show and amusement."

The old chronicle goes on to describe the anger of Lorenzo de' Medici, and the determination of the Florentines to punish the people of Volterra. Duke Frederick of Montefeltro and Urbino was their general, and outside the gate of Selci, to the east of the city, he gained a decided victory on the Poggio delle Croci, so-called from the many crosses erected over the graves. To this day no plough has ever turned over the earth, soddened with the best blood of Volterra.

Internal dissensions and the treachery of their Venetian and Milanese auxiliaries betrayed the city, after a forty days' siege, into the hands of their assailants, who promised to refrain from plundering and ill-treating the inhabitants. How ill this promise was kept can be read in the history of those turbulent times; excesses only ceased, says an old writer, when a ribald soldier dared to rob God himself, seizing the holy vessel in the ciborium on the altar of the cathedral. At that moment a violent earthquake shook the whole city and did not cease until the terror-stricken thief had deposited his spoil on the altar, when he staggered out of the church like a drunken man, and threw himself headlong down the precipice near by. "Let all the enemies of God perish thus," piously ejaculates the narrator.

In order to secure their hold on Volterra, the Florentines ordered the destruction of the church of St. Peter and of the episcopal palace, which interfered with their erection of the fortress, still called *La Rocca Nuova*, a quadrangular building, in the centre of whose walls rises the tower, *Il Mastio*, which dominates Volterra, and was once celebrated as a State prison. The view from the top of *Il Mastio* is extraordinary: to the north the white villas of Nice can be seen on a clear day, and the curved shores of Genoa and Spezia; while the Maremma (where, according to the proverb, you get rich in a year and die in six months) stretches its rolling woods and green swamps for miles and miles towards the south.

Out of the bright sun one descends into those terrible dungeons, the lower ones only receiving air through a tube in the walls of enormous thickness. In these cells, so small that you can hardly turn round in them, many wretched victims passed years of anguish. Giovanni and Galeotto de' Pazzi, two young scions of the Florentine family who headed the revolt against Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici, were the first inmates. The

last Gonfaloniere of Florence, Raffaello Girolami, spent many years in one of them, and Vincenzo Martelli ended his life in the Mastio for inditing a sonnet against Alessandro de' Medici. Among other well-known names we find Pandolfo Ricasoli, the famous Giovanni Bandini, and the two brothers Lorenzini, sent here by order of Cosmo the Third for corresponding with his wife, Margaret of Orleans, after she had separated from him and returned to France. In one of her letters to her husband she says, "Not one hour passes that I do not hope to hear you are hung. You, a flower of rue, God will not have you, and the devil declines your company." Lorenzo Lorenzini wrote his treatise on conic sections in prison, without the aid of any books, and had great difficulty in persuading the constable of the tower that those queer figures and lines were not magic.

Sunday morning broke grey and sullen, and the mist was driving in dense clouds from the plain beneath, giving the effect of a tossing rolling sea, as we went to high mass in the cathedral where the bishop was officiating, it being a great Saint's day.

Resplendent in crimson satin, with a white mitre on his head, and surrounded by four canons in cloth of gold, the bishop sat on his throne with closed eyes, looking profoundly bored. At his feet, on the steps of the throne, were four choristers in red silk robes, and many other clergy stood round in white surplices. The epistle and the gospel were read from the curious old pulpit in the body of the church by a canon, attended by a priest and a pretty fair-haired chorister-boy, who leant his curly pate on both hands as he put his elbows on the edge of the pulpit, and stared vacantly down on the congregation. Then the organ pealed forth, and the bishop slowly rose, leaning on a fine silver crozier, and for the first time raised his eyes. With a powerful yet musical voice he began a panegyric

on those Italians who still worshipped the mortal remains of the Saints, pointing often to the high altar where stood a life-size silver bust. "O dearly beloved," he exclaimed, "you will hardly believe me when I assure you that there are atheists in this world who call us idolaters for adoring the sacred bones of Saints and Martyrs, but what do they worship? Those heretical English come to Italy; they buy the greasy hat of Gasperone¹ for a fabulous sum, and take it back to their own country as a thing to be adored! The French, who, alas, have fallen away from their old love of our holy Church," here the bishop sighed deeply and paused, "creep on their knees to kiss the slipper of that arch-fiend Voltaire; and the Germans at Berlin, O my beloved—ah! you may well raise your eyebrows,—make pilgrimages to the cell of that unfrocked monk, Luther, whose very name is an abomination, and scrape the white-wash off the walls, preserving *that* carefully as a relic!"

The strains of Garibaldi's hymn and the shouts of *Eviva el deputato*, just outside the cathedral door, here drowned the voice of the irate prelate, whose face did not look pleasant as he wiped his brow with a red and yellow cotton handkerchief, which contrasted oddly with the splendour of his attire; and I breathed more freely when we got out of the cathedral into the fitful sunlight among the joyous crowd—laughing and joking round the musicians, whose long pheasant feathers wagged gaily to the strains they were playing.

The people of Volterra are a fine race—the girls, in particular, are handsome, with singularly long almond-shaped eyes, straight mouths, and powerful chins, quite Napoleonic in cut. They are civil and pleasant in their manner to strangers, of whom comparatively few seem to come to Volterra, to judge by the absence of beggars. We paid fivepence each

¹ A famous bandit, whose peaked hat was, I believe, bought at Rome by an Englishman.

for a stall to hear "Poliuto," at the theatre "Persius Flaccus." The orchestra was good, and the young prima donna sang charmingly and acted with feeling; but the chorus, though always in time and tune, were so funny in their dress and action, that it was impossible to look at the stage without laughing. Fashion in Italy requires that all hats should be cocked well over one ear, so the Roman Senators had put on their fillets *alla Bersagliera*, and the effect was more ludicrous than I can describe; those with curly hair looked like lop-sided cockatoos. The scenery, too, left something to be desired, as it represented mediæval Volterra, in whose narrow streets the Roman toga was rather out of place.

The museum in the Palazzo Desideri is admirably arranged, and reflects the greatest credit on the director. There are over four hundred cinerary urns or ash-chests, sometimes carved out of the local rock *panchina*, but generally of alabaster; many still bear faint traces of gilding and painting. They are rarely more than two feet in length, and the reclining figure on the lid is always more or less grotesque, particularly the body, for some of the heads are evidently faithful portraits. The Etruscan manner of marking the age of the deceased is curious: on the urn of a youth is a four-leaved single flower; middle-age is symbolised by a double sunflower with wide-open uncurved leaves; old age by the same flower, with the leaves curved backwards and drooping.

It is singular how many of the male figures make the Southern Italian sign against the evil eye. Many of them hold a *patra* in one hand, which has a hollow in the centre underneath, into which the two middle fingers are inserted, leaving the first and fourth fingers sticking straight out, and thus making the *corne* or horns. Etruscan ladies were evidently learned, as many of the female figures have an open tablet or book in one hand; the matrons have a *borchia*, a large

round ornament held by a double chain, on the breast (in the collection of jewellery is a silver one found in a tomb), and hold a pomegranate, emblem of fertility.

Some of these urns are profoundly touching, as well as beautifully executed; and three, with the subject of the Seven before Thebes, are remarkable as bearing on the old Etruscan gate of Volterra, the *Porta all' Arco*; for on one is figured the ancient gateway with its three colossal heads (now unformed masses of stone, which were thought to be lions' heads, until the discovery of this urn). The centre one, the keystone as it were, is a female head; the other two are heads of warriors. A favourite subject was the spirit on horseback with Charun in front, a huge hammer over one shoulder, and a female figure of some beauty sadly following the jaded, dejected steed. This signified that the evil deeds of the deceased outnumbered the good. When, on the contrary, the female figure precedes, the horse bears his head proudly, and steps briskly along, while Charun follows, frowning and discontented, as the spirit has escaped him. The Etruscan Charun is by no means identical with the Charon of the Greeks, for the former was not only the ferryman (being sometimes represented with an oar, or a rudder), but he was the messenger of Death, and the tormentor of the souls of the guilty. He is usually represented as a hideous old man, with flaming eyes and a ferocious expression, the ears of a brute, and often tusks like a boar. Sometimes he has wings with eyes in them, indicating superhuman power and intelligence. The hammer or mallet is his usual attribute, but occasionally he bears a sword, or a forked stick, perhaps equivalent to the *caduceus* of Mercury, or a torch, or snakes, the attributes of a Fury. But to me the most interesting urns were those depicting scenes of every-day life—touching, pathetic, and simple. The Etruscans certainly had the talent of appealing to one's sympathies, and,

moreover, many of the figures are of extraordinary grace and beauty.

Leaving the city by the Porta San Francesco, one comes to the convent of Sta. Chiara, now the communal school. Below the convent garden are the most perfect fragments of the Etruscan walls, which had a circuit of six miles; one of these is forty feet in height, and one hundred and forty in length, the thickness of the wall being fourteen feet. Some of the blocks of stone are enormous, but rudely put together without a trace of cement; the masonry is irregular, one course often running into another, although a horizontal arrangement is always preserved. Following the road we reached the church of San Justus and Clement, begun in 1628 and consecrated in 1775, to replace the old edifice, which dated from the seventh century, and had been totally destroyed by the encroachment of the ravines which every now and then engulf land and houses on this side of the city. To the right one sees fragments of walls, and a half-buried arch stands in the middle of a corn-field, very solemn and desolate; and a little further on are Le Balze, where the ground sinks in fearful precipices, four hundred feet in depth and black as ink from the colour of the soil. A few poor cottages are standing within some twenty paces of the abyss, and a peasant who lived in one of them told me that he remembered, as a boy, walking straight across what now was a sheer ravine to the convent of the La Badia for a daily ration of soup. When this enormous landslip took place, he said Volterra shook to her foundations, and the noise was awful. "We thought the last day had come, and yet no one even thought of praying; we were too frightened."

We went past the Fonte Grimald-
ringa, drinking, as in duty bound, of its celebrated water, and trying to trace the Etruscan gate which stood just above, to the convent of La Badia, hastily abandoned by the monks after

the great landslip some twenty-five years ago. Picking our way through the excavations on the hill-side, one vast necropolis of Etruscan tombs, we climbed over a wall and got into the deserted cloisters. Most of the frescoes had fallen away from the walls; one alone remained in pretty good preservation—a monk's head, his finger to his lips, and the word *silenzio* written on a scroll; appropriate guardian for the sad, solemn place. Pushing open a rotten door, which only hung by one hinge, we entered the church, and such a scene of desolation and destruction I never saw. The roof of the choir had given way, and in its fall had smashed the high altar; great lumps of stucco had fallen off the square pillars of the nave, disclosing that originally they were fine antique columns, probably from some temple; and one could trace in the stained and cracked walls the original windows and arches built in 1030, which had been filled up and altered in later times. The friezes, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions which adorned the exterior, have fortunately been removed to the museum in Volterra.

The villa Inghirami, belonging to the old family of that name, has another object of interest to the antiquary in the *Buche dei Saraceni*, the entrance of which is a little cave cut in the bank; but as you must creep on hands and knees down a passage tunnelled in the rock, only three feet high, we took the vivid description of our guide on trust, and declined to wander about, as assured we might, until midnight in that uncomfortable posture, with a strong probability of losing our way in the labyrinth of passages which extend into the heart of the hill, no one knows how far. Tradition assigns these underground passages—occasionally, it seems, widening into large low chambers—to the Saracens, those scourges of the Italian coast, who, beaten at Garigliano by Pope John the Tenth about 920, were again signally defeated under the walls of Volterra. But it is more likely that

the name comes from the family of Saracini, who in old times were lords of the castle of Miemo, a regular eagle's nest perched on the white peaks of the range of hills which runs from Monte Catini to Monte Vaso. These lordlings of Miemo often fought with the bishops of Volterra, and were not entirely subjugated until 1316. Now Miemo is only known as giving its name to a mineral called *Miemitite*.

The Etruscan gateway *Porta all' Arco*, with its three featureless, mysterious heads, stands on the edge of the southern declivity of the town, and the view as one emerges from the dark passage, twenty-eight feet long, (for the gateway is double, united by massive walls), is very striking. The gate stands obliquely to the city walls, so that the approach to it is commanded on the right side, the one on which the assailants are unprotected by the shield, according to the rules of fortification enjoined by *Vetruvius*.

Not far above the gateway stands the baptistery of *San Giovanni*, an octangular building, of which *Repetti* says that, although no notice of it exists anterior to 989, he has no doubt that it dates from a far earlier period. *San Giovanni* was probably lower than now, and had no cupola, for in November, 1427, the magistrates of Volterra invited *Pippo*, *Ser Brunelleschi*, to come and consult about the covering of the baptistery, promising to satisfy all his demands. The old font is to the right of the high altar, and in a niche to the left is a priceless work of art which

has been set up here recently, and thus saved from destruction—part of the high altar of the cathedral surmounted by a ciborium, which was removed in 1590 to an outhouse as “not matching the restorations.” Unfortunately the crowning figure has disappeared; the infant Christ is of modern work. The delicate chisel of *Mino da Fiesole* never carved anything more beautiful or more devout than the adoring angels at the four doors of the tabernacle, at whose foot are Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Facing the baptistery is the cathedral, where the clergy swore fealty to Charlemagne in 800, when he visited the city in the month of February of that year. Tradition says that it was founded by the Pope *Siricius* and the Emperor *Theodosius* in 390; but being a small square structure, inadequate for the congregation, *Niccolo Pisano* in 1254 was chosen by acclamation as the architect, and enlarged it into its present form of a Latin cross. He also built the principal door, and the rose-window above. In 1580 the Bishop *Serguido*, with the help of *Ferdinando dei Medici*, erected the splendid wooden ceiling, gorgeous with gilding and enormous busts of saints; over the high altar is the Virgin, a fine piece of carving. It was then that the old altars were removed; fortunately they did not also improve away the curious old pulpit on four columns which rests on quaint monsters, or the beautiful marble candlesticks by *Mino da Fiesole* on either side of the high altar.

JANET ROSS.

THE OWLS' REVENGE.

(A TALE OF BIRDS AND MEN.)

I.

IN May all woods are beautiful; but of all the woods I know, there is none on which the month of bluebells so freely lavishes her delights, as on the ancient and unkempt wood of Truerne. The blue carpet spread in every clearing, the grey-green oak-stems rising softly out of the blue, the fleecy clouds of spring, seen gently moving eastwards through the ruddy young leaves overhead, can never be forgotten by any one who has rambled here for a whole May-morning. No trim park-paling shuts in Truerne wood; its outskirts are set about, in these sweet spring days, with an untidy maze of "whitening hedges and uncrumpling fern", with stretches of gorse and trailing bramble, with dense thickets of blackthorn where the nightingale builds his nest and sings unheeded. It is all this wild setting of the woodland, as well as the freedom of the wood itself, that makes it so dear to such of its human neighbours as love quiet and solitude, as well as to the birds and beasts that find home and happiness in its shelter.

Of the few human beings who haunted it a few years ago, old Oliver the woodman was the only one to whom it had wholly yielded up its secrets; and when one day he was found under his favourite old oak-tree, wrapped in a slumber from which there was no awakening, we felt that the good genius of the wood had vanished, leaving no successor. But on the morning of that 16th day of May on which my story begins and ends, old Oliver was still vigorous, and had risen at daybreak in order to finish his work early. He meant to set

forward about mid-day for the neighbouring town on the hill; for it was fairday, or "club" as we call it in these parts, at Northstow, and he wished once more to buy a fairing for the rheumatic old wife sitting by the chimney-corner at home.

He is sitting, and eating his dinner, at the foot of his favourite oak, which is separated by a few yards of bluebells and undergrowth from one of the grassy rides, or "lights" (as we call them) which intersect the wood, and let sunshine and fresh air into its tangled depths. It is his favourite tree, partly because its grey-lichened stem divides on one side, as it nears the ground, into two big root-branches which leave a comfortable space between them—a mossy arm-chair of which he only knows the comfort who has toiled since daybreak without ceasing; and partly because the tree is old, as old as the abbey of Truerne which once stood under the shadow of the wood in the meadows below; and because it is hollow enough to be the home of a family of brown owls, whose ancestors had been tenants of the wood long before the monks became its owners. These owls were some of Oliver's best friends; he seldom saw them, nor they him; but, boy and man, he had known them for more than half a century, and knew them well to be discreet and quiet creatures, who did no harm and gave no trouble to any one but vermin. There was a silent, mysterious sageness about their ways, which suited well with the old man's humour.

As he sat there eating and resting, the silence of the wood was broken by the sudden squeak of a pig; and half turning his face in the direction of the

ride, Oliver saw an uplifted sapling descend on the back of the squeaker, who raised his piteous voice again, and rushed onwards down the path with his companions. They were followed by the owner of the sapling, a tall man in a long greasy coat of a yellowish colour; his face was fat and ruddy, and out of it there looked two small cunning eyes, which followed the movements of his pigs to right and left with merciless swiftness. It was the kind of face which men seem to acquire who spend their lives in driving pigs and driving bargains, and who are ever bullying animals and browbeating their fellow-men. Close at his heels was another smaller man, a little wizened, discontented farmer, whom Mr. Pogson, with his natural imperativeness, had pressed into his service in driving his pigs to Northstow fair. An umbrella, as decrepit as the farmer himself, was the weapon he used, without much energy, when a pig chanced to stray in his direction.

Oliver kept very quiet as they passed: he did not like Pogson, and had no respect for Weekes the little farmer. At last they had disappeared down the ride, and after sitting a while longer, listening to the sibilant notes of the woodwren overhead, and watching the squirrels and the nut-hatches who were fellow-owners of the tree opposite to him, he rose with something of a sigh,—for he was unwilling to exchange the quiet wood for the noise and worry of the fair,—and stepped into the bridle-path to set out on his walk.

"Are ye ganging to the fair, Oliver, ye lonesome auld dog?" said a grave but friendly voice in a Scotch accent. It was the voice of Mr. McNab the keeper, who without his gun, and in his best velveteen, was on his way to look out for a spaniel-puppy or two to fill vacant places.

"Ay," said Oliver simply, and they walked on side by side; Mr. McNab's serious grey eyes glancing here and there through the wood, and Oliver's earnest and rather wistful gaze kept

steadily on the bluebells at his feet, as was his wont when walking. Neither of them was a man of many words or many friends; nor had they spoken to each other half-a-dozen times a year since the Scotchman came into the neighbourhood. Yet each of them felt, as they went along, that he had a reasonable man beside him.

II.

It was high tide at Northstow fair: the broad, sloping street was crowded with pens of sheep and pigs, and resounded with the noises of oppressed animals, with the loud voices of their tyrants, and with the hideous braying of the organs which of late years have added new attractions to the merry-go-rounds. Old Oliver, soon wearied of the crowd and the hubbub, had bought his wife's new shawl early, and was about to turn his steps homewards, when it occurred to him that it would be as well, if circumstances were favourable, to get a comfortable shave before leaving.

The Northstow barber had a double shop, one window of which was decorated with his own wigs and perfumery, while the other showed caps and bonnets, and was the domain of the milliner, his wife. As Oliver passed this latter window, and was about to step into the shop, his eye caught the well-known form of an owl—a young one, perched in an uneasy attitude on a lady's hat. He stopped to look at it, and then discovered a placard, conspicuously placed just underneath the hat, and bearing the following inscription:

Wanted at once, by a London firm,
ONE THOUSAND OWLS! ¹

The old fellow stood rooted to the pavement, spelling out this placard again and again. What could it mean? and what the owlet on the lady's hat? As he lingered, two

¹ A fact.

men came up behind him, and there jarred suddenly on his senses the loud coarse voice of Mr. Pogson, already a little thickened by frequent glasses of ale and brandy.

"Wanted, one thousand howls!" spelt out Mr. Pogson, slowly. "How much a-piece, now? There be scores on 'em in Truerne, be'nt there, Oliver, eh?"

"Ay, there be brown uns in the wood, and white uns in my barn, and in Highfield church tower," said the feeble voice of Mr. Weekes the farmer.

At this moment the barber, relieved for a moment from his duties, came out on his doorstep to enjoy the cheering sights and sounds of the fair.

"Good day, Mr. Pogson," he said. "How's the pigs? Coming in for a shave? Low prices in pigs to-day, so I hear tell. Ah, you're looking at the notice? My wife brought it down from town yesterday. There's a chance for making money now!"

"What do they want 'em for?" said Mr. Weekes.

"What do they give for 'em, you mean," said Mr. Pogson with some contempt.

"What do they want 'em for?" answered the barber, shirking Mr. Pogson's question. "Why you haven't got any pretty daughters, Mr. Weekes, or you'd know that by this time. Look at that there owl on the bonnet! Why, bless you, 'tis all birds now with the ladies in London—and in the country too for the matter o' that. Birds on their hats, and birds on their dresses; and a very pretty taste too, in my opinion. What's prettier, now, than birds? Think of their songs, Mr. Pogson, and all their pretty ways! Why when you sees 'em a fluttering about on the ladies' hats in town, you could a'most believe as you was out in the country seeing the little creeters a-flying round you and singing! And now it's all owls, I take it. Such softness o' feathers, you see, such wings, such——"

"But what'll they pay for 'em?"

asked Pogson impatiently, tired of the barber's talk.

"Fancy prices, sir, fancy prices," said the barber; "why there's a fortune in that placard! There's birds o' paradise selling in town—so my wife tells me—for fifty guineas a-piece, and there's kingfishers and woodpeckers fetching a mint o' money. I tell you even blackbirds and such like brings in something, for they dodges 'em up with other birds' wings, or dyes 'em red and green, as pretty as can be. And now here's a run on owls, you see; can't get enough of 'em. Half-a-sovereign a-piece for the best ones, I think it was she told me. If pigs is down, Mr. Pogson, why owls is up, you see. Want a shave then? Come along, gentlemen, I'm free."

"There be scores on 'em in Truerne wood," said the pigdealer again to Weekes, as he preceded him into the shop; but catching sight of Oliver, who had shrunk away from the pair, and stood at a little distance riveted by the barber's speech, Mr. Pogson added, "There's that old tree by the ride: Oliver's armchair, the Highfield folks calls it; there's owls there now, and young 'uns as well, I'll be bound. Ain't there now, old soft-head?" And he made a playful cut at Oliver with his sapling as he went up the steps.

The old man was seriously alarmed. That these two men would be ready to meddle in the wood for the sake of a few guineas, or even a few shillings, if they had the chance, he knew very well; and the fact of the placard being there on fair-day was quite enough to set all the gun-owners in the neighbourhood owl-hunting. As he turned away from the window, he caught sight of the tall form of Mr. McNab sauntering through the fair, and regarding its various follies much as a grown-up man looks at the frolic of a pack of children just let out of school. He went after him quickly, and touched him on the arm.

"Mr. McNab! Mr. McNab!" said he, with earnest and imploring eyes, "there's mischief up there; there's

mischief in the barber's shop. There's a placard out for a thousand owls, and they're going to shoot 'em in Truerne wood!"

"They might do waur," said the keeper, not at all taken aback.

"'Tis hard as Lunnon folk can't leave us alone," continued Oliver with a rueful face. "They'll cut the wood down next and burn it for charcoal; I've heard talk on it afore now. But I'll be in my grave before then, if so be as my prayers be granted."

"They winna do that," said the keeper; "dinna fash your auld head with sic notions. And we maunna hae the owls killed oot either, or we'll be overrun with rats in a year or twa. When the cat's awa—ye ken. But what for is a' this about owls, I wonder? Are they gaun clean doited in Lunnon then?"

And leaving Oliver, Mr. McNab walked up to the barber's shop, and after looking at the milliner's window, he went in, and did not come out again while Oliver remained within sight.

The old fellow waited a while, and walked about the fair; but he saw no more of McNab, and had to turn his face homewards without a word of reassurance. As he passed through the narrow passage, thronged with hard-faced men and boys, which divided the pens of crowded pigs and sheep, it made him wince a little to see Mr. Pogson, his ruddy face still ruddier, and his sunken little eyes sparkling with drink and with unwonted expectations of wealth, cutting at the hind-quarters of his newly-bought pigs with the sapling, shouting in a hard voice to greasy friends, and looking at every one who came near him as if they had better mind what they were about. For old Oliver he had a profound contempt; and as the old man passed him, he caught the pig that was nearest him at the moment such a cut with his switch, that its squeaks resounded through the street; it tried to escape over the backs of its fellows, who all with a loud chorus of squeak-

ing rushed to the further side of the pen. Which so pleased Mr. Pogson that he turned to the old man with a wink, as if to say, "Now you see the proper way to treat animals." But Oliver had passed on quickly.

III.

OLD Oliver trudged down the road from the little town on the hill, with his fairing under his arm, thinking of his old wife sitting in her chimney-corner, and of the old days when he bought the pretty young farm-servant her first fairing, in that same town and on that very same day in May, some five and forty years ago. Straight before him were the Cotswold hills, and on their slope he could see the spire of Highfield church, and further down and nearer was the great dark mass of Truerne wood, hiding the hamlet where he had lived all his life. The sight of the wood made him think of the owls, and he unconsciously quickened his pace, as if to make haste and see that all was right with them as yet.

Down the long sloping road he went, and then turning off by a bridle-path, passed through another wood—not his, and therefore no place for dallying in—and crossing the river by an old flood-beaten bridge, took his way through a wealth of buttercups that gilded his old boots with yellow dust, to the further side of the water-meadows, where his own beloved wood came down in gentle slopes to the valley. Evening was coming on and the light was subdued; all was quiet and peaceful unless a nightingale broke out suddenly in song from a thicket, or the voice of the chiff-chaff rang out from overhead. Over the blue-bells the shadows were lengthening, and against their deep blue, as it mingled in the distance with the blue of the sky peeping through the branches, rose the straight and darkening stem of many an ancient tree. What a change from the noise and worry and ill-dealing and cruelty of the fair!

When he came to his own old oak he paused and listened; but no sound was heard but the song of the wood-wren in the higher foliage.

"'Tis all right as yet," he said to himself; "they're not astir so early as this; but maybe they'll be hooting when Pogson and the pigs come along later, and then they're marked birds; the warrant 'll be out against 'em. The Lord deliver them out of the hand of the Philistines," said the old fellow, quite aloud. "I'll get a bit of supper, and come and have a look presently"; and he went on up the ride.

Close behind him was the game-keeper. Mr. McNab, finding that there were no spaniel-puppies at the fair, had no further reason to stay there; for he had a poor opinion of the people of those parts, and did not care to listen to their stupid talk, or to help them to drink bad beer. Moreover during his visit to the barber he had satisfied himself that his domains were really in danger of being invaded by unsportsmanlike clod-hoppers in search of owls; and the more he thought of it, the more impossible it seemed to have fellows like Pogson roaming about in his woods with firearms. It was bad enough to have pigs driven through your wood every fair-day, though that could not be helped where there was a right of way for man and beast; but he had reason to suspect Mr. Pogson of other still more objectionable practices, and at all times disliked the man as a noisy, bullying lout.

So he had left the fair soon after Oliver, only stopping at a shop in the outskirts of the town to buy a good-sized twist of strong cord. He did not stay to look at the view, or to sit on the bridge and watch the water, or to admire the bluebells when he came to Truerne wood. Mr. McNab was a man of a practical mind, and a swift walker; and he had nearly caught up Oliver when he arrived at the old oak-tree, so that he just heard the old fellow's ejaculation about the Philistines, and then saw his smockfrock

retreating up the ride. The Scotchman stopped and watched it disappear.

"Yon auld Oliver has mair gude sense," he said to himself, "than a' these blathering gowks o' pigdrivers; and he kens his Bible too! A wee bit too saft—mair backbane, mair backbane! But he's no sae doited as the rest!"

The sun was almost setting, but the owls in the old oak were still silent. "They'll be hooting in an hour or twa," he said, as Oliver had said it before him; and drawing the twist of cord from his pocket, he stepped aside among the bluebells to the oak tree. Plenty of young ground ashes were shooting up among the flowers, and with the help of these, and of a low hazel bush or two, he contrived to fasten the cord in a pretty tight circle round the tree-trunk, at a distance of some half-dozen yards from it, and about a foot and a half from the ground. There being still plenty of cord, he looked about for a log of wood, and finding one not too heavy, he tied the cord round it, and hoisted it up on a low branch of the big tree, on the side nearest the ride, just balancing it at the junction of one gnarled bough with another, so that a strong pull at the string would easily bring it down. This done, he fastened the other end tightly down to his circle below, and then paused, with a face of extreme gravity, to contemplate his apparatus.

Suddenly his severe features relaxed. There had shot across his memory a certain scene, when as a bare-legged callant playing on his native braes, he had devised just such a booby-trap to catch another boy, with a view of securing for himself a certain nest in which eggs were about to be laid. The grim features of Mr. McNab relaxed, I say, and in his solitude in the wood he burst out into a hearty ringing laugh.

"At bairn's wark in my auld age! And what wad the Dominie say? Wad I be for a crack wi' the tawse, or the knuckle-end of the auld crab-stick at hame, eh!"

Mr. McNab lit his pipe, the better

to resume his ordinary composure ; and puffing at it with lips which now and then a convulsive movement almost compelled to laughter, he strode away through the wood to his own dwelling on the further side of it.

IV.

And now the wood was left once more in profound peace. Since old Oliver passed through it the shadows had grown still longer, and from the west there now came a flush of sunset through the boughs, turning the blue carpet into one of deeper purple ; while against the fading light the great tree-trunks stood up solemnly, slowly blackening as their shadows died away. Here and there a wood-pigeon broke the stillness in the boughs, or a nightingale broke out into a flash of song, and ceased again as suddenly ; but the owls in the old tree began to bestir themselves in soft silence, and reserved their hootings until they should have procured a meal for the downy nestlings in the deep warm hole. But beware, O ye owls and owlets, for the Philistines are at hand, and the warrant of the ladies is out against you !

As the last hues of sunset died away on the Cotswold hills there came through the wood unlucky little Mr. Weekes ; small in person and small in acres ; discontented with his dealings at the fair, and with things in general, and ready for any project that might put a pound or two into his pocket without actually endangering his limbs or his liberty. As he passed the great oak, a large creature flew noiselessly over his head in the direction of the tree, and woke up Mr. Weekes' memory, which had been halting in the slough of his discontent.

"Ah, the owls !" he thought. "Half-a-guinea apiece, did he say ? Well, it might be, if there's a run on 'em ; and that fellow Pogson said he was coming here first thing to-morrow

morning to shoot 'em ; but I'll be even with the prosperous fat brute."

Mr. Weekes thought of the morning's pig-driving, into which he had been compelled by Pogson's superior force of character ; of the two ribs of his wife's umbrella which he had broken on the back of one wayward squeaker ; and of the long detour he had taken when leaving Northstow, to avoid falling again in with the pig-driver, and being once more driven to drive.

So he went home to his rickety little homestead beyond the wood, and reached down his old gun from its place above the chimney-piece ; only yielding to the injunctions of his wife that he must eat a bit o' supper first, and that if he must be for shooting owls, he should begin by shooting the one which was stealing all their young pigeons. Obedient as usual, though querulous, Mr. Weekes presently took up his station in his yard, watching the dovecote and the darkening sky ; but luckily for the pigeons, whom the owls were nightly protecting from their enemies the rats, no owl made his appearance for a full half-hour after Mr. Weekes had given them up in despair, and had carried off his gun to the wood in hopes of better luck.

Meanwhile Mr. Pogson, after purchasing some dozen or so of fine porkers, and a bottle of brandy to help him in the arduous task of getting them home safely, began in the late afternoon to drive them down the long high road towards the wood. The pigs were lively, and their owner began to be a little unsteady on his legs—a sensation which he more than once sought to correct by a draught of strong ale at a roadside public-house. The remedy did not have the desired effect, and his progress became slower and slower ; but in spite of all obstacles, and by dint of extreme severity and a lavish outlay of bad language, he contrived to conduct himself and his charges across the bridge and the meadows to the edge of the wood without serious mishap, arriving there about the time

at which Weekes was prowling in his yard after the barn owl. The bottle of brandy was by this time more than half empty, and the wood was as dark as pitch.

If Mr. Pogson had been in full possession of his wits he would hardly have tried to force his way through the wood, and would have avoided the bridle-path, and taken his pigs a couple of miles round by the road; but he had gone like an unreasoning animal in the way he was accustomed to, and now it was too late to turn back. He took another pull at the bottle, switched the nearest pigs, and pulling himself for a moment together, forced his drove into the narrow ride, trusting that they would follow their noses and keep to the open path.

In the dense black darkness and stillness, a sleepy and a sickly feeling came over Mr. Pogson's usually hide-bound senses, from which he was only for a moment awakened by a sudden movement of the pigs in front of him. Whether it were a badger in the path, or a prowling fox that had frightened them, certain it is that at this moment they all faced about, and rushing with loud squeakings past the legs of their driver, vanished in a general stampede away into the wood.

Mr. Pogson stood aghast, and leant against a tree-trunk for support. The noise of the pigs died away, and he was alone—alone in blank darkness. Even pigs are company, and now he would have given a good deal for the companionship of a single one of his victims. There was a singing in his ears, a cold sweat on his hard brow; he felt quite unable to go further; his head swam.

Suddenly he heard a voice from overhead—a gentle voice, reproachful and somewhat hollow and ghostly—

“Whoo? Tu-whoo?”

Mr. Pogson felt a creepy sensation, and would have cast himself to the ground and hidden his face in the blue-bells, but again the voice asked—

“Whoo? Whoo? Tu-whoo?”

“Pogson o' Highfield,” cried the

belated man in answer. But in still more reproachful accents, the voice demanded for the third time—

“Whoo? Tu-whoo?”

“Pogson o' Highfield, pig-dealer,” cried the wretched man in stuttering accents; “a man as never did no harm to nothing in all his life!”

“Whoo? Whoo?” said the voice, seeming to retreat, and urged to follow it by some mysterious influence, Mr. Pogson staggered forward a few paces. But he had hardly left his tree for more than half a minute, when something caught him on the shins and tripped him up; at the same moment he received a violent blow on the head which, added to the effects of the brandy, stretched him quite unconscious on the ground. There he lay in the darkness, with the bottle slipping out of his pocket, while the mysterious voice continued to question him in vain from the old oak-tree overhead.

And now, but for the voice, all is silent again for a few minutes. Stay, who is this coming down the “light”, betraying his presence by the crackling of a dry twig beneath his boot? It is Mr. Weekes, bent on further profitable destruction; who would not have ventured himself in the wood after dark for fear of ghosts and other terrors, but is now urged to unwonted courage by the hope of gain and by the companionship of his old gun. He is making for the tree where he saw the owl at sunset.

As he advanced deeper into the dead blackness of the wood, Mr. Weekes began to feel a slight uneasiness, which was soon uncomfortably increased by strange noises on his right-hand, as of weird creatures making towards him through the underwood. But he was now close to his tree, and he could hear the hooting of the owls that were to be his prey. He was in the act of raising his gun, ready to fire when an owl should cross the bit of sky-line open above him, when the noises increased to his right, and with a terrific crackling and confusion an army of terrible creatures burst out upon him

into the ride. All his courage fled. With a yell of fear he discharged his gun at the advancing foes, and then throwing it at them as a last resource, took to his heels and ran from them. But he had not run many yards when he tripped first over a heavy body, and then over a tightened cord, and losing at once his balance and his senses, Mr. Weekes swooned outright.

V.

"Did ye hear the gun then?" said the keeper to Oliver, as they met a few minutes later at the entrance to the wood. "There's mischief *here*, forbye at the barber's. Tak' yon big stick, mon, and gang ye on wi' the lantern."

They went softly down the ride together, neither speaking again. Presently the keeper stumbled over some solid body lying in the grass, and Oliver, applying the lantern to it, discovered the corpse of a pig. The keeper whistled softly, and turned it over with his foot.

"Lawfu' spoil," he whispered, "lawfu' spoil. Ye shall taste Pogson's bacon yet afore ye die, Oliver!"

Then they found the gun, which Mr. McNab, now in his element, seized as further spoil, and gave to Oliver to carry instead of the big stick. And now he turned aside for a few yards to see what other sport his bairn's tricks of that day might have brought him. Oliver followed close at his heels with the lantern.

"Whoo! Tu-whoo!" said the owl overhead.

"Ay, ye may weel hoot at 'em," said the keeper, as the lantern revealed the prostrate forms of Mr. Pogson and Mr. Weekes; the latest arrival lying across the other, and seeming to embrace him with one arm, while the hand of the other was thrust into a tuft of faded primroses.

Oliver and McNab regarded this spectacle for a few moments in silence. Then Oliver, catching sight of the

bottle slipping from the pig-dealer's pocket, turned his wistful eyes on the Scotchman.

"Mr. McNab," he said, "I'm an old man, and maybe as I won't be woodcutting here much longer; but don't you—for my sake don't you" (here he shyly laid his wrinkled hand on the keeper's arm), "let such sodden brutes as these come along and take the lives of innocent creatures—creatures as God above loves, and has made me for to love too—and all for a few shillings, or maybe guineas, and to please the ladies in Lunnnon as don't know what a wood be like, nor what creatures lives their lives here. I've known this tree for more nor fifty year, but the owls ha' known it belike for five hundred; and now, afore I'm dead, the warrant's out agen them. The fine ladies wants their feathers, but they don't know what they're doing—they don't *think* what they do, Mr. McNab. 'Tis fashion, I take it, only fashion, and it'll blow over in a bit if you'll but stop 'em now. I'm an old fool maybe, but God knows I've none too many to care about, or for to care about me, but my old woman, and beside her there's none but these birds and beasts in the wood. And the peace of it, and the quiet of the life in it! Don't you let it be rooted up, Mr. McNab, nor the wild beast of the field devour it!"

The keeper slapped him on the back of his smockfrock, and then seized him by the hand. "Oliver, my auld lad," he said, "ye've just saved them out o' the hand of the Pheelistines! And ye shall never want for friends to care for ye, be they owls or be they McNabs!"

And this was the story that old Oliver used to tell, with many a kindly word of respect for his friend the keeper, till one day, as I said at the beginning, death came upon him painlessly under that very tree, while the cuckoo sang in the distance, and the chiff-chaff's two notes echoed from

the sunny end of the wood. How he came to know what happened to Mr. Pogson and the pigs is more than I can tell; probably the owls told it to him, or it may be that the conscience-stricken pig-dealer revealed to him alone the story, as to one who understood, as none else did, the mysteries of Truerne wood.

However that may be, it is certain that the enemy never again invaded his paradise. The owls were never disturbed, and by some mysterious agency the placard disappeared almost at once from the barber's window. Mr. Pogson never passed through the wood again, and finding that distorted

versions of his adventures were abroad in Highfield (where they are still told with relish by the winter fireside), he removed to a village some miles away, a milder and more merciful man. Mr. Weekes too was not long in giving up his farm, and disappearing entirely from the neighbourhood. In peace the owls and Oliver lived out their days under the grave but kindly guardianship of Mr. McNab the keeper; and when I last passed through the wood it showed no signs of the presence of the Philistine.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

ADMIRAL BLAKE was a great sailor and a good man. Though it may be, as some have thought, that popular imagination has glorified him beyond the warrant of his actual performances, yet that exaggeration may at any time be pardoned which is based on the assurance that its object is an entirely honest man. Even Johnson, the unbending old Tóry who would have spared the weak spot in no Commonwealth hero, has paid ungrudging respect to Blake's virtue no less than to his valour; to his sincerity, his unselfishness, his patriotism and piety, as well as to his courage and seamanship. We have grown liberal in our memorials of the dead; yet those most inclined to see some extravagance in our liberality have no word to say against the memorial of Robert Blake at last placed in the building overlooking his nameless grave. In the church of St. Margaret's at Westminster on the 25th of September, 1643, the Parliament of England solemnly pledged themselves to the work which ended in the establishment of the Commonwealth. The Commonwealth has passed; but, beyond the local accident of his grave, there is a peculiar fitness in the same building which witnessed its birth now recording the memory of the man who, more than all others save one, helped to give that government while it lasted its place among the Powers of Europe.

No English ceremony, say our friends, can be complete without a dinner and a speech. The circumstances of this ceremony forbade the dinner, but the speech was not wanting. Three speeches were indeed delivered, all brief and to the purpose, and all from men who had a right to be heard. The Dean of Westminster and Arch-

deacon Farrar were on their own ground; and moreover the Archdeacon had led the movement in Blake's honour, a pious work in which he has been most active since the charge of St. Margaret's Church came into his hands. But the hero of the hour was Lord Charles Beresford, again a happy junction of the man and the moment. Lord Charles is, as every one knows, a gallant sailor who has shown, whenever occasion served, both the disposition and the ability to follow the track of his illustrious predecessors; and he will never, we may be sure, forget the wise saying of the man whose valour and patriotism he so warmly eulogised, that "it is not the business of a seaman to mind state-affairs, but to hinder foreigners from fooling us." He praised Blake finely; yet he praised him, unwittingly of course, somewhat at the expense of the gallant men whose "path was on the ocean wave" before Blake, and who in effect made his great work possible. Blake, said Lord Charles, "was the first man who ever made the name of England to be respected abroad, and from his qualities foreigners were able to judge of the qualities of the nation to which he belonged." And again: "He was the first to see what the supremacy of England on the sea really meant." Is this quite so?

True, Lord Charles had precedent for his praise. Blake, wrote Clarendon, was the first man that "made it manifest that the science [of navigation] might be attained in less time than was imagined, and despised those rules which had been long in practice to keep his ship and his men out of danger which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circumspection, as if the principal art

requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come home safe again. He was the first man who brought the ships to condemn castles on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him only to make a noise and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water; and though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that drew the copy of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievement."

Was Blake really the first Englishman to teach these doughty lessons? Did Elizabeth's sailors, those heroes of the West Country, "my right hand men," as the Queen called them, did they leave behind them no copy of naval courage, of bold and resolute achievement? What then did John Hawkins do when he fought with his five small ships the whole Spanish fleet of war in the harbour of San Juan de Ulloa under the guns of the land-batteries as well as the ships' guns, and made his way through them all out into the open sea, bringing with him but two vessels out of five and losing all his treasure, but with his flag still flying and two of the enemy in flames? What did Francis Drake do, what lesson did he teach over and over again in the harbours of the Old World and the New, of Vigo and Valparaiso, of Carthagenæ and Cascaes? What did Raleigh do when he led the English line into the harbour of Cadiz, under the fire of all the forts on shore and in the teeth of the armed galleys that lined the channel; "to show scorn to all which", he writes in his splendid narrative of the action, "I only answered each piece a blur with a trumpet", till he had laid the little War-Spright alongside those great sea-castles, the St. Philip and St. Andrew, resolving "to be revenged for the Re-

venge, or to second her with my own life?" What did Sir Richard Grenville do when, in that same Revenge, (of only five hundred tons' burden) he withstood a Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail, all through a summer's afternoon and night till morning dawned? What did George Fenner do, who "fought the seven Portingals" off the Azores for three days in his single vessel of one hundred tons' burden, so queerly misnamed the Castle of Comfort? What, one may finally ask, was the lesson taught by the English sailors in their twelve days' fight with the Invincible Armada of Spain? *Afflavit Deus et dissipati sunt*; but our men played their part too, as well as the winds of heaven.

It is not true to say that Blake was the first to do those things that Clarendon credits him with. Call them what we will—and he who calls them mere pirates and sea-rovers has not read history right—Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh, and their comrades, had made the name of England both feared and respected in all waters and on all shores where her flag had flown, long before Blake was born. After his famous final victory of Santa Cruz, the Spaniards, writes Clarendon, "comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils, and not men, who had destroyed them in such a manner". They had been trying this cold comfort for many a year. Drake, they told each other, had received his commission from the Devil, and it was vain to contend against him. Lope de Vega wrote an enormous poem in which the daring Englishman's supernatural powers were solemnly set forth; and an Italian Jesuit went so far as to describe, also in rhyme, all the particulars of the evil bargain, which was made at midnight on a mountain in Iceland after due sacrifice of a "redolent he-goat". The very name of Drake carried a sort of fatality with it, and also, be it marked, an assurance of chivalrous treatment. On the third day of the long wrestle with the Armada, Drake, spying the

great galleon of Seville, commanded by the high and valiant Pedro de Valdez, which had suffered severely on the previous day, sent a pinnace to bid him surrender. The Don propounded certain conditions to satisfy his honour, whereupon the Englishman answered that he had no leisure to make conditions; if the Spaniard would yield, he should be treated honourably; if he would fight, he should find Drake ready for him. "Upon which answer," so we read in Hakluyt's book, "Valdez and his company understanding that they were fallen into the hands of fortunate Drake, being moved with the renown and celebrity of his name, with one consent yielded themselves, and found him very favourable unto them." Philip, when preparing his second Armada, bid his plate-fleet lie at the Havannahs till past the time of the summer sailing, preferring to risk the storms of winter rather than the English cruisers. Hawkins's slave-voyages made the English name, perhaps, to be feared rather than respected at least among the people he kidnapped; but Raleigh's memory lived for a hundred years among the Indians of the Orinoco as the just, generous and merciful white captain from the great Queen overseas.

Nor surely can it be correct to say that Blake was the first to understand what the supremacy of the sea really meant for England. Every page of the history of Elizabeth's reign shows that she, for all her whims and irresolutions, and all the great men about her saw well what it meant; Burghley and Walsingham at home no less than Drake and Raleigh abroad. Spain was England's great rival then, the overmastering power of all Europe; and the only way to crush Spain, or at least to prevent being crushed by her, was to strike at the source of her greatness, the great golden stream she drew from the mines of the New World. That was the work the Englishmen of Elizabeth's day had to do; Hawkins and Drake, Grenville and

Raleigh, Fenner and Frobisher, with many another gallant fellow, on the seas, backed by the money of Burghley and Walsingham, Leicester and Essex, and of the Queen herself, when the speculation seemed unusually promising, at home.

Mr. Frederic Harrison (in his volume on Cromwell in the series of Great Statesmen) says that Oliver's foreign policy laid the foundations of our naval supremacy. It is not wise to question recklessly any word of Mr. Harrison's on any matter, from painting to positivism; especially careful would I be in questioning any word in this admirable little book. But before reading it, I should have ventured to say that Henry the Eighth laid those foundations, that Elizabeth's men raised the first stories, and that Cromwell and Blake topped the building. It is certain, however, that Cromwell, by his wonderful capacity for getting the right work done by the right men, carried our navy to a height and completeness never before dreamed of. When he came to the head of affairs he found only fourteen ships-of-war for a fleet. But it had mattered little to that potent spirit to have found only a single cock-boat; within five years he had one hundred and fifty sail manned by some twenty thousand hands. Cromwell was also the first ruler to present Naval Estimates to Parliament,—which no doubt Lord Charles Beresford would have criticized as boldly as he does Lord George Hamilton's, had the fates set him down in English history some two centuries or so earlier than, happily for us, they have done. In his time, too, ships began to be rated as they were up to the present reign.

In Blake Cromwell found a man to his hand and after his heart. No ruler had ever been better or more loyally served before, though it is known that the great Admiral did not think well of all the great Protector's high-handed deeds. Cromwell found the ships and the men, and Blake led them valiantly and well wherever

there was work for him to do. We cannot praise him too highly or cherish his memory too proudly; but we can do both without slighting the claims of the men who made the name of England great upon the seas before Blake broke his first biscuit.

* * *

The past year, as I read the other day in a newspaper, though indeed scarcely needing assurance of the fact, has been a period of great activity in the production of books. From the statistics given it seems that 4960 new works (of every sort from Poetry to Politics, the Alpha and Omega of literature) were published in 1888 against 4410 in 1887. I had thought the total would have been larger. Fiction of course comes first by a long way: there were 929 novels printed last year (how many, one wonders, written!); and next on the list ranks Theology, with 748 for its share. History and Biography muster only 377 between them, which is surprising, for the number of lives taken in 1888 seemed enormous; but, to be sure, there was little of History.

Stationers' Hall of course can fix the quantity for us, but who shall decide the quality? There would not be much doubt, I take it (except among 4959 people), as to the most important book; Mr. Bryce's "*American Commonwealth*" would probably have the general vote. For workmanship, as the best specimen of the literary craft, *totus teres*, &c., I have read nothing to beat Mr. Harrison's afore-said study of Cromwell; and though it may hardly be praised for the same quality, in interest and skill in portraiture Dean Burgon's "*Lives of Twelve Good Men*" must rank high among the Biographies. In *Belles Lettres* Matthew Arnold's new "*Essays in Criticism*", though not strictly new, can have no rivals; while in Poetry Wordsworth's "*Recluse*" will have little trouble in distancing a very scanty following. Among the novels it will be less easy to decide;

partly because in the case of novels the decision, save in very rare instances, must surely turn so much upon individual taste, fancy, mood, whim, whatever you please to call it; and partly (perhaps chiefly) because I am myself but an infrequent reader of new novels. So far, however, as my acquaintance with the "sweets of literature" (as one of their greatest makers has called them) concocted in the past year entitles me to one, I give my vote for Mr. Bret Harte's "*Cressy*" and that capital tale of Australian bush-life called "*Robbery Under Arms*", the work of a writer taking the name of Rolf Bolderwood. This last book, by the way, furnishes a case in point for my theory on novels. To me it seemed as fresh, hearty, and genuine a piece of storytelling as any I had read for many a long day (of new fiction, be it of course understood); yet it seems to have made little if any mark.

* * *

It is much to be hoped that the dream of Woman's Suffrage will never be realized. This is said in no political heat, but from selfishness, ma'am, pure selfishness. Whether the realization would prove good or bad for Man or Woman I have no more idea than she has; but it must be clear, not perhaps to partizans of either side, but surely to that large unthinking multitude (of which I am one) that when once this question is settled on the ladies' side, a most amusing subject of controversy will be closed for ever. Take one instance; take a passage in Mrs. Fawcett's animated letter to the "*St. James's Gazette*." "It may occur to some", she wrote, repudiating with becoming scorn the notion that the introduction of the feminine element into the government of any country must be fatal to its place among the nations,—"*It may occur to some that England took a very decided place among the nations of Europe while Elizabeth was at the helm.*" How dull shall we all grow

when there will no longer be occasion for such enchanting contributions to history and logic! Another student of those times, who, as we may say without any disrespect to Mrs. Fawcett, has examined them more closely and deeply than it has probably been her concern to examine them, thinks differently of Elizabeth. "Vain as she was of her own sagacity, she never modified a course recommended to her by Burghley without injury both to the realm and to herself. She never chose an opposite course without plunging into embarrassments from which his skill and Walsingham's were barely able to extricate her. The great results of her reign were the fruits of a policy which was not her own, and which she starved and mutilated when energy and completeness were most needed." It were perhaps unwise to set one extreme in too violent opposition to the other; but I am afraid we must take it as fact that with Elizabeth alone at the helm, and no Burghley or Walsingham to con the ship, the flag of England had fared badly in those perilous seas. And perhaps for other reasons Elizabeth is not quite the best of witnesses for Mrs. Fawcett. "Go spin, ye jades, go spin!" This is hardly the temper for a champion of Woman's Rights.

But Mrs. Fawcett makes a much better point when she reminds us that wherever the experiment has been tried of granting the legislative suffrage to women, there have resulted none of those terrible consequences so loudly predicted by the alarmists. This is true. Mr. Bryce in his big book on the American Commonwealth has much to say on this head, as has been noticed elsewhere in these pages, and all he says tends to confirm Mrs. Fawcett's claim. But it also does more than this; it does more indeed than may be thought altogether convenient. Mr. Bryce found himself forced to the conclusion that the women of America were as a rule either careless of this part of their "rights" or hostile to it. In one

State where both legislative suffrage and jury-service had been granted to women, though both have since been repealed, the latter privilege (!) was deemed a grave evil, and the recipients of the former were greatly pleased to be relieved of its responsibility. In another, and the only, State where full suffrage still exists, it is found, now that the first excitement has passed, impossible to get respectable women out to vote except on some purely emotional question, such as that of arbitrary temperance; it was found in short (these terrible words are the words of one of Mr. Bryce's informants—"For God's sake, reader, take them not for mine!") that the women who went most regularly to the polls were women of the worst classes. Among gentlewomen indeed it appears that to advocate Female Suffrage is even held to show a lack of culture and refinement—which is of course a perversion of fact very sad to think upon. Yet this conclusion may hardly be contemptuously dismissed as of no account, when those whose feelings it may shock learn that it is also Mr. Bryce's deliberate conviction that no country owes more to its women than America does, nor owes them "so much of what is best in social institutions and in the beliefs which govern conduct."

There is indeed one sphere of political action into which Mr. Bryce regrets to find that American women have found their way. "The solicitation of members", he writes, "of a legislature with a view to the passing of bills, especially private bills, and to the obtaining of places, has become a profession there [in Washington], and the persuasive assiduity which has long been recognized by poets as characteristic of the female sex, has made them widely employed and efficient in this work." He calls this "a less auspicious sphere", and perhaps he has found reason to think it so. So very much, as the old song says, depends upon the style in which it is done. But surely it should be possible

for women to employ themselves more auspiciously in practising the characteristics of their sex on behalf of their relations and friends, than in robbing poor men of their beer or in soiling themselves with the dirt of a contested election.

But arguments in such a personal case as this are vain; all arguments indeed from the known to the unknown, though ever interesting, can never be conclusive. Incapable both by nature and training of approaching any subject on its political side, it has always seemed to me that of all who have touched this delicate question Addison alone has hit upon the one argument most likely to give the female politician pause. "A man is startled", he has written (in "The Freeholder", No. 26) "when he sees a pretty bosom heaving with such party-rage as is disagreeable even in that sex which is of a more coarse and rugged make. And yet such is our misfortune that we sometimes see a pair of stays ready to burst with sedition; and hear the most masculine passions expressed in the sweetest voice." And again (in No. 38 of the same paper): "There is nothing which makes the sex more unamiable than party-rage. The finest woman in a transport of fury loses the use of her face. . . . The most endearing of our beautiful fellow-subjects are those whose minds are the least embittered with the passions and prejudices of either side; and who discover the native sweetness of the sex in every part of their conversation and behaviour. A lovely woman, who then flourishes in her innocence and good-humour amidst that mutual spite and rancour which prevail among her exasperated sisterhood, appears more amiable by the singularity of her character; and may be compared, with Solomon's bride, to 'a lily among thorns'. A stateswoman is as ridiculous a creature as a cotquean [*i.e.*, a man who busies himself with women's duties]. Each of the sexes should keep within its particular bounds, and

content themselves to excel within their respective districts. When Venus complained to Jupiter of the wound she had received in battle, the father of the gods smiled upon her, and put her in mind that"—but here Addison must stop, for the advice he borrowed from Homer is not allowed, I believe, to hold good in these days; among the thorns, at any rate, whatever the lilies may say.

* * *

If the ghosts of those famous *virtuosi*, Horace Walpole and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, could revisit earth, what a day might they spend in the New Gallery! Horace would have to confess the famous museum of Strawberry Hill but a shop of most immoment toys compared to this wonderful collection of shells from the shores of old romance. Here would he find not only the comb of a queen but also the shaving-brush of a king. The leading-strings of James, worked by his mother's own hand, are surely a rarer prize than Wolsey's hat, which he probably bought, like less famous men, from a hatter; and the snuff-box that Montrose held in his hand as he mounted the scaffold should be more venerable in British eyes than the pipe Van Tromp smoked in his last sea-fight. It is, by the way, news to me that the fine gentlemen of those days took snuff, though I remember that Essex and Newcastle both liked a pipe of tobacco. If he missed the spur that King William struck into the flank of Sorrel, he would find the spur that Prince Charlie struck into the flank of his horse as he rode from the red field of Culloden, while the gallant Elcho, who would have had him die like a chief at the head of his men, shouted after him, "There you go for a damned cowardly Italian!" And many other things too would he find to make him "stare and gasp"; things often beautiful and costly in themselves, and never such as a man with any touch of the Passion of the Past, which Lord Tennyson has so

beautifully sung, would care to sneer at however trivial.

As for Charles Sharpe, he would recognize some of his own property, for the toy spinning-wheel that was once Mary of Guise's came from his museum in Drummond Place, in the good town of Edinburgh. According to the author of "The Book Hunter", Sharpe left all his treasures to his housekeeper, who, like a canny Scots-woman, promptly turned them into cash while their mysterious reputation was fresh. But Sharpe would perhaps value most the chance of at last satisfying himself on the shape of Mary Stuart's nose and chin and the colour of her hair and eyes. He worshipped Mary's memory with a sentiment that would brook no denial, and it was always a great grief to him that he could not fix her features in his mind's eye: he had seen so many Maries, and all so different. He could now settle the matter by a comparison of all the most authentic portraits of his heroine, from Janet's renowned miniature (accepted by the *cognoscenti* as the very woman) to the stately figure in red brocade by Zuccherò, which a young light-hearted critic roundly vows to be probably no painting of Zuccherò and certainly no portrait of Mary. How this may be I know not; but in the British Museum (where also is a "Stuart Exhibition", more serious perhaps if less sentimental than the one in Regent Street) may be seen a miniature by Zuccherò given by Mary's self to an ancestor of the Lady Warwick who bequeathed it to the Museum in the last century; and I can bear humble testimony to the fact (whatever it may be worth) that the two pictures do not look like presentments of the same humanity. Here too (in the New Gallery) hangs the portrait painted when Mary was under ward of Lord Shrewsbury at Sheffield, which Walpole thought such a wretched thing when he saw it some two centuries later at Hardwicke,—which, by the way, he thought also a wretched thing, for the "betweenity",

as he called it, of its architecture. But it is by no means certain that Sharpe would settle the matter to his satisfaction; for, when all differences of painters' opinion are allowed for, it is clear that personal beauty can have been by no means the most potent of Mary's spells. Indeed, if she were no fairer than this, one can partly understand how it was that the sight of her tears had no power to soften the iron eye of haggard Lindsay.

She waited not for guard nor groom,
But passed into the hall;
Around her were the four Maries,
Herself the rose of all.

If this be not mere courtly compliment, one cannot but be a little sceptical of the charms of those famous bower-maidens.

Mary's face is not the only one in this collection which different painters seem to have seen with such different eyes. There is Flora Macdonald, for instance. Two portraits of her hang side by side in the gallery: one, by Allan Ramsay, lent by the University of Oxford from the Bodleian Library; the other, painted by W. Robertson, lent from the collection of Lord Donnington. The latter is familiar through many engravings: it shows a somewhat simpering young person, after the fashion of Books of Beauty; but Ramsay has painted an undeniable Highland lassie. Neither of the pictures seems to be dated. Flora died in 1790 at the age of seventy, and was consequently twenty-six years old at the time of her famous adventure with Prince Charlie. She was arrested very soon after his escape, and after a long confinement on ship-board lodged in the Tower at the end of that year, whence she was released in the summer of 1747. There is a story of her portrait having been painted in London, perhaps by Robertson, certainly not by Ramsay, who did not settle in England till after 1754. Which of these faces is the real Flora pure? There is no kinship between them. Boswell describes her as a little woman

of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred; Johnson calls her features soft and her presence elegant, and also pays tribute to her good manners. The features in Ramsay's portrait are certainly not soft, nor is the impression one of an elegant woman. These epithets suggest that Robertson's eye or hand was the surest; yet the other is the face that one would have expected to see, though sentiment might have wished otherwise. Perhaps both Boswell's and Johnson's ideas were obscured by their entertainment. The great man was highly delighted at being told by his hostess that she had heard an English buck (meaning a dandy) was coming to see her, and the little man found the punch excellent. Then Johnson was put to sleep in Prince Charlie's bed ("a neat bed with tartan curtains"), a spectacle which struck his companion "with such a group of ideas as it is not easy for words to describe"; and even the Doctor, though he observed that his couch had given him no ambitious thoughts, owned afterwards that he would have given a good deal rather than not have lain in it.

A still more striking instance is furnished by the two portraits of the famous John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee. One, painted by Lely and lent by Lord Strathmore, is the mere conventional court-soldier that Lely always painted, as he always painted the conventional court-beauty: a handsome, haughty figure enough, it might be anybody or nobody; in fact, it bears a strong likeness to Rupert of the Rhine, as we see him

here (in a monstrous silver frame) painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. But the other, done by some unknown hand and lent by Lady Elizabeth Melville-Cartwright, is a most astonishing thing. Beautiful, as Demosthenes sagely observed at a time when the warning was, to say the least, not superfluous, is not the epithet of a man; but no other epithet will describe this face. In shape, features and colouring, it might be the face of a beautiful woman in her prime, save for the firmness of the faultless mouth and chin; a grave, passionless face, not stern nor cruel, but resolute. There is an engraving of it in Mark Napier's book, but it might as well be the engraving of a turnip. This (barring that Sir Walter has given it a pair of small mustachios) is the face that, as we read in "Old Mortality," "limners loved to paint and ladies to look upon"; yet this can hardly, I presume, be the portrait (Lockhart calls it an original) that used to hang in the study in Castle Street. The only one I can remember to have seen at Abbotsford was a small water-colour drawing of a well-looking man enough, but not of such an one as this; my visit, however, was only in the character of a pilgrim, and my sight was accordingly limited. Of course every one knows that Dundee was a remarkably handsome man, and singularly unlike in manners and appearance to the "bloody Claver's" of Whig tradition; but if he looked like this, he must have been "bonnie" indeed. Young or old, plants of Grace or of Disgrace, never a woman but must have wished luck to him.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MAROONED.

CHAPTER XIII.

BROADWATER PROVES OBSTINATE.

WE got Broadwater, wheezing, panting, and gasping, to the cabin-skylight, upon which we forced him to sit, not a little blown ourselves by our uncommon exertions; by which time the crew had broken up as advised by the boatswain, and were going forward in twos and threes quietly enough. Broadwater sat for some minutes without offering to speak; when he had got his breath again, he flung off the skylight and ran below with the swiftness and gestures of a madman.

"This is a bad business—a bad business, sir," said Gordon, speaking in a voice full of concern.

"The deuce of it is," I exclaimed, "the captain has not the least idea how to act. The men are wildly to blame—no doubt of that; it is monstrous that British seamen should sympathize with a murderer and a foreigner; but I am certain, from signs of a disposition I took notice of in them as they stood together yonder, that were the master of this vessel any other man than Broadwater, the sailors might easily be brought over."

"I know it, sir—I know it," he cried bitterly. "They began well. Had they been properly used they would have gone on and ended well. But though the man's dead I don't mind saying, Mr. Musgrave, that a crueller mate never walked a ship's deck than Mr. Bothwell. 'Twasn't

only the words he'd use, 'twas the insulting tone of them—like coating with poison the knife you stab with. The brutal tarms cut to the men's hearts, and lay festering there, sir, with the recollection of the fellow's voice and looks. Ye understand me? It rose above the half-blood's restraint. A horrid murder, Mr. Musgrave, but it don't surprise me."

"What will Broadwater do?"

He threw a glance down the skylight and exclaimed, "I'm afraid whatever he does'll be wrong."

"But what would you advise, Mr. Gordon? There is a lady below, remember; I am responsible for her safety; if for her sake only, this trouble should be speedily ended by some decisive course of action."

"Why, sir, seeing how matters stand," he answered—"the mate dead, his murderer screened by the men, the crew in a state of mutiny, the captain ought to head fair for Madeira—'tis the nearest point, where no doubt he'd get help from the shore, if so be there was no English or foreign man-of-war riding there."

"Certainly," I cried; "that should be his plan! There is no man forward, I suppose, capable of guessing the captain's intentions by a change of course?"

"The change would be too small to take their notice," he responded. "But suppose they did guess what he was at, they'd make no difficulty about it—at least whilst their feelings remain as they are now. They hate

the vessel, and 'ud be glad of a chance to get away from her, though the road to their liberty lay through a jail."

"Have you suggested this notion to the captain?"

"I told him," he answered, "when him and me were talking before sunrise about the mate's murder, that if the men continued to give trouble, or broke out into regular mutiny, there'd be certainly nothing for it but to head for Madeira."

"What did he say?"

"Cursed and swore, sir. 'Sooner than be driven to Madeira by my crew,' he says, 'I'd cut away the brig's masts and let her lie where she is,' he says, 'till she's grown unrecognizable for barnacles!' But," he added, "now that he's seen the sort of attitude the men have put themselves into he may change his ideas and agree with me."

"Was there ever such a bigoted old fool?" I cried. "Did ever one hear of so rum-soddened a dolt placed in such a confoundedly responsible position as that of master of a ship before? I only wish he were as ignorant of navigation as he is of human nature and the art of treating sailors: I'd run him then myself to Madeira, and he shouldn't know where he was bound to until the island was hove up green over the bow. What is the stupid idiot to do if the hands, barring yourself, are against him?" I continued talking hotly, out of the fit of nervous irritability that had seized me. "And what does he mean by saying that he would sooner cut away his masts than haul in for the island and the protection it would afford him? Confound the fellow! Does he suppose that the lady and I parted with our money for the privilege of shipping in a sheer hulk?"

"Well, sir," said Gordon, "I dessay if ye put it to him warmly he'll listen to ye. If not to you, to nobody else for sartin, sir. There's too much feeding mixed up with the brains in his head; and the machinery's got clogged and don't travel properly,

spite of his being incessantly greasing of it with liquor. And what's he going to do about the watches, I wonder? Why, it must be drawing on for six o'clock, and here have I been on deck since midnight." He dodged about the skylight in his efforts to command a view of the cabin, to see if the captain were there. "There's ne'er a man more willing to do his bit than me," he said, "but it ain't in flesh and blood to keep all on watching and nothen else."

"If he likes to make you his chief mate, and me his second," said I, "I shall be quite willing to fill the berth, and take watch and watch with you. I shouldn't set myself up as *your* match, Gordon, of course; but if I couldn't trim sail with old Broadwater, or take sights, or note a change of wind, or mark the head of a growing squall, with him, he shall tell me I can't distinguish the difference between the sheet of his trysail and the hanks of his standing jib."

"Put it to him, sir; put it to him," cried the boatswain, rubbing his hands with a small emotion of glee in his worried face. "I tell you what, sir, if the capt'n 'ud make you hacting second mate—unbecoming as such a post would be for a gentleman like you to occupy—I allow that the appointment 'ud go further to reconcile the men to the brig, and to the voyage, than all the excuses the capt'n could make for himself, and all the wisest sort of kindness he'd be capable of showing 'em. Of course they know that you have been a sailor, sir."

"How?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "I told them. Next, they're aware that the man Charles was saved from spending the night lashed to the foremast by yours and the lady's entreaties and threats to leave the ship. That bit of news was brought forrards by Billy the cabin-boy; likewise by the chap whose trick it was at the wheel when the lady spoke to the capt'n about the half-blood. Depend upon it, sir," he added emphatically, "that if you

should be made second mate, or, better still, chief mate, the men 'ud feel so satisfied to know they'd got a gentleman to officer them, that I'm confident they'd give no further trouble this side of Rio. Will you put it to the capt'n, sir?"

"Certainly I will," I replied, struck by the poor fellow's eagerness, though my fancy hung much less in this direction than in a desire to urge Broadwater to make promptly for Madeira.

I left the honest creature and went below, pretty shrewdly guessing that Miss Grant lay all this while sleepless in her cabin, and was in bad need of the encouragement of a chat. I also wished to meet Broadwater, that I might tackle him whilst I was in the mood to pitch my key to any sort of note that he might choose to strike. Billy the cabin-boy, with his lank, yellow hair dangling over his eyes, was on his knees working with a deck-scraper at the dark and ugly stain at the foot of the companion-steps; but blood lies upon wood as upon the human conscience; its sacred magic, its preternatural quality of staining, is no more to be neutralized in timber by the scraper, than in the murderer's mind by the parson. 'Twas a mallet and chisel that the lad needed, and even with them the cleansing of the plank might have ended in a hole in the deck, gaping to the uttermost outline of the horrid blot. I felt a little creeping in my skin as I passed the boy, but then I was desperately bothered, and the eyes of my imagination were out of gear, so that little things put on ugly forms, and through distortion of aspect were cruelly suggestive and significant.

I listened a moment at Miss Grant's cabin-door, and very softly knocked, by no means desiring to disturb her should she be asleep. She instantly asked who it was that knocked; I answered, and she came out. She was fully dressed, in jacket and hat for the deck.

"I am glad you have come to me,"

she exclaimed; "but you see I have dutifully obeyed your orders. I would not even enter the cabin, though you will imagine how dull, expectant, miserable, I felt alone—listening, waiting, dreading I cannot tell you what—in this gloomy little box."

I took her hand and conducted her to the cabin, and she seemed to lift her head like a drooping lily to the refreshment of water as she entered an atmosphere bright with the sparkling of the sun flowing full upon the skylight, and crawling in sheets of gold upon the bulkheads and deck. She looked with attention at the lad at work under the hatch, as though she wondered what he was doing; then, understanding, she partly turned her back upon him, with a manner that was like dismissing the perception of the meaning of the fellow's labour from her memory.

"What have you got to tell me?" she asked, seating herself, and resting her chin in the palms of her hands, whilst she gazed at me from under the shadow of her broad straw hat with such a spirit of resolution in her eyes, that I saw she had prepared herself for the darkest disclosures.

I related exactly all that had happened during the time I had been on deck, and was in the midst of repeating my recent conversation with the boatswain when she slightly coughed, with a significant glance past me. I looked, and saw Broadwater coming from his cabin. He stood near the boy a moment or two watching him, then gave the lad a kick that threw him on to his face.

"Away with ye!" he cried. "Scraping indeed! It's bottle-washing that's in your line, you young scaramouch! Off with ye for a broom, and collect these here shavings, and tell the cook to get the cabin-breakfast ready by six bells."

The boy picked himself up, and mounted the ladder. Broadwater turning to me said, "An all-night job regularly sets me pining for food, long afore I should feel the need of 'it after

a proper allowance of sleep." I thought to myself, Shall I begin with the fellow at once, or wait till he has broken his fast? A meal might make him more sensible, render him more tractable; but my present mood was an opportunity I ought not to miss; and then time was exceedingly precious. So I began:

"Captain Broadwater, unless you are going on deck to relieve the boat-swain, who has had charge since midnight——"

He interrupted me by saying in his roughest manner, "Mr. Musgrave, the discipline of the Iron Crown's my affair. Don't, I beg of you, give yourself any trouble about it, sir."

"Then sit down," said I, warmly and sternly, "for if the discipline of the vessel is *your* affair, this lady's safety is *mine*! So now, sir, give me your attention, for you will find that I am more in earnest than even the most rebellious of your men forward." He did not offer to sit, but contented himself with watching me. "First," I went on, "what do you mean to do?"

"Wait, sir, and you'll see."

"No," I cried, bringing my hand down with a sounding whack upon my thigh; "that answer will not satisfy me, Captain Broadwater. The crew are in a state of mutiny; your mate lies murdered; the only living creature aboard that you can depend on is your bo'sun, and even *he* may fail you—honest to the bottom of his soul as I know him to be—for he is no more than a foremast hand, though he holds a responsible position under you. Now listen, sir. As matters stand, this lady and I are in peril of our lives. Your duty is not only to give us every encouragement, but to make haste to obtain such assistance as shall deliver us, as well as yourself and vessel, from the heavy dangers which threaten us. Therefore I demand to know what you mean to do?"

He eyed me with the same kind of doggedness I had noticed in some of his men when he was addressing them; was silent for a space after I had

ceased, and then said, "What was you object in hiring cabins in this brig?"

"The passage to Rio."

"Right! And I'm carrying you to Rio. That's the part you paid my owner for me to perform, and I'll do it."

"But," I cried, "how is it possible that you can carry your vessel to Rio with a crew who have distinctly mutinied by refusing to surrender your mate's murderer to you?"

"The Lord spare me!" he roared out. "If I ain't bound to Rio where else am I a-going?"

"See here," said I, determined to make him understand by my manner that I was in earnest, "you must be perfectly well aware that as matters are you will never succeed in carrying your ship to Rio. A moment, if you please! The crew have rebelled to a man, and have defied you. You know it! The respect you might have obtained you have forfeited, and they laugh at your commands. You know that, too! By protecting the half-blood they share in his crime, and every fellow in your forecabin is therefore an assassin at heart. And you mean to tell me that, all this being as I say, you will be able to complete a voyage which may run us into two or three months, but which is as yet but a week old only?"

"Certainly!" he cried, "we're bound to Rio, and I mean to keep all on till we get there."

"If that be so," said I vehemently, "this lady and I decline to proceed with you."

"Decline to proceed!" he shouted, evidently misunderstanding me.

"Yes, sir," I answered, shouting too. "We insist upon your steering the brig for the island of Madeira. The place is within a few days' sail. I don't doubt that the crew would cheerfully help you to navigate the vessel there. They loathe the brig as much as they dislike you, and would exult in their release, even if it came to their going ashore in irons. There-

fore, Captain Broadwater, as you are in no condition to continue the voyage to Rio, I must insist, by virtue of my rights as a passenger, and of the claim that this lady has upon my protection, that you shape your course without any further loss of time for Madeira."

He breathed hard, then raised his fist and brought it down with a mighty whack upon the table. His face was dark with passion, his little eyes reeled as they took me in from head to foot. "Sooner than do what you say," he muttered rather than spoke, "I'd scuttle the ship with these hands," lifting them both, "and send every man-jack of us aboard to the devil." He backed away, as though he meant to walk crab-fashion to the companion-ladder, and on a sudden shouted out, "You've been a-talking with the bo'sun, Mr. Musgrave."

"And what of that?" I responded, in a voice that gave him to know I had lungs enough to outshout him even, if occasion should render such a contest needful. "Am I to understand that you refuse to head the ship for Madeira, that Miss Grant and I may go ashore there, and escape the barbarous perils which your treatment of the crew is certain to plunge us into if you persist in continuing this voyage?"

"Yes," he roared, "you are to understand it!—you are to understand it a hundred times over! My instructions are to carry this ship to Rio, and sooner than deviate I'll scuttle her!" and flinging his fist at me, so to speak, with a loud snap of his fingers, he went with a heavy lurching tramp up the ladder, growling out fifty curses in an undertone that reminded me of a dog gnawing a bone, watched by another.

I looked at Miss Grant. "Of all pig-headed varlets! Where," cried I, "could have been my eyes, that I was unable to decipher the old lobster's true nature under his complicated purple skin when I first met him?"

"We are confronted with a difficulty, Mr. Musgrave," she said quietly, mechanically twisting a ring upon her

finger, with thoughtful eyes fixed upon it, "and we must look at it calmly, and be patient, and consider what is best to be done. First of all," she continued, "I am quite certain, from the man's manner, that you will never induce him to alter his course for Madeira. And then what follows? Perhaps now that the mate is dead the crew will cease to prove troublesome. Mr. Gordon is a quiet man, and the sailors appear to like him. Mr. Musgrave, I believe if this horrid old captain could only be induced by threats or persuasions to use his men kindly, the voyage might be safely continued."

But, unhappily, peace of mind was not to be obtained by contemplation of merely theoretic conditions, though I heartily admired her cool inspection of a difficulty that surely could not have held less terrors for her than for any other woman without her heart to oppose it. If Broadwater was to be terrified into changing his nature, then no doubt we might reckon upon a comfortable and pleasant passage. But the old swaggerer's qualities clung like limpets to his soul. He was not to be cleansed by any process I was master of, at all events. The only hope that I could find lay in Miss Grant's suggestion that, the mate being dead, the sailors' grievances would be diminished to the extent of the bitter usage he had given them. But the scene on deck that morning had been too significant not to fill me with dark and melancholy misgivings, which were accentuated yet by the feeling that, let me talk as hotly as I would, and threaten as clamorously as I chose, I was practically powerless. I had felt this in the Channel, and I felt it more violently now that we were far out upon the surface of the broad Atlantic, at the disposal of a man whose resolutions there were no means of thwarting, so far as I was concerned, unless indeed I sided with the men, encouraged them to deprive him of the command of the brig, and sailed her myself back to England or

to the nearest port, leaving the vindication of my behaviour to the story of cruelty and peril it would be in my power to relate—a romantic project indeed, and to be instantly dismissed!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SAILOR'S LAST TOSS.

I REMAINED with Miss Grant in the cabin until breakfast was served. Our talk referred to nothing but our situation, as you will suppose. Before long I found my worry and anxiety yielding to the influence of her calm yet animated gaze and clear good sense. Indeed there is no kind of human encouragement that equals the feeling a woman can inspire. The moral help a man will get from the posture and language of a brave girl is so invigorating that it will give his heart a new spirit, though there be the pulse of a lion in its beat.

Whilst we conversed I heard Broadwater talking on deck, and it seemed to me as if he were delivering a harangue; but I gave it little heed, being heartily sick of him and the mutinous disturbances raised by his base old tongue. There was a sound of scrubbing-brushes gritting along upon the deck overhead, with a noise of pumping and of water washing about in the scuppers—assurance, at all events, that the crew were doing the ship's work. This I bade Miss Grant take notice of, being now rendered almost hopeful by the fine cordial influence of her intelligent thoughts and by the inspiring power of her smiles, her sparkling regard, the music of her voice, the resolution of soul that held her beauty as composed as if she slumbered.

Punctually at six bells—seven o'clock—the cabin-boy arrived with the breakfast, and almost immediately afterwards Broadwater made his appearance. I had got my cue from Miss Grant, who had urged me not to question the man, and above all in conversing with him never to lose my temper; so that we had nearly finished

the repast before a single word was uttered by any of the three of us. The captain gobbled as heartily as if all had been well with the ship. In truth, his jaws were so incessantly occupied that they gave him no chance to utter a syllable. Then, having somewhat appeased his appetite, he called for another great cup of black tea, which he fell to stirring meditatively, with an occasional lift of his little eyes to mine.

"I hope, Mr. Musgrave," said he, forcing an odd note of rough jocosity into his deep sea-tones, "that you've sent that there Madeiry scheme of yours adrift. Why, ma'am," he continued, turning to Miss Grant, "if so be as I'm given to understand that Rio's your home—and Mr. Grant was a gentleman whose name is very well beknown to me, very well beknown to me indeed—if so be, I says, that Rio's your home, surely, ma'am, you must be in a hurry to get there, and wouldn't thank me for carrying out Mr. Musgrave's proposal to delay the voyage by calling at Madeiry."

"Certainly I am impatient to get to Rio, Captain Broadwater," she answered, with a half glance at me, following on the faintest possible blush rising to her cheeks, and quickly vanishing, as though it were the shadow of a rose lifted to her face and dropped again. "But then it is my impatience that wants me to make *sure* of getting there."

He drained his cup and cried, "Never doubt it, mum. Give me wind enough to blow us along, the rest 'll be as easy as swallowing whilks."

This new manner of confidence in him made me say, "The behaviour of the crew, I hope, has improved since sunrise?"

"Mr. Musgrave," he exclaimed, rising, "I have to beg and pray of you, sir, that you'll allow the behaviour of the crew to be *my* business. Judging from the observations you let fall this morning, it's middling plain to me that all that you want is to feel sure

that you and the lady'll arrive at Rio. Ontil, then, you've got good cause to be alarmed, you've got no right to tell me what my duty is, how I'm to treat my crew, and what port it's my business to head for!" saying which, he picked up his cap, and buttoning his coat around him, with a ludicrous expression of mingled dignity and self-complacency he went on deck.

A couple of minutes later, not a little to my surprise, Gordon came down the companion-steps and stood a moment at the bottom of them, looking shyly at the table, cap in hand. He tweaked an imaginary lock of hair on his forehead at Miss Grant, and exclaimed, with a nervous laugh, "Rather a novelty for me, Mr. Musgrave, sir, to breakfast 'long with ladies and gents in the land o' knives and forks; but it's the capt'n's orders. He's made me chief mate, and I'm to live down here and take Mr. Bothwell's cabin—when he's out of it," with a look at the stain at his feet.

"We are glad to welcome you aft, Gordon, believe me!" I cried. "Take that seat. Here's the teapot,—I don't think Broadwater has emptied it."

He sat down and fell to his breakfast, and I cannot express to you what a new element of cheerfulness came into the atmosphere of that rude old interior out of this sailor's plain, hearty, honest face and bearing. I was extremely anxious to get the news, for the captain had told me nothing, and asked him if anything fresh had happened on deck since I came below. He replied, subduing his voice, with a heave up of his eyes at the skylight, till nothing but the whites of them showed, that the captain had called the men aft and made them a speech, in which he told them that, if they agreed to go on with their work quietly and give him no more trouble, he would not insist upon their surrendering the half-blood, though the fellow would have to come on deck and share in the general work as heretofore. Of course, on his arrival at Rio, he would report the matter,

and leave the rest to the law. That was his duty. He further told the men that Gordon would take the place of Mr. Bothwell, and that he—that is to say, the captain—would stand watch and watch with him for the rest of the voyage, unless, amongst the crew, he should later on discover a man fit to take the duties of second mate, when, if the hands consented, he should be willing to bring him aft. Indeed Gordon told me that Broadwater talked so soberly to the sailors that they stared at him and at one another, as though they suspected some ugly scheme behind this sudden queer shift of face. However it ended in their expressing themselves satisfied; and Gordon particularly noticed that when the watch were turned to wash down, they sprang to the work with the liveliness of people from whom a shadow and a burden have been lifted, whilst the watch below, who went forward to get their breakfast, exhibited every symptom of surprise and gratification.

"But it's all along of your doing, sir," continued the boatswain, still speaking in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper; "it was that there demand of yours that he should carry the ship to Madeiry that worked on the captain. He came up to me in a passion, and asked me what I meant by speaking of Madeiry to you; but cooled down astonishingly rapid, and, after taking a few turns by himself, sung out to me to send the men aft, with the consequence as I've related. A leery old gentleman, sir, but what's happened is bound to be well, providing it ends well."

This sudden change in the captain—though, like a shift of wind, it might mean only a short blow from a new quarter, and then a sweep back into a long howling gale out of the same old wild point—was a thing to feel grateful for, when the afternoon came and brought with it an hour's dead calm—a long wash of muddy swell heaving from the south-east, and running a sluggish jumble of folds, round-browed

as domes, with never a ridge in twenty miles of them to break the monotony of the hump-backed procession with the sparkling of a glass-clear head,—and then a swift rush of breeze that swept the foam out of the water as it broke with a long cry out of the south-east dinginess, and bowed the brig down to her covering-board. Broadwater was ready for it. The topgallant-sails had been furled, the main-sail snugged to its yard, some fore-and-aft canvas (no need to be too particular) hauled down, and the topsails were blowing out from the yards on the caps with the reef-tackles hauled out, and hands dancing aloft to knot the points, when the first of the weather rang between our masts. It was not a moment when one wanted to think there was a mutiny aboard. Broadwater helped the man at the wheel to put the helm hard-a-weather, and to the long wash of the Atlantic swell foaming to the sudden scourging of the wind, with the sail swelling from the foretopsail-yard, the foresail yearning high as though it would fly into the rush of shadows overhead, hands chorusing upon the main, with Gordon's figure at the weather yard-arm coming out clean as a pencil-drawing against the soft dark race past him, the half-blood Charles swinging upon the flemish horse at his feet, the other fellows ranged along with many a kick-up abaft of the foot-ropes as they plunged to the reef-points curving out of reach as the line of the band arched to the slings and quarters,—the brig, responding to her helm and to the heavy leeward drag of her big thunderous jib, gave her quarter to the tempestuous outfly, and went with long seething rolls through it like a sleigh over falls and risings of snow.

It was blowing so hard presently that they found the reefed fore-course and topsails with a stay-foresail and a fragment of trysail as much as the vessel could carry; and before long there was a plentiful washing of water forward, for she lay now as close to her course as she would come, and the

ridged seas foaming on top of the backs of the swell brimmed with a roar to the bow under the larboard cathead, where they rose in a dazzle of white water, then tumbling inboard with the clatter of twenty tons of shingle, and floating coils of the running rigging up amongst the legs of the men, and converting locomotion in the waist into sheer floundering. The men worked briskly and with a will; indeed I accepted this burst of weather as a stroke of Providence, designed to rally the minds of the crew to their strict business of seafaring, and to bring old Broadwater to recognition of the value of willing sailors in the navigation of a ship—considerations which appeared to have fallen asleep in the tender breezes that had fanned us out of the Bay, under clear skies by day and sparkling constellations by night, down to the latitude and longitude our keel was now traversing. Certain it was this half gale—for it came to that—was dead in the road of Madeira; indeed the brig could not have looked up for the island to within six points; and methought as I stood near Broadwater, whilst the crew were on the foretopsail-yard, that he turned his eyes from the foaming windward sea-board to me, as if he would say, "You see what chance your Madeiry scheme would have *now*."

This was really the first bit of hard weather we had yet encountered. The brig proved a wetter craft than I should have imagined, though she rose buoyant to each long frothing hill of brine, with a slant of her spars and a shear of her cut-water that made you think she had more of the clipper instincts in her than the mind of her builder had included in his model. But it was dreary, weary work—the air on deck wet with spray and surging down upon you in volumes that often forced you to turn your back upon it to fetch a breath, a melancholy clattering of spare booms forward, the scream and smoke of water hissing inboards through the scupper-holes,

and then draining away through the same apertures in long lamentable sobbings, the shrill whistling of the gale splitting upon the curve of the gray ropes, the quick roar of it as it flung as with a sound of cannon from under the foot of the arched canvas to the weather roll of the masts; whilst below it was dismaller yet, bulkheads creaking, cabin-doors ticking like gigantic clocks upon their hooks and hinges to the regular swaying, groanings of strained cargo in the hold, and such a tumblefication of deck, that having once fairly brought up on a locker you loathed the obligation of leaving it.

The stormy day howled itself steadfastly onwards into night, when the scene of commotion took a new character of wildness from the swarmings of sea-fire in the curl of each dark summit, and in the soft sheet-lightning-like flashes of the phosphor flying with the water through our rigging. But though it was a time of discomfort, it was a time of comparative ease, too, for it blew all thoughts of mutiny out of one's head. Recollections of tragedy, anxiety, and distress seemed to have been washed overboard by the first sea the brig shipped; and Miss Grant said to me that she would be glad never to see a sunlight day nor a placid night of moonshine again during the rest of the voyage, providing the Iron Crown continued to stem fairly onwards for Rio, and the men remained quiet, and Broadwater too occupied by the weather to bluster and bully as of old.

I confess I had forgotten all about the dead mate, when on returning from a short look round on deck at about half-past ten—Miss Grant having withdrawn to her berth an hour before—I saw Gordon and the cabin-boy staggering out of one of the foremost cabins, bearing between them a long white bundle. I asked the boatswain what it was, and he answered, "The body of the mate, sir." The thing, bolster-shape, was stitched up in sail-cloth, and more ghastly, maybe,

to the imagination for lacking suggestion of human outline.

"What are you going to do with it?" I asked.

"Heave it overboard, sir," answered Gordon.

I might have suspected as much; yet I could not make sure that Broadwater would have dismissed the remains of his factotum without a benediction.

"The capt'n wouldn't trust the handling of him to any of the people forward," said Gordon, "nor bury him by daylight under their noses. I reckon he's right. This here," said he, with a look at the burden, at one end of which he swayed whilst the cabin-boy staggered at the other, but without the pale consternation in his face that would have shown in it had the captain been his assistant, "is still as a red rag to more than one pair of horns which have sprouted aboard us of late days. Steady, my lad! Slew round now! I'll go back-wards up the steps, and don't you pull!"

The brig rolled so heavily that I expected every moment to see the boatswain plump down with his ghastly burthen and overset the boy. They managed to get it on deck however without mishap, and following, I watched them from over the edge of the companion-hatch swing the white thing with a low growling *one, two, THREE!* from Gordon, and sent it with a flash like any one of the sheets of milk-white foam bursting over the weather-rail into the dark waters beyond. The sailor's last toss! I thought, as I re-entered the cabin; and whose child had been that negro-headed, handsome-featured fellow? The wolfish yell of the wind high aloft swept to the black orifice of the hatchway as an answer to the question, and no icy blast could have struck such a shudder through me as the chill that trembled from my hair to my feet as my eyes suddenly lit upon the mahogany-like stain upon the cabin-deck. One thing on top of an-

other, 'twas almost enough to make a man feel sorry for the murdered wretch. If ever a creature was charged to the gorge with all qualities which go to the making of a romantic scoundrel, this same Neil Bothwell had been. Maybe he was born a little too late; for the paddle-wheel, if not the propeller, was even now scooping up all idealism out of the sea. If the black flag were not actually hauled down, it was on its way to the locker, there to moulder; the Corsair had buried his Medora, and gone to the Isles of Greece to slink out, oily and filthy, upon the sleepy Turk, or the humming Sicilian. The slaver alone was active. Yet I never can recall Mr. Bothwell's woolly head, his chiselled features, white teeth, and nimble, sparkling eyes, along with the dark brutality of his nature, his piratical voice and venomous language, without feeling persuaded that the knife of the half-blood had cut short a career which, in its continuance, despite the crimson cross and the grinning teeth of the British frigate, must have supplied the naval writer with many fruitful and astonishing themes.

That miserable stain made the atmosphere of the cabin feel as bleak as a vault on a December night; and though we were supposed to be in warm parallels, I could not have snugged me in my blankets with heartier relish of the clinging comfort of them had the gale been splitting upon frozen rigging, and the blackness upon the sea dashed with the iceberg's spectral tinge of whiteness.

This dirty weather troubled us for four days. It seemed to have blown the ocean clear of ships and birds, for we sighted nothing, whether winged with canvas or feathers. All day long 'twas the same steadfast rush of the surge, green as bottle-glass, freckled with the foam flying from the championing courser in advance, lifting a head of melting white to the sullen shadow of the sky. Then followed several days of fair weather, and if it had not been for a lurking feel-

ing of uneasiness, a sense of trouble impending, I believe I should have found enjoyment enough in this time to fully compensate me for the worries and anxieties I had suffered. For three successive days a pleasant wind from the north and east blew almost directly over our stern; and the brig, with studding-sails overhanging the water far out on either side of her, and soothingly cradled on a sea as regular as a pulse, and soft as the rise and fall of a sleeper's breast, floated steadily on her course. Already from the dark blue waves the flying-fish were whisking in short uncertain flights; the swinish outline of the porpoise rose black and wet to the flash of the sun; afar the snow-white spire of a ship's canvas would break the melancholy continuity of the sea-line. Our shadows shortened at noon, and so fair was the course we headed that the eye had almost the accuracy of the sextant in determining the period of the meridian, by observing the wake of the luminary rising and falling in a fan-shaped stream of gold transversely from the horizon to our larboard cat-head.

One scarcely needed the comforts of the pleasure-vessel to have found it all as full of such delights as go to a yachting cruise, if the rest had been as well as sea and sky and atmosphere. But, first of all, there was Captain Broadwater again. Now that the dirty sky had been blown away, and the shrill dark gale transformed into a steady gushing of fair blue sunlit breeze, warm as a woman's breath and filled with the aroma of a thousand leagues of ocean, the reckless old man had warped his mind back to its old moorings, and was once more falling foul of the men, often as I would think without reason, or, when justified, then always with coarse and needless temper. But that was not all. The half-blood Charles was about the deck—for I must tell you, now that we were regularly at sea it was "all hands," as the term goes, from eight bells in the morning down to four o'clock in the

afternoon, with an interval of an hour from half-past eleven for dinner; and consequently it was impossible to put your head through the companion-hatch without, after a bit, seeing the half-blood at work, sometimes on the rigging, sometimes with a marline-spike on deck, but most often stitching at sail-cloth stretched along the waist. It was not only the knowledge that he was a murderer that regularly affected me with a violent stir of emotion every time my eye lighted on him, though I should see him twenty times in a day; it was the shock also, at least to my notion of shipboard-discipline, to the marine habits of thought I had carried away with me from my early voyagings, coming from perception of his being at large, when without doubt he should be in irons below, and of the liberty he was now enjoying being the will of the crew. My abhorrence of Broadwater's early usage of him could in nowise temper my loathing of the olive-coloured dastard's act. Of course, the crime of which the fellow had been guilty might well make one suspect a deeper significance in every action, gesture, and speech of his than they in reality possessed; but sometimes, in watching him furtively over the top of a book, or whilst conversing with Miss Grant, when he was not too far off for his features to be inexpressive, I would get it into my head that if ever the swift, askant glance of a human eye indicated treachery and black resolution, matured and waiting only, his did whenever Broadwater's approach courted a glance from under his dusky, drooping lids. I reasoned thus: I said to myself, this man being guilty of murder, albeit he has his freedom in the brig—the liberty of a bird in a cage!—is fully aware that the gallows awaits him on his arrival in port, and that the person who will make it his especial business to procure his prompt despatch is that same red-faced, hectoring, noisy, and tyrannous skipper, at whom, when he imagines himself unperceived, he darts as malignant a glance as ever I wit-

nessed in mortal eyes. What then! Is it reasonable to suppose that yonder half-blood intends to resignedly suffer himself to be carried to Rio, and on the testimony of the depositions of that ship-master there, whom he abhors, to suffer with his life for his deed? Then I would say to myself, but what is he to do? Certainly he cannot prevent the master from navigating the brig to her South American destination. Does he contemplate suicide as his only chance of escaping the executioner? He is under the protection of the crew; has he any influence with them? Assuming that he has, what use can he make of it? Thus would I sometimes speculate, idly indeed; yet the thoughts that occurred to me were of a kind to rob the smooth ocean of its placidity, and the gay picture of the brig, brilliant with the serene splendour of the heavens, of something of its beauty.

However, I kept my thoughts to myself. I took care that Miss Grant should have no suspicion of what was passing in my mind, nor did I utter a word on the subject to Gordon, mainly because I felt the whole thing was mere foreboding, and that discussion of it could therefore serve no end.

CHAPTER XV.

WE SAIL THROUGH A STRANGE LIGHT.

I REMEMBER it was on the third night of this gentle weather that I was quietly walking up and down the deck with Miss Grant's hand lying lightly on my arm. Four bells had not been long struck. The night was dark, but exceedingly beautiful, with a tropical richness of starlight that yet, though to the eye it showed like a wide fine rain of silver light, suffered the sea to heave black to the confines of the hovering firmament—not a break or glance of foam anywhere, not the tiniest sparkle of the sea-glow. The brig, with studding sails out on either side, was floating through the shadow of the night at some four or five miles in the hour. All was silent—every

cloth aloft was asleep. Under the black arches of the distended canvas the stars would come and go like eyes of invisible shapes, peering an instant over the edge of the yards down upon the dim glimmer of the brig's decks. Gordon was in charge. I had killed half-an-hour some time before with him in talk, but when Miss Grant arrived I paired off with her, and left my hearty friend to fill the interval betwixt the wheel and the main-rigging with lonely meditations.

I do not mind owning here, that on such a night as this it was not very easy to check in myself something of those sentimental thoughts concerning my fascinating companion which had bothered me, as I have elsewhere said, at an earlier date, and which no doubt would have continued to worry and vex me down to this hour, but for the murder of the mate and the posture of the crew. The quiet weather, and the apparent peace in the brig during the last three days, had enabled us to be much together on deck again, and to converse on subjects of a kind very different from assassination on ship-board, and the perils of passengers in vessels worked by mutinous sailors. Indeed, the long and short of it is, as we stepped the deck together this night, I felt that if our voyage to Rio should be long delayed, it must infallibly end in my falling in love with Miss Aurelia. It would not do to call the emotion a disloyalty to my cousin. What must happen cannot be helped, and there is nothing in philosophy to balk the issue, though it may teach one how to support it. The utmost I could hope to do was to disguise my feelings, quit Rio as promptly as the shipping there would suffer, and leave the rest to old Time with his brush and whitewash. Still the position was an exceedingly uncomfortable one, and it was likely to endure long enough to render me very unhappy. For in those days I was a young man with the heart and sensibilities of youth; and to fall in love with a woman who was betrothed to another;

to find my happiness subtly sneaking away, and making its existence dependent upon conditions which never could be fulfilled; to feel moreover that the emotions, which it was not in my power to suppress, were in a sense unfair to the girl—though I must always maintain that the highest compliment a man can pay a woman is to fall in love with her—whilst they were dishonouring to myself in my existing relations with my cousin, was to place myself, without being able to help it, in a position so immediately distressful as to threaten by and by to become distracting. The worst of it was, that whilst I would wish the voyage over, my conscience was sensible that the desire was nonsense, and that I was in no hurry. To be sure it would be with no common delight that I should part with Captain Broadwater and his odious dinner-table, and take an eternal farewell of a ship's company of whose behaviour it was impossible to make sure from one hour's end to another; but already—already! though Miss Grant and I had been together for a fortnight only—the prospect of turning my back upon her, of saying good-bye to her at Rio, of sailing away and feeling that all I had done was to undergo the miseries of a long voyage merely to hand over the handsomest woman that I had ever met in my life—the only girl moreover I had ever encountered to whom I could have given every bit of my heart—I say, the prospect of this was all so very distasteful to me, that when I came to look into myself I was not at all astonished to find I was secretly willing that this voyage to Rio should continue, at all risks, to a period that might be indeterminable, sooner than sunder my association with the lovely and engaging girl whom my abominably thoughtless cousin had asked me to take charge of.

But these were my thoughts only. It was not to be supposed that she would have the least suspicion of what was passing in my mind. There was

nothing of the coquette in her; no capacity of courting admiration for the mere selfish pleasure of enjoying it. As she walked by my side, her face white to the star-shine with the sparkles of it in her eyes, I had very little doubt, believe me, that, had she guessed at the thoughts which had my heart in tow, she would have rapidly made shift to conquer the floating movements of the deck without the support of my arm upon which her left hand now rested. Upon my word, the cruellest of all women—not the more forgivable because she is unconsciously cruel—is the girl who, knowing that she is beautiful, acts without perception of the magic and influence of her graces. Fortunately for the peace of men, such women are rare. But Miss Aurelia Grant was one of them; and though the more intimate our association was, the more, in one sense, and in a mean sense, I am afraid, I enjoyed it; yet she could never touch my hand, bend her bright eyes upon mine, incline her stately figure to me with the gracious, maidenly familiarity of a girl in the society of a man whom she values as a friend, without a sort of wild odd regret in me that Nature, in making her beautiful, had not also dowered her with the capacity of appreciating the significance of beauty's most artless provocation. But then the Spanish blood would account for much in her that was as teasing as it was delightful.

Now, as we quietly moved from one end of the deck to the other, there happened so strange a thing, that the like of it in these parallels, at all events, has, to my knowledge, been witnessed once only. We had been chatting as soberly as though we were uncle and niece: not the lightest of the inspirations of this most glorious night coming out of it to tincture our words or thoughts into any complexion of romance, though never might a scene of starlit gloom furnish a young fellow, already rendered sentimental enough, with a better excuse for fre-

quent poetical flight than this in whose shadow I paced with Miss Aurelia, her ungloved hand (with the gleam, by the way, of an engaged ring meeting my eye each time I looked down) lying white as a flake of sea-foam in the bight of my arm. I was talking about old Broadwater, and expressed my wonder that he should be able to accommodate his love of rum and his taste for "all night in," as they say at sea, with the obligation he had imposed upon himself of taking Bothwell's place.

"Spite of his many shortcomings," she exclaimed, "I should think he is too much a seaman by habit, not to be vigilant during his watch."

"Oh," said I, "I don't doubt that he keeps a bright look-out when his turn to take charge comes round. What I mean is, it is odd that he should not have chosen some one from amongst the men forward to act as second mate, Gordon now being first, for then he would be able to go to bed drunk as usual, with plenty of time to sleep off the fumes; but the long and short of it is," I added, "there's no living creature in this fore-castle to whom he durst confide his ship."

As I said this, I heard my name called, apparently from the fore-castle. We were at that moment close to the wheel, and in the act of returning to measure the length of deck afresh. I was not a little surprised to hear myself hailed from so remote a part of the brig, and as I had not recognized the voice, I sang out, "Who wants me there?"

"Me, sir—the mate," came the answer from the bows; "will you and the lady please step this way?"

I asked Miss Grant if she would accompany me, thinking that she might be a little shy, and very reasonably shy, too, in the circumstances, of that part of the vessel.

"Certainly," she answered promptly.

We had to move with caution. The pile of canvas that clothed the brig from truck to waterway deepened the midnight obscurity of the deck, and

though it was plain sailing where we had been walking, yet, once abreast of the mainmast, one had to keep a sharp look-out, by groping, for the harness-cask, scuttle-butts, coils of rigging, pump-handles, and other matters which lay between the point where the quarterdeck began and where the brig's fore-castle ended. I called out, "On which side are you, Mr. Gordon?" wondering why he wanted us, and what had carried him away from his post aft.

"On the starboard bow, sir," he rejoined; "mind the fluke of the stowed anchor as ye come along! I'm just forrard of it."

I held Miss Grant's hand, walking in front of her. The galley was locked up for the night; there was not the faintest gleam of light anywhere visible, if it were not a sort of ghostly sheen lurking like a churchyard exhalation over the fore-scuttle, from the slush lamp, as I presumed, swinging in the sailors' sea-parlour below. Indeed I was so engrossed by the occupation of picking my way, that I saw nothing until I was fairly alongside of Gordon, who pointed, with a long shadowy arm, the fingers at the end of which showed like a giant's against the stars, over the horizon, and exclaimed, "Mr. Musgrave, sir, saw any man ever the like o' that? What can it be?"

He held his arm levelled, and following its indication I saw, right ahead of the ship, standing apparently upon the ocean at the distance of the horizon, an arch of light, or rather, let me say, a shape of dim white radiance, arching in perfect outline from one leg to another that appeared to rest upon the black surface of the deep to within three or four degrees of the sea-line, as though its foot had broken away. There is nothing so deceptive as distance at sea. The light, when I first saw it, might have been within gunshot, or it might have been a couple of leagues away from us. The radiance had the tint of moonshine, and was as visibly defined upon the velvet dusk as though painted there

by the sweep of a brush dipped in white fire. You saw the stars shining close against the rim of it, all round and under the arch of it, where they sparkled like the riding-lights of ships.

"What is it, Mr. Musgrave?" exclaimed Gordon, in the voice of a man not only awed, but even alarmed.

"I wish I could tell you," said I. "It looks like the fiery trail of a comet that has swept in an arc from behind the sea, and gone to pieces in the blackness before it had perfected the semi-circle."

"We are steering directly for it!" exclaimed Miss Grant.

The watch on deck, disturbed in the naps they were taking in secret corners by Gordon's call to me, had collected near us, and you heard the growling of their voices as they pointed ahead, marvelling, as we did, one to another, at the startling, beautiful, radiant appearance. I heard one say, "Jim, it's a sort of vast compresant. There's no luck for the vessel as sights them shows."

Another said, "If we are to sail through it, stand by! The likes of them lights, I've heerd, strikes men green if they smites 'em full."

"What in thunder can it be?" repeated Gordon; "'taint anything burning out there, is it? How fur do it stretch? Can any man tell? Looks to me to be a-widening."

One of the shadowy group beside me exclaimed, "Job is to know how fur off it lies. I allow there's all ten mile between them legs."

"Vast there!" cried another, "ten mile! I'll swap my chest agin your Scotch cap afore eight bells this blooming night if them legs is a mile wide."

"I'll go aft and report it to the captain," said Gordon, in a voice that betrayed the agitation he was labouring under. "Never see'd the like of such a thing in all my time. Beats all my going a-fishing, sir. Why, it's a object that ain't in nature; and if we don't give it a wide berth it'll be a bad look-out for some of us, or I wasn't

christened Zana!" And apparently as much subdued as if he had seen a ghost, or heard some spectral voice up in the air bidding him prepare for his end, he slunk away from our side, and vanished in the darkness as he made his way to the cabin.

When he was gone there fell a deep silence. The men ceased to speak: Miss Grant and I gazed without exchanging a syllable: nothing was to be heard but the soft shearing of the cut-water beneath us. The blackness under the bows was profound—not a sparkle of phosphor to catch the eye, not the sickliest flake of star-shine to express the invisible heave of the deep. I looked behind me at the towering canvas on the foremast, and found a strange solemnity in the visionary beauty of the silent, swelling, airy concavities mounting in pale vague surfaces into the stooping dusk; but whether near or distant, the mystic arch of light ahead threw not the feeblest gleam upon that soaring surface that spectrally dilated on either hand to the pinions of the studding-sails which faded into a hovering faintness far beyond the sides. The mysterious sheen as we neared it seemed to gather a quicker tincture of lustre, as of the diamond, or some clear glittering star. It is impossible to express the startling loveliness of this apparition of luminous arch against the midnight sky, with the stars shining down to its rim, and spangling the hollow to the sea-line within. 'Twas as though God's hand had set up a sign in the sky for us to behold; and the men now were so dumb in the face of it, that you easily guessed how impressed and awed they were. Most of the watch below had come up to have a look, but each new-comer's first murmur of wonder speedily died in the hush that was upon the others.

"What is it, do you think, Mr. Musgrave?" said Miss Grant, in a voice a little above a whisper.

"Were we far north or south," I replied, "one would make it intelligible by reference to the Northern

Lights or to the Aurora Australis. No doubt yonder beautiful object is something of the kind, electric—phosphoric—call it what you will. But is it not worth seeing? Why, one would sail round the world even with old Broadwater for such possession of memory as that glorious span will yield!"

"It will fill these poor fellows with superstitious fancies," she said, speaking very softly. "Did you hear one of them say that people who sail through such things are struck green?"

I could not help laughing, and said, "Yes; but it is possible to be green without passing through such an arch as that. If these sailors, now, were Roman Catholics after the type of the mariners of Columbus's day, they would be on their knees chanting litanies, and making the air melodious with their *Salve Regina's*. But is not superstition excusable amongst seamen? Look at that wonderful sight, Miss Grant. Imagine yourself run backwards by the stream of time three hundred years—before the scientific man had broken loose, when the world was bare of problem-solvers, when all interpretation was deliciously romantic and tenderly poetical. What then would you think of such a sight as that! It would be no mere phosphoric or electric arch. No, no; but some paradisaical bridge of ethereal crystal, such as St. John may have gazed upon without having recorded it; and be sure that your young-eyed imagination, fired by sheer ecstasy of superstition, would readily discern the forms of angelic beings with wings of pearly light, and raiment as lustrous as a moonbeam, flitting along it to the stars upon which its unfinished end to the left there seems to rest."

I merely talked thus to provoke her, delighting in the high moods which even such idle stuff as this would induce in her. But unfortunately we were not alone; I had scarcely made an end, when old Broadwater, followed by Gordon, rolled floundering

and tumbling on to the fore-castle. He stared for some moments in silence, breathing hard, and then burst out, "Well, boil me alive if ever I seed the likes of that! 'Tain't fire, neither. What do you call it, Mr. Gordon?"

"Got no idea, sir," answered the mate, speaking as before with a note of awe and depression in his voice. "Shall we shift the helm while there's time? It looks close aboard now, and we shall be into it if we don't mind."

"Shift the hellum!" cried Broadwater. "What for? D'ye think it's land, man? Why, what else is it but what they calls a luminous fog? And who's going to diwerge for a thickness you can see through?"

Some man said, "That there's no luminous fog, master. It's a big, strike-me-blind compresant. Look out! It may foul our mastheads as we pass under it, and who's to know that we shall ever be heard of afterwards?"

Broadwater, who had been peering hard into my face, seemed on a sudden to distinguish me, and without apparently heeding the man who had spoken, exclaimed, "Hope you're enjoying of it, Mr. Musgrave. 'Tain't often a sight like that's chucked in for naught in a voyage to Rio."

"Am I to shift the helm, sir?" said Gordon.

"Certainly 'not!" roared the old fellow, "didn't ye hear me say so just now? Cook me alive, Mr. Musgrave, if sailors be men fit even to make soldiers of! Diwerge because there's a lunar rainbow in the road!" He seemed to be struck by his own fancy. "It's a lunar rainbow," he shouted. "one of the finest I ever see."

"Where's the moon to make him?" said a voice.

"Keep all on as ye are, Mr. Gordon; all on as ye are!" said Broadwater, with an ominous growl in his tones, that was like an intimation to the little company of shadows standing near him to hold their peace. "Steady as she goes, sir!" And so saying he staggered away from the rail, and went

swinging towards the quarter-deck, singing out to the helmsman as he went, "Steady as she goes, my man! steady as she goes!"

We had neared the shining appearance so rapidly, that I suspected it must have been very much closer to us when first sighted than we had imagined. It cast no reflection upon the dark waters under it, nor shewn upon the air beyond the line of its own irradiation, as you saw by the shine of the stars close down upon it. As we were under a steady helm, it soon became plain that the sparkling arch was slowly trending to larboard. When it first showed out, our jibbooms seemed to point fair for the centre of it, whereas now the right leg had drawn on to our starboard bow. The obscurity seemed the blacker for that light. I'd look aloft and around, wondering that no illumination came from the mystical burning to touch the sails, or to put a sparkle into the eyes of the staring men. They were grumbling freely, swearing that nothing but ill-luck could attend our passage through the luminous thing, and heaping curses upon the captain for his drunken obstinacy. Gordon had followed Broadwater on to the quarter-deck, but Miss Grant and I held our place against the fore-castle-rail. Within half-an-hour of the object heaving into view, we were close upon it. Even when our flying-jibboom end was silvered by contact with the light, the jibs themselves hung black as thunder-clouds against the shining. I had just time to note the wondrous sweep of this mighty arch, extending like a vast hueless rainbow into the clear obscure, when it was all about us. I begged my companion to look aft; the spectacle was incomparable for splendour and shadow, heightened by the elements of mystery and fear. The swelling sails at the fore leapt into spaces of almost milk-white light to the touch of this atmospheric radiance, and floated gleaming whilst the rest of the brig from the fore-rigging lay black and buried; but

very swiftly the whole vessel leapt into this midnight effulgent vision, and no searching moonlight could have offered a clearer view of her. Every man's shadow swung at his feet, the very trucks at the lofty mastheads shone out with the dull light of frosty silver buttons. Aft, upon the quarter-deck, you saw the motionless dark figures of Broadwater and the mate, standing as though this mystical illumination possessed some hellish quality that had blasted them into stirlessness. The fellow at the wheel gripped the spokes without a move in his posture that seemed to me full of terror and awe. Many of the crew, whilst our jibboom was yet penetrating this burning mist, and whilst the forecastle still lay in blackness, had jumped below with sharp cries of alarm, warning one another to beware of the light, that it turned the flesh green, that it was fatal to those it shone on, and the like. But a few men lingered, though when the brig was fair in the radiance I

marked them in cowering attitudes, one stooping low at the windlass end, another crouching with his arms against his forehead, a third in a posture of recoil at the heel of the bowsprit, as I have seen people terror-stricken by a sudden dazzling flash of lightning. The heave of the sea was like the swelling of a sheet of silver. But in less than three minutes, as nearly as I could calculate, I marked the jibboom and jibs turn black, then the forecastle stole into the midnight again, and preternatural beyond expression was the spectacle of the swelling canvas, bright for a breath to us who stood in blackness, then vanishing upon the sight as though the whole fabric had been formed of star-lighted mist that had melted on a sudden. In a few minutes the brig was once more sailing along in darkness, and the glorious arch was over her stern, with what was now its left limb, viewing it from the forecastle, veering away upon our larboard quarter.

(To be continued.)

PROHIBITIONISM IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

It is evident that English politics are beginning to be disturbed, like those of the United States and Canada, by the formation of a Prohibitionist party. The party usually calls itself that of Temperance. But though we may wish to be courteous, we cannot concede a name which not only begs the question at issue, but is a standing libel on those who take their glass of wine or beer without being in any rational sense of the term intemperate. Temperance is one thing, total abstinence is another, and coercion, at which these reformers aim, is a third. As temperance implies self-restraint, there can be no temperance, in the proper sense of the term, where there is coercion.

The "Temperance" people on this side of the water are not much inclined, so far as I have come into contact with them, to listen to anything so rationalistic as the lessons of experience. They tell you that with them it is a matter not of experience but of principle; that their cause is the cause of Heaven; yours, if you are an opponent, that of the darker power; and they intimate, with more or less of gentleness and courtesy, what, if you persist in getting in Heaven's way, will be your deserved and inevitable doom. To those however who in practical matters regard the dictates of experience as principles, and who wish before committing themselves to a particular kind of legislation to know whether it is likely to do good or harm, the result of Canadian or American experiment may not be un instructive.

In 1878 the Canadian Parliament passed the Canada Temperance Act, more commonly called the Scott Act. The purport of this Act may be described as county and city option. It enables any county or city adopting it by a simple majority of the electors to

prohibit the sale of any liquor within the district for local consumption under penalty of a fine of fifty dollars for the first offence, a hundred for the second, and two months' imprisonment for the third. When adopted, the Act remains in force for three years, after which, upon a petition signed by one fourth of the electors, it may again be submitted to the vote, and if there is a majority against it, repealed.

In this Province of Ontario there are forty-two counties and eleven cities. Twenty-eight counties and two cities adopted the Act. The other day ten counties (nine of them at once) repealed it, and in eighteen counties and two cities petitions for repeal either have been lodged or are understood to be in preparation. In Ontario the Scott Act is generally regarded as dead, and the advocates of prohibitive legislation are turning their minds to other measures. This is a genuine verdict of the people. The liquor-trade had exhausted its powers of opposition in the early part of the contest; in fact it hardly appeared in the field without doing mischief to its own cause.

The general result where the Act has been tried appears to have been the substitution of an unlicensed and unregulated for a licensed and regulated trade. The demand for drink remained the same, but it was supplied in illicit ways. It was found by those who were engaged in the campaign against the Scott Act that the lowest class of liquor-dealers were far from zealous in their opposition to prohibitive legislation. They foresaw that the result to them would be simply sale of liquor without the license fee. Drunkenness, instead of being diminished, appears to have increased. A memorial signed by three hundred citizens of Woodstock, including nearly all the principal men

of business and professional men, but nobody connected with the liquor-trade, says: "The Scott Act in this town has not diminished but has increased drunkenness; it has almost wholly prevented the use of lager beer, which was becoming an article of common consumption; it has operated to discourage the use of light beverages, substituting therefore in a large measure ardent spirits, and it has led to the opening of many drinking-places which did not exist under the license law and to the sale of liquor being continued till hours after midnight." "From my own observation," says a leading physician of the same place, "and the most trustworthy information privately and publicly received, I am satisfied that the most extensive illicit traffic prevails in Woodstock, that the abuse of intoxicating liquors is greatly on the increase here, and that there is a lamentable increase of drinking among the younger men of the community." At Milton, in the county of Halton, the effects were found to be the same as at Woodstock. Before the adoption of the Act there were but five places in which liquor was sold; after the adoption of the Act there were no fewer than sixteen, and owing to the persecution of the hotels the traffic was thrown into the lowest and worst hands. Forty-eight men of business, including the Mayor and Chief Constable, signed a declaration that the Act had signally failed to reduce intemperance; that the trade, instead of being in respectable hands, was in those of the bottle-hawkers and keepers of low dens; that the effect of the Act has been the substitution to a great extent of spirituous liquors for malt, wine, or cider as beverages; that drunkenness, lawlessness and perjury were much more prevalent than they had been under license; and that the Scott Act instead of removing temptation from the young had had the contrary effect, and cases of juvenile drunkenness had become shockingly frequent. Scores of petitions were sent to Parliament

from county councils or other municipal bodies declaring the failure of the Act.

Wine, beer, and cider may or may not be injurious, but at all events they are not so injurious as ardent spirits; they stimulate less to criminal violence, the evil against which, in dealing with this subject, society is most concerned to guard. A natural tendency of prohibition however, as the evidence cited seems to show, is to substitute ardent spirits, which, containing a great amount of alcohol in a small bulk, are more easily smuggled, for the lighter drinks of which the bulk is greater. It is well that the attention of philanthropy, of practical philanthropy at least, should be specially called to this point. Not only does Prohibition appear practically to encourage the use of ardent spirits; the spirits which it encourages, being sold by the lowest dealers, are apt to be of the most pernicious kind: sometimes they are literally poison.

It is true that where Prohibition prevails the liquor-shop no longer invites the passer-by with open doors. But the illicit liquor-seller is probably more active than the licensed publican in thrusting his temptation upon those who are most likely to yield to it, especially on the young. A clandestine drinker is sure to be a deep drinker. He is sure to drink, not with his meals, but in the specially pernicious form of drams. He is sure to drink in bad company. He is sure also to contract sneaking habits, and to lose respect for himself as well as respect for the law.

Witness after witness testifies to the prevalence of perjury in liquor-cases, and this evidence is supported by that of judges and magistrates in the United States and England. The people were morally dragooned by a powerful organization and strong ecclesiastical influence into voting for the Act. The pulpit of the Methodist Church, which is very powerful in Canada and has thoroughly identified itself with Prohibition, thundered in

favour of the measure, and the Methodist farmers obeyed. But no pulpit-thunder will make the people in their hearts believe that to drink or sell a glass of beer is really criminal or support the execution of the law as if they did. Archdeacon Farrar himself, in his controversy with Baron Bramwell, repudiates as uncharitable and absurd the doctrine that there is anything morally wrong in the use of fermented liquor. He says that he has never preached abstinence as a matter of duty, even to confirmation classes or to national schools. He admits that moderate drinking is a perfectly lawful enjoyment, and that multitudes of men indulge in it who are wiser and better than he is himself. Agreeing at heart with this, the people, though they have voted as their preacher bade them, cannot bring themselves to take part in ruining a neighbour, sending him to gaol, and perhaps making his wife and children destitute, for that which in their conscience they do not regard as criminal. They refuse to back the ministers of the law. When forced to give evidence they prevaricate and too often commit what is morally perjury. The "Bruce Herald" declared that the Act in that county, though nominally in force, was "dead as Julius Cæsar", adding that the idea that the law would be sustained by reverence for authority soon vanished, and that prosecutions failed from the unwillingness of witnesses to give evidence against the hotel-keepers who had public sympathy on their side, the people feeling that the Act sought to destroy a business and to confiscate property erected under the sanction of previous law. Have we not in the history of the poaching bred by tyrannical game-laws and the smuggling bred by excessive customs-duties, abundant proof of the danger of putting the moral sense of the people at variance with the law? To break the law is always wrong, but it is also wrong to make laws which, as they are unsupported by

any moral obligation, the people are sure to break.

The testimony borne by municipal councils in all parts of Ontario to the fact that there has been an increase of drunkenness under the Act is not invalidated by the decrease, in some counties, of the number of arrests for that offence. Under the prohibitive system the liquor-seller, his trade being illicit, is afraid to call, as the licensed tavern-keeper does, for the intervention of the police. He does his best to conceal the drunkard whose detection would be the betrayal of his own breach of the law.

The Prohibitionists themselves hardly show confidence in their own moral code. They never propose to punish a man for drinking a glass of ale, though the drinking and the selling being parts of the same transaction, both must be criminal or neither. Nor do they, with us at least, venture to propose that the manufacture of liquor shall be made a crime. They confine themselves to harassing the retail trade, as though, so long as the drink was made, it could fail to find its way through some channel to thirsty lips.

In the Province of Quebec the Act has been adopted only by six counties, of which two have now repealed it. In the French province this question, like all other public questions, is apt to become one of race. In the maritime provinces the Act has been extensively adopted, and up to this time there has been no repeal. But the organized public opposition, independent of the liquor-interest which in Ontario arrested the progress of the Act and has now turned back the tide, has hitherto been wanting in the maritime provinces. The people of those provinces, moreover, to judge from their behaviour in the political sphere, are peculiarly submissive to pressure of the sort which the Prohibitionist party and the clergy who support it bring to bear. But the Act, though not repealed, is described as practically a dead letter by provincial journals

which call for its repeal on that account.

I was myself the other day in our North-West Territories, where the law imposed by the central Government under pressure of the temperance vote is Prohibition qualified by a power of giving permits, which is vested in the Lieutenant-Governor, I was assured, on what appeared to be the best possible authority, that the law was a disastrous failure, that anybody could get liquor who wanted it, and that the only fruits of the system were smuggling, perjury, secret drinking, and deterioration of the liquor. The liquor is sure to be of the worst quality, because the dealer will thus indemnify himself for the risks of a contraband trade, while his own character and that of his drinking-place will inevitably be low. I would once more call attention to this feature of the question, and to the tendency of the system which makes the trade contraband to the displacement of the lighter drinks by ardent spirits which are easily smuggled.

Besides contempt of the law and perjury the country has been filled with ill blood. Nothing is more odious or poisons the heart of the community more than the employment of spies and informers, to which it has been necessary and will always be necessary for Prohibitionism to resort. Dickens holds up the mirror to nature in his description of the Claypoles and their trade. Men who have been imprisoned and ruined for plying a trade which, as only the other day they were holding licenses for it from the State, they can hardly feel to be criminal, are naturally not grateful for such treatment. Their vindictiveness and hatred of the spies has led to several outrages and once or twice to the use of dynamite.

To force the sentiment of the people into accordance with the law is the more difficult, since all the time their Church is holding up for their imitation a model of character which is not "temperate" in the Pro-

hibitionist sense of that term. In commenting on the miracle at Cana, Archdeacon Farrar contrasts the "genial innocence of Christ's system" with the "crushing asceticism of rival systems". By way of reconciling this discrepancy desperate efforts are made to uphold the astonishing theory that the *oinos* of the Gospel was not fermented wine but syrup. The ruler of the feast at Cana, it seems, expressed his surprise that the best syrup had not been produced till the guests had well drunk: the accusers of Christ in calling Him a winebibber meant only that He was a syrup-drinker: it was on syrup that the Corinthians got drunk at the celebration of the Lord's Supper: Paul advised his friend to take a little syrup for his stomach's sake; and the same Apostle enjoined the Church in electing deacons not to choose those who were given to excess in syrup! To such paltering with what every one educated enough to be a clergyman must know to be the truth, we rather prefer the preacher who said boldly that if Christ were again to come on earth and persisted in celebrating the Eucharist with wine He would have to be excluded from His own Church. To drag the Gospel into this discussion on the Prohibitionist side is hopeless. There is no more of fanaticism than there is of formalism in that volume. When St. Paul bids us not drink wine if thereby our brother is made to stumble, he couples eating meat with drinking wine, showing that in his opinion both in themselves are innocent. The Gospel bids us have regard to the weakness of our brother; but it does not bid our brother be weak or us to countenance his weakness by unjust and unwise legislation.

The effect even of less violent and hazardous measures of coercion in Canada appears to have been pretty much the same. The supporters of the Scott Act have not ventured to put it to the vote in Toronto, but finding themselves powerful in the City Council they proceeded to wage a

war of extermination on the taverns. At one stroke they cut off seventy-five licenses. They were warned that this arbitrary measure, while it might ruin the tavern-keepers, would not diminish the demand for drink, that while there was a demand there would be a supply, and that the tavern-keepers whose licenses were withdrawn would not starve if they could help it, but would ply an illicit trade. The result was a large increase of the number of cases of drunkenness before the magistrate and an unusually drunken Christmas. Nor could the Prohibitionists find any way of parrying the natural inference better than by an insinuation that drinking had been promoted by the powers of darkness for the special purpose of discrediting their policy.

It may be argued with some force that when the Scott Act was adopted by some counties and not by others the moral perceptions of the people in the counties that did adopt it would be disturbed by the vicinage of a different code. But even if the Prohibitionist code were imposed on a whole nation the difficulty though diminished would not be removed. To make an Eleventh Commandment you must obtain the concurrence of the civilized world, intercourse and communication between all the parts of which are now active for a sectional morality. Put all Canada under Prohibition, and every Canadian who visits a foreign country will be apt to come back a heretic and to propagate his heresy on his return. Literature moreover from Homer to Dickens is full of the other view.

The results of coercive legislation in the United States, wherever the experiment has been tried seem to tally with those of coercive legislation in Canada. Maine is the "banner-state" of Prohibition. It has been trying the system for thirty years, more than time enough to kill the liquor-traffic, if the liquor-traffic was to be killed. Yet of Maine Gail Hamilton, who must know it well, said in the "*North American Review*": "The actual result

is that liquor is sold to all who wish to obtain it in nearly every town in the State. Enforcement of the law seems to have little effect. For the past six years the city of Bangor has practically enjoyed free rum. In more than one hundred places liquor is sold and no attempt has been made to enforce the law. In Bath, Lewiston, Augusta, and other cities no real difficulty is experienced in procuring liquor. In Portland, enforcement of the law has been faithfully attempted, yet the liquor-traffic flourishes for all classes from the highest to the lowest. . . . In a journey last summer for hundreds of miles through the cities and through the scattered villages and hamlets of Maine the almost universal testimony was 'you get liquor enough for bad purposes in bad places, but you cannot get it for good purposes in good places'". "What works against Prohibition", Gail Hamilton adds, "is that in the opinion of many of the most earnest total-abstinence men, the original Maine Law State after thirty years of Prohibition is no more a temperance state than it was before Prohibition was introduced". It appears that upwards of five hundred people in the state pay United States retail liquor-tax, though Archdeacon Farrar was informed that the trade had been completely driven out of sight. The Maine Prison Report for 1884 says "intoxication is on the increase; some new legislation must be made if it is to be lessened. In many of our counties Prohibition does not seem to affect or prevent it". In the city of Portland (pop. 34,000) in 1874 the arrests for drunkenness were 2,318. But drunkenness is not confined to the cities. Every one of the sixteen counties furnishes its quota. The number of committals for drunkenness for one year was 1,316 for a population of 648,000, while in Canada, an area at that time not under the Scott Act, with a population of 661,000 and a town population as large as that in Maine, showed only 593 committals, less than half the number of those in

the model state of Prohibition. General Neal Dow himself, upbraiding his political party for its slackness in the cause, complains of the number of low drinking-places which infest the cities of Maine. The New York "Sun" of September 9th last, after investigation carried on through its correspondent, said, "The actual state of affairs in Maine is perfectly well understood by every Maine man with eyes in his head, and by every observant visitor to Maine. In no part of the world is the spectacle of drunken men reeling along the streets more common than in the cities and larger towns of Maine. Nowhere in the world is the average quality of the liquor sold so bad and consequently so dangerous to the health of the consumer and the peace of the public. The facilities for obtaining liquor vary in different parts of the state from the cities where fancy-drinks are openly compounded and sold over rosewood bars to the places where it is dispensed by the swag from flat bottles carried around in the breeches pockets of perambulating dealers. But liquor, good or bad, can be bought anywhere". Perjury, the "Sun" correspondent also states, as usual, is rife. Nor does Maine fulfil the golden promises held out by Prohibition of immunity from crime and increase of prosperity. Though the population of the state has been stationary, the statistics of crime have increased. In 1873 the number of committals to gaol was 1,548; in 1884 it was 3,672. The pauper rate in the cities is larger than in those of any other state.

Vermont has also been trying Prohibition for more than thirty years. Here the city population is comparatively small, so that the system has the fairest chance; while the legislature, under the pressure of the "Temperance Vote", has piled one repressive enactment upon another, heaped up penalties, and at last given the police power to enter any house without a warrant in search of liquor. The result is reported by Mr. Edward John-

son in the "Popular Science Monthly" for May, 1884. He states that "for all practical purposes the law is an absolute dead letter". There were at the time of his writing in the state four hundred and forty-six places where liquor was sold, and though the population is well-nigh stationary there was a marked increase in their number. "A large proportion of the dram-shops are on the principal streets, and there is no concealment of the illegal traffic. Spasmodic attempts to enforce the law are made in the larger places, but are utterly futile. Of enforcing the law, as the laws against burglary and larceny are enforced, nobody dreams for a moment". "Such", says Mr. Johnson, "is the unsatisfactory result of Vermont's thirty years' experience of the Prohibitory liquor-laws". "One might", he adds, "go still further and speak of the perjury and subornation of perjury for which the law is in a sense responsible, of the disregard and contempt of all law which the operation of this law tends to foster and encourage, and of cognate matters which will occur to the reflective reader; but perhaps enough has been said in showing the failure of the law to accomplish the object for which it was enacted". No attempt, so far as we know, has been made to controvert Mr. Johnson's statements, or to refute the conclusion which he draws from them, and which is that men cannot be dragooned into virtue. That is not by State interference with practices not in themselves criminal, but only by State interference with positive crime.

Massachusetts also for a series of years tried Prohibition. The result is embodied in the report of a joint committee of both Houses of the Legislature (1867), which ought to be in the hands of all those who wish to be guided by experience in this matter. That report, founded on the best evidence, states that the law, if by its operation it diminishes the number of open places of drinking, does so only to multiply the secret places, that more

liquor and worse liquor was drunk, that drunkenness had increased almost in direct ratio to the closing of public places of sale, and that there was more of it in Boston than there had been at any previous time in the history of the city. "The mere fact", says the Report in words to which we would call special attention, "the mere fact that the law seeks to prevent them from drinking rouses the determination to drink in many. The fact that the place is secret takes away the restraint which, in more public and respectable places, would keep them within temperate bounds. The fact that the business is contraband and liable to interruption and that its gains are hazardous, tends to drive honest men from it and to leave it under the control of dishonest men who will not scruple to poison the community with vile adulteration". In conclusion the Report submits that so long as there is a demand for liquor there will be a supply, licensed or illicit, and recommends regulated freedom as the best policy.

In Iowa again Prohibition has been on its trial. A correspondent of "Harpers' Weekly", recommended as thoroughly trustworthy by a journal itself very careful of its statements, reported that Prohibition in the cities of Iowa meant free liquor. A correspondent of the New York "Nation" testified to much the same effect, adding that the local organ of Prohibition itself admitted the failure. Dr. Dio Lewis, the Cato of dietists, said that he had touched at several of the large cities on a tour to the Rocky Mountains, and among other things had inquired into the practical benefits reaped from Prohibition. In places where he had been assured that drink could not be had for love or money he had seen drunkards reeling in the streets. In Iowa city, where Prohibition was supposed to be enforced, he saw from seventy-five to a hundred kegs of beer delivered on trucks from a brewery. His practical conclusion was that Prohibition was a wild theory; "that as a preventative

it had not met the claims of its supporters, and as an aid to the cause of temperance was a failure". In Kansas, the state of Governor St. John, the chief of Prohibitionism, where the most stringent Prohibition had been enacted, the result, according to Dr. Gardner, was that the drug-stores were little more than rum-shops, and that their number was astonishing. In one town of four thousand people, fifteen of them were counted on the main street.

It seems that experience has always pointed the same way. Under James I. and Charles I. a series of Acts was passed to suppress tippling, the effect of which evidently was only to suppress the respectability of the tavern-keepers who at last were found to be unable to pay fines, so that Parliament had to resort to flogging as a penalty. The failure is the more significant because the Executive was so strong, and was sure to be backed in this case by the Puritan Parliament. The Gin Act of George II. was found to have made bad worse, and had to be repealed. Even in Puritan Connecticut, where the pressure of ecclesiastical authority was tremendous, the historian tells us that "rules against excess in drinking and in apparel were attempted with the usual want of success." Heaven appears in no place or time to have prospered its own cause.

The difficulty of even enforcing vaccination in places where it is widely resisted, shows how arduous a task is coercive legislation when it is not backed by popular conviction, which, if it is in favour of the principle, will produce the effect without coercive law.

On the 19th of last November, a mass meeting of the friends of Temperance, connected with the Church Temperance Society, was held at Chickering Hall, at New York. The hall was full to overflowing; speeches were made by Mr. Warner Miller, Rev. Dr. Greer, the Bishop of Delaware, Mr. Seth Low, and Father

Osborne. The sense of the meeting was evidently in favour of high license, as practically the best safeguard against intemperance. Dr. Greer dwelt on the failure of Prohibition in Rhode Island, declaring that "the state was not less wicked as a Prohibition state than as a low-license state; that the tactics to which reputable citizens resorted to evade the law created a spirit of lawlessness; and that, with regard to the City of Providence, numerous clubs had sprung up there, where the citizens could drink their fill and be sheltered from publicity or arrest."

By voluntary associations, such as Teetotalism and the Bands of Hope, and still more by the general advance of morality, of intelligence, and above all of medical science, great improvement has been made in Canada as it has elsewhere. Old inhabitants tell you that forty or fifty years ago drunkenness was very common among our farmers, and that many of them regularly went home from market the worse for liquor. Now the Canadian farmers are a very sober race. There is a certain amount of drunkenness as well as of other vices in our cities, but a large proportion of the cases are those of immigrants and, to put the matter delicately, must be set down to the account of English tyranny in Ireland, which causes the sons of Erin to occupy so distinguished a place in the criminal statistics of this continent. I should say, judging from outward appearances, that Toronto compared with other cities in which I have lived is sober as well as orderly. It has indeed been proclaimed from the Prohibition platform that there are seven, or even ten thousand deaths from drinking in this country every year. This would be from a third to one half of the total number of male adult deaths. But about the time when this fearful announcement was made, the Mortuary Statistics gave the total number of deaths from alcoholic causes in eight of our principal cities and towns

as two. In England likewise the evil habit of drinking has been greatly reduced without any restrictive laws or restraint of any kind, mainly by the increasing influence of medical science, and in connection with the general progress of physiological reform. It should be observed that voluntary effort will be weakened by coercive legislation. Prohibition if universally enforced would break up teetotal fraternities and Bands of Hope; and unless it was itself successful in extirpating the desire for drink, that desire might any day break out again on a large scale, and find no organization on foot to resist its sway.

Before the British Parliament consents to extreme legislation let it at all events appoint a commission of inquiry to report to it on the results of prohibitory legislation in Canada and the United States. The commissioners, if I mistake not, will find that impartial opinion on this continent pronounces Prohibition a failure, and inclines decidedly in favour of the plan of high licences with stringent regulation. That stringent and exceptional legislation is required for the liquor-traffic nobody doubts. Nor do the respectable members of the trade deprecate it: for nothing can be less conducive to their interest than drunkenness and disorder on their premises. It is quite possible that a stricter code may be necessary in England than is necessary here. We have nothing, thank Heaven, on this side of the water like the gin-palaces of London.

A license fee as high as a thousand dollars (200*l.*) is being proposed, and the prospect of revenue is tempting to the municipalities. But if the system is overstrained its effect will practically be the same as Prohibition; it will call into existence an illicit trade, which of all results is the worst. To diminish the demand for liquors by moral agencies has been shown to be practicable both in Canada and among the upper classes in England: to diminish the supply without diminishing

the demand seems to be impracticable, resort to what expedients you will.

It is as needless to dilate on the evils of intemperance as it is to dilate on the evils of small-pox. The only question is whether prohibitive legislation cures or rather aggravates and propagates the disease. But the advocates of coercion have surely overstated the connection between drinking and crime. From their language it might be supposed that if we could only stamp out drinking, crime of all kinds would cease, our gaols would stand empty, and we should be at liberty to disband the police. If it were so, no measures, provided they were effective, could be too strong. But can we believe that cruelty, lust, covetousness, vindictiveness, malice, and the other evil tendencies of human nature in which crime has its source, are all the offspring of drink, and that with drink they would depart? Do they not manifest themselves, in germ at least, in children whose lips have never touched the glass? Among the poorer classes seasons of distress are seasons of crime, though the power of buying liquor is diminished. Is there no crime in Mohammedan countries which keep the prophet's law? Is there none in Spain, the people of which are remarkable for their temperance? It is natural that the criminal classes should also be given to drink, as they are to gross sensuality of other kinds; but it does not follow that their addiction to drink is the sole or even the principal source of their crime. Prisoners, too, are apt to plead drink in extenuation of their offences, especially since they know that philanthropy will hail their plea. A remarkable article on diet appeared some time ago from the pen of Sir W. Thompson, in which he avowed his belief that not only the bodily but the moral evil arising from intemperance in eating was as great as that arising from intemperance in drink. Certainly I should not look for more malevolence in a drinker of any but the worst whiskey or rum

than in one who, like too many people on this continent, overeat himself daily with fat and ill-boiled pork or beef-steak cooked in the deadly frying-pan, as well as with half-baked bread and greasy pie, washing down the whole with copious draughts of the most abominable green tea. The Maine Prison Report for 1884 says: "Intemperance is not a cause of crime; it is a crime more against society and against the family than against the state". The words are a little ambiguous, but they certainly do not mean that intemperance is the sole source of crime.

Whether we or any of us ought entirely to renounce alcohol it is for science to determine. If science pronounces that we ought, there can be little doubt that the growing intelligence of humanity will gradually conform to the decision, as it is already conforming to the decision of science by other changes of habit. But one can hardly help thinking that even with regard to the physical effects of alcohol there has, at all events, been a good deal of exaggeration on the "Temperance" platform. The sort of spirits to which Prohibition drives people, as we have seen, is poison indeed. But surely it is only in a highly metaphorical sense that the name of poison can be applied to liquors which a man has drunk for eighty, ninety, even a hundred years. In Manitoba there are two bodies of Mennonites, of which one drinks spirits or fermented liquors while the other abstains; and a person who has a great deal to do with the Mennonites, and whose evidence is certainly to be trusted, tells me that the section which drinks is rather superior in progressive energy to the section of abstainers. No part of our Canadian population is more industrious or worthier than the Germans of Waterloo County, Ontario, who, like all Germans, drink beer. That alcohol does not nourish, supposing it to be true, is not much to the purpose. If alcohol does not nourish, it exhilarates. Tea, which some prohi-

bitionists drink in floods, and on which they spend as much money as others do in beer, does not nourish, but it soothes. Possibly the exhilaration produced by wine may sometimes have been a necessary antidote to melancholy, which would otherwise prey fatally on the mind. The Psalmist, who praised wine as making glad the heart of man, though he lived before science, may have spoken with the voice of Nature. But, I repeat, let medical science decide : to her, not to the religious or political platform, the question belongs.

The Temperance platform has also beyond doubt grossly exaggerated the effect of moderate drinking, in tempting onward to excess. To maintain that a man who is in the habit of taking daily a glass of wine or beer must inevitably contract a craving which will lead to his becoming a drunkard, is necessary no doubt for the justification of those who advocate indiscriminate repression ; but nothing can be more flagrantly at variance with obvious facts. An ordinary English gentleman takes a glass of wine daily at dinner without feeling any more tempted to swallow the whole contents of the decanter than he is to swallow the whole contents of the mustard-pot from which he takes a spoonful with his beef. A man may play a game of cribbage with his wife without becoming a gambler. If Johnson found abstinence easier than temperance, it was because he had once been intemperate. He knew that his own case was peculiar. To most men, as they require physical enjoyment of some kind, temperance is easier than abstinence. The Spaniards regularly drink wine, yet Croker in his "Travels in Spain," says, "The habitual temperance of these people is really astonishing ; I never saw a Spaniard drink a second glass of wine." Another English tourist says : "In all our wanderings through town and country, along the highways and byeways of the land from Bayonne to Gibraltar, we never saw more than four

men who were the least intoxicated." Mr. Bryant, the American author, has confirmed this account. I heard a clerical advocate of our Scott Act, say that he would no more think of putting liquor within reach of the people, than of putting a knife within reach of a baby. Supposing a glass of ale to be a knife, the reverend gentleman's fellow-citizens are not babies. Among the extreme advocates of coercion are, I believe, men who have themselves been given to drink, and who cannot understand the existence of self-control.

The taste for fermented liquors, if not congenital, seems to be immemorial and almost universal. Its traces appear in all the mythologies, Hindoo, Hellenic, Roman, and Scandinavian. Probably the use of such liquors is coeval with cookery, which also has been the source of much evil as well as of much pleasure to mankind. It is very likely that a great change in human diet, as well as in human beliefs and institutions is coming ; but it is not likely that this change will come suddenly, or that diet, being complex, will undergo a revolution in one of its elements without a corresponding revolution in the rest. Vegetarianism has many advocates, and there are symptoms of gradual progress in that direction since the days in which a Homeric hero devoured a whole joint of meat and the bard sang of the work of the shambles with as much gusto as he sang of the harvest and the vintage. It is certain that most people eat too much meat and are the worse for it, though it has not yet been proposed on that account to shut up the butcher's shops and send the butchers to gaol. Fermented drinks may be discarded and cookery with them : a refined and intellectual world may be content to sustain its grosser part with bread and water from the spring ; and our Christmas cheer may be remembered only as the habit of primeval savages with wonder and disgust. But in questions of diet, as I have already said, it is for medi-

cal science, not for the sentiment of the platform or for Methodist enthusiasm, to decide.

We have seen how in Vermont, Prohibitionism, exasperated by its inevitable failure, has heaped up penal enactments, and at last invaded the most sacred liberties of the citizen and the sanctuary of his home. It is the tendency of all tyranny, whether it be that of a sultan, a crowd, a sect, or a party of zealots, when it finds itself baffled, to pile on fresh severities instead of reconsidering the wisdom of its own policy. Prohibitive legislation in Canada has not failed to betray the same arbitrary spirit. There is a clause in the Scott Act (sec. 12) setting aside the common legal safeguards of innocence. It provides "that it shall not be necessary for the informer to depose to the fact of the sale as within his own personal or certain knowledge, but the magistrate, so soon as it appears to him that the circumstances in evidence sufficiently establish the infraction of the law, shall put the defendant on his defence, and in default of his rebuttal of such evidence shall convict him accordingly"—convict him, in short, and send him to prison on hearsay, if in the opinion of the magistrate, who may be a strong partisan, he fails to prove his innocence. There is a clause (122) requiring a man when interrogated respecting previous convictions to criminate himself, which seems intended for the very purpose of breeding mendacity. There is a clause (123) compelling husband and wife to give evidence against each other. When the wife has sent the husband to prison, what will the wedlock of that pair thenceforth be? Which of the two is the greater sin, to refuse to give evidence under the Scott Act, or to break the marriage vow which bids husband and wife to cherish and protect each other? There is no appeal on the merits from the arbitrary decision of the magistrate, and zealots have not been ashamed to demand in the plainest terms the ap-

pointment of partisans to the bench. It never occurs to them to consider whether intemperance itself is a worse vice than injustice.

The treatment of the hotel and tavern-keepers has also been utterly iniquitous. These men have been earning their bread by a trade which, when they entered it, was not only licensed by the State, but deemed by everybody perfectly reputable; and therefore when their trade is suddenly suppressed they are apparently entitled to the same compensation which any other trade in the same circumstances would receive. But compensation is inconvenient and might fatally weight the measure. It is necessary, therefore, to put the tavern-keeper out of the pale of justice; and to do this pulpit and platform vie with each other in kindling popular passion against him. He is represented not only as the agent of a traffic to which it is desirable to put an end, but as a criminal and the worst of criminals, as a poisoner and a murderer "steeped to the elbow in the blood of civilization." Yet money made by the poison which he sells is accepted even by the most scrupulous of the Churches for its religious objects, while one Church at least, which has synodically declared for total Prohibition, counts many dealers in liquor among its members.

We do not want a selfish and isolated liberty. Milton himself did not want a selfish and isolated liberty; at least he deliberately sacrificed his eyesight rather than decline to serve the State. But after all this struggling against the paternal despotism of kings and popes, we do want a reasonable measure of freedom and of self-development. We do want it to be understood, as the general rule, that,

All restraint

Except what wisdom lays on evil man
Is evil.

In case of extremity, such as war or plague, we are of course ready for strong measures, provided they are effectual. Not only war or plague,

but any peril of such a kind that the State alone can deal with it, warrants the intervention of the State. Nobody would desire to set arbitrary and pedantic bounds to the common action of the community for the preservation of the whole. It might be necessary and therefore lawful to close the taverns of the nation, were the nation becoming the hopeless slave of drunkenness, as it might be necessary and therefore lawful to close the race-courses if the nation were becoming the hopeless slave of turf-gambling. But in an ordinary way we submit that, whether in the hands of kings or majorities, political power is a trust held for definite purposes which do not include interference with your neighbour's diet or any of his personal habits any more than they include the limitation of his industry or the confiscation of his property. The Prohibitionist thinks that by doing a little injustice he can do a great deal of good, and so probably have thought all tyrants who were not absolutely insane.

If fanaticism in pursuit of the one cherished object tramples on justice and natural affection, how can it show any more regard for the claims of political duty? A citizen is manifestly bound in the exercise of his suffrage to consider all the qualifications of the candidate and all the interests of the State. But temperance-organisations in Canada have formally resolved to exclude, so far as they can, from all public offices, even from that of a school-trustee, any one who will not pledge himself to the support of their policy. There may be other issues before the country of the most vital importance, but they are all to be sacrificed to the one end of the sect. The man may be qualified in every re-

spect to be a legislator: he may even be a total abstainer; but if he does not believe in Prohibitory legislation, and refuses to submit his conscience to that in which he does not believe, he is to be excluded from public life, and the State is to be deprived of his services. On the other hand, the most transparently dishonest submission is accepted as a title to support. A fierce electoral contest is going on with forces evenly balanced, and everybody is in doubt about the result. Suddenly it is announced that one of the candidates has consented to take the Prohibition pledge. There is no concealment as to his motive; but he gets the Prohibitionist vote, and by its help rides in over the head of his more scrupulous rival, while eminent Christians and religious journals applaud a triumph gained over public morality by fraud and lying. It is needless to say that Prohibitionism becomes a marketable commodity among politicians, and furnishes the ladder by which knavery climbs to the mark of its ambition. It is now, perhaps, after Irish clanship, the most noxious of the sectional organisations, the number of which is always on the increase, and which are destroying the character of the citizen and rendering elective government impossible by treating the State as an oyster to be opened with the knife of their vote for their own particular end.

Once more then, and with increased emphasis, let me suggest that before the British Parliament commits itself to Prohibitive legislation it should send a Commission of Inquiry to the United States and Canada.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, *January 25.*

BOULANGISM IN ENGLAND: OUR DEFENCES.

WHETHER Boulangism, which we take to mean an attempt to establish the rule of a single individual under democratic forms, is possible in this country, was discussed in a previous article. If it is (and there is not one of the symptoms mentioned which has not already made its appearance, though perhaps in a sporadic form), it behoves us to look to our weapons, and see whether we could make a better fight against its establishment here than is being made on the other side of the Channel. Twice since 1789 has the supreme power in France been seized by a citizen who had solemnly sworn allegiance to the republic, and there is much probability that the example of the two Napoleons will be followed either by General Boulanger or by some one of his stamp. What has occurred to one democracy may well be the fate of another; and since we have accepted that form of government as best suited to our needs, we must be prepared to face its dangers as well as to profit by its advantages.

Hitherto, all the precautions which have been taken to secure the safety of the Constitution have been based on the supposition that attacks on liberty must originate from the Court. All danger from that quarter has however been removed. "No English statesman since the Revolution," writes Hallam, "can be liable to the very slightest suspicion of an aim, or even a wish, to establish absolute monarchy on the ruins of our Constitution. Whatever else has been done, or designed to be done amiss, the rights of Parliament have been out of danger. They have, whenever a man of powerful mind shall direct the cabinet, and none else can possibly be formidable, the strong security of his own interest, which no such man will desire to build on the caprice and intrigue of a Court." But

it has now become our business to deal with the possibility of an attack from within, and to consider which of our old defences will be useful in the new emergency.

In such a case the unwritten character of the British Constitution is a source of considerable weakness. Where the Constitution, as in France or the United States, is embodied in a state-paper, an insidious attack on it is impossible. A formal revision must be demanded, and consequently no change, even the slightest, can be made without the whole nation being aware of what is going on. In England, on the contrary, no one knows exactly what the Constitution is. Part is written and embodied in Acts of Parliament, much depends upon traditional practice, and all of it has been subject to a long-continued process of development. Moreover, so many changes, now universally accepted, were, at their first proposal, denounced as violations of the Constitution, that the cry of the "Constitution in danger" raises little or no response among us. Such elasticity of definition and such capacity for development have been most useful so long as all development was in the direction of liberty; but they would materially increase the difficulty of making a stand, if ever changes were proposed which, under the guise of a further development, were really designed to effect its subversion.

Let us assume, then, that a Boulanger has arisen among us, and that he has gathered round himself a party of formidable dimensions. Imagine that he has advanced so far as to have given his own name to his followers and accustomed them to take his manifestoes as their creed. Suppose, too, that he has drawn together a band of compliant adherents, many of whom

hold their Parliamentary seats by virtue of letters addressed by him to their constituents. Finally let him have, or expect shortly to secure, a Parliamentary majority, elected not to carry out some definite policy, but simply to follow him. In these circumstances, supposing that flattery and ambition combined to allure him forward, which of our institutions would stand in the way of a further development of his policy?

To such a man, the Septennial Act, the Non-payment of Members of Parliament, Single-Member Constituencies, and the House of Lords, would be the chief obstacles, and his next efforts would be directed to secure their removal.

In all probability the Septennial Act would be first attacked. If the aspirant were already in office, it might escape for a time; but if he were in opposition he would be led by his annoyance at delay to denounce it. The moment he believed that he was on the flowing tide of popular favour, he would declare that the House of Commons had ceased to represent the constituencies, and the repeal of the Septennial Act would thus become the first item in the Boulangist programme. If he succeeded consequences very favourable to Boulangism would follow. To say nothing of the discredit which would be thrown on Parliamentary government by a recurrence to the well-known evils of Triennial, or perhaps even of Annual Parliaments, any increase in the frequency of elections would inevitably have a degrading influence on the personality of the House of Commons. Members would tend to become the delegates not the representatives of their constituents, and the nearer a member approaches to being a mere voting-machine, the harder will it be to secure the services in Parliament of the best men in the nation.

They who think everything (said Burke) in comparison with their honour, to be dust and ashes, will not bear to have it soiled and impaired by those for whose

sake they make a thousand sacrifices to preserve it immaculate and whole. We shall drive such men from the public stage. Depend upon it that the lovers of freedom will be free. None will violate their conscience to please us in order afterwards to discharge that conscience which they had violated by doing us faithful and affectionate service. If we degrade and deprave their minds by servility, it will be absurd to expect that they who are creeping and abject towards us, will ever be bold and incorruptible assertors of our freedom. By this means we shall at length infallibly degrade our national representation into a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency. If the people should ever choose their servants on the principles of mere obsequiousness and flexibility, and total vacancy or indifference of opinion in all public matters, no part of the State will be sound.

Even apart from this, the mere multiplication of elections will tend to drive away from Parliamentary life men of refined feeling, and as a consequence to replace the better class of members of Parliament by men altogether of a coarser, less intellectual, less honourable stamp. Parliamentary life is not even now so attractive that we as a nation can afford to add to its drawbacks. Burke wrote that "he never remembered to have talked on this subject with any man much conversant in public business, who considered short Parliaments as a real improvement of the Constitution." It is possible that the efficiency of Parliament as a destructive machine which exists for no purpose unless it is destroying something, may be increased; but as an agent of constructive legislation, the true glory of Parliament, it is hard to see what improvement is to come from such a change.

The next aim of an English Boulanger would certainly be to restore the payment of members. The restoration of this long disused practice would be an application to the Constitution of the principle of the revival of the unfittest; for its disuse, owing to the competition for seats among men of wealth, position and influence, was

both a symptom and a cause of the growth of Parliamentary activity. The last member who is recorded as receiving his pay was Andrew Marvell, and although the practice has been revived in our own times in favour of a few industrial representatives, so long as the arrangement is voluntary only a very exceptional man will be able to convince his constituents of the financial value of his services. But the voluntary payment of members is one thing; payment by the State would be a very different matter. A set of professional politicians, whose seats were their livelihood and whose eyes would ever be wandering in search of gain, would inevitably take the place of the true leaders of the country, and respect for Parliament, which in the aggregate is but the respect due to its members, would be impaired, and be replaced by indifference or by contempt. Such men, however, would be the aptest tools in the hands of a Boulanger, to whom the needy adventurer has in all ages been dear; and to see the House of Commons filled with them would be the wish of any one who aimed at making the House his tool.

Next to the Septennial Act and the Non-payment of Members, which form from our point of view two chief bulwarks of the independence of Parliament, we must place the new institution of Single-member Constituencies. To an aspiring Boulanger this creation of the last Reform Act presents a most formidable obstacle. Suppose, for example, that the redistribution of seats had been made on different lines, and that huge constituencies returning ten, twenty, or even, in the case of London, sixty members had been created, would not the marshalling of the voters have been infinitely easier? In that case a bare majority of voters would, if carefully handled, have been able to return all the members in each constituency. As it is, the difficulties in the way of manipulation are infinitely greater. Of what use such a system may be to

us is shown by France, where a modified system of *scrutin de liste* is regarded as so favourable to Boulangism, that it is proposed at once to replace it by *scrutin d'arrondissement* as one of a series of hasty defences thrown up to check its advance. Hitherto no attack upon Single-member Constituencies as such has been made in this country; but all calculations based on the aggregate number of voters, with a view to disparage the results of a general election, tend this way, and it is by no means unlikely that a Boulanger might attempt to bring about its exchange for some system which appeared in theory to be fairer, but was in reality more easily workable for the advancement of his own interests.

Last of the four obstacles to his career which a Boulanger would find in our Parliamentary system would be the House of Lords, which, like the French Senate, would certainly be made the butt of Boulangist eloquence. In certain circumstances, and with some modifications in its constitution, the House of Lords might take its rank as a very valuable defence; but at present it can only be reckoned on to gain time for reflection. That it might do by rejecting measures passed by a Boulangist majority in the House of Commons, but it must rest on a much firmer basis before as a House it can do more. As individuals, however, the importance of the hereditary aristocracy as a bulwark against the advance of a Boulanger is immense. For those of the peers who, by the hereditary respect due to the memory of a long roll of public services, by the power which property confers, and by the weight and influence due to personal character, are able to gather round themselves the respect of numbers of their fellow-subjects, perform a valuable service by diminishing the tendency to concentrate upon a single individual the national capacity for hero-worship. Hence a disposition to disparage the aristocracy by every means in his power

will certainly be one of the marks by which we may recognize a would-be dictator.

These four, the Septennial Act, the Non-payment of Members, Single-member Constituencies, and the House of Lords, must form our first line of defence. Fortunately however we have behind them other fortifications which which cover a larger area, and are much less liable to be carried by a *coup de main*.

Within a few years local self-government by Elected Councils will be one of the most powerful institutions in this country. No one can yet forecast the change these councils will make in the life of our rural and semi-urban population; but one thing may be predicted with certainty—that they will in time establish a basis of local freedom on which the erection of a superstructure of Cæsarism will be out of the question. Had the system of Local Government brought into being in France by the Constituent Assembly been allowed to take firm root, France would have presented a very different spectacle from what she does to-day; but it was destroyed by the first Napoleon as a necessary step towards the restoration of a centralized despotism. It has been a fortunate thing for England that we have had in our country-gentlemen a supply of men excellently fitted to conduct the local government of the counties so long as the retention of the oligarchical principle was possible. Now that the counties, like the towns, have been organized on a democratic basis, we may congratulate ourselves that a far more efficient barrier to Cæsarism has been created than was supplied by the old system. Without local life a democracy is in a fair way to become a tyranny upside down; with it, whether the central government calls itself a monarchy or a republic, the essence of freedom is secure.

Nor will this be the only influence of the new system. By increasing the vigour of local life it will immensely increase the difficulty of

manipulating public opinion, whether from London, or Birmingham, or any other centre of influence. Without centralization Cæsarism is impossible, its very first movements are met and rebuffed by a healthy local dislike of dictation. Moreover, the new County Councils will indirectly tend to strengthen Parliamentary institutions by restoring the dignity and efficiency of the House of Commons. For the future a seat on the County Council is likely to be the first step towards a seat in Parliament, and unless something is done to deter them, the best men from these councils may be expected to come to Westminster. Such a change will be valuable in many ways. It will get rid of the tribe of "politicians" who, without ideas or opinions of their own, but armed with a testimonial from their leader, swoop down upon a constituency, repeat the parrot-cry learned at head-quarters, receive the votes of a mechanical majority, and then hurry away to Westminster to range themselves with the other "items" of their party. These are the men of whom Burke was thinking when he wrote: "That man who before he comes into power has no friends, or who, coming into power, is obliged to desert his friends, or who, losing it, has no friends to sympathize with him; he who has no sway among any part of the landed or commercial interest, but whose whole importance has begun with his office, and is sure to end with it; is a person who ought never to be suffered to secure a lead and direction in our public affairs; because he has no connection with the interest of the people." It is of men like these that a Boulangist army is most readily made, and great is the value of any arrangement which tends to exclude them.

In manners, too, and in ability to despatch its business, the House will gain by having the County Councils as training-grounds for its members. No County Council will tolerate such gross insolence and brutality as is now exhibited by some members

of the House of Commons; and councillors anxious to catch their trains will know how to place a severe check on any irrelevant chatter; still more on any wilful obstruction, which tends to interfere with the despatch of business. Men trained in such a school will not be inclined to alter their habits when they reach Westminster. They will have given some sort of pledge and security to the country that they will not abuse their trusts. Being well known by their constituents through the reputation they have acquired in the Council, they will have comparatively little temptation to self-advertisement; they will be free from "the vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue which attempts to hide its total want of consequence in bustle and noise"; and their previous training in the rapid despatch of business will probably have given them a very healthy contempt for mere talk.

Such are the chief institutions of this country to which we must trust to frustrate the hopes of any Boulangier who may arise. But, after all, it is not upon its legal institutions that a nation can afford to rely for its bulwarks against despotism. It is

to the very air of our country that we must look to nip its growth; to the interdependence of classes, to the existence of trained, willing and respected leaders, to jealousy of dictation from the capital, to the freedom and activity of the Press, and to our immunity from the enervating effect of centuries of bureaucratic control. If the democracy of England is not to go the way of other democracies, these, and not our mere laws, must save us. They are our true safeguards from the fate which threatens France. Checks and balances, however ingeniously devised, never kept a nation free which was ripe for despotism. If Englishmen should ever become so far degenerate that they are willing to submit to the rule of one man, whatever his popular title may be, and however plausible be his professions of attachment to freedom, they may be hindered for a moment, but they cannot be permanently restrained. Our only security must be the cultivation in all classes of a manly independence, which, while it is not too proud to be influenced by worth, resents equally the bullying of a dictator and the cajoleries of a flatterer.

C. R.

WHAT IS HUMOUR?

THERE is a man living at the present moment who has never been heard to laugh. He may bellow to himself when he is alone (for he is known to be full of humour), but his friends at least are debarred the exquisite enjoyment of ever seeing the muscles of his face relax. A perfect tempest of merriment within, he is to all appearance as calm as a window-shutter on a stormy night. Is he the victim of a false ideal; or was it his training? Perhaps both. Laughter is esteemed more folly by some people, and his parents may have been of those. Some philosophers, on the other hand, pride themselves, we know, on the gravity of their demeanour. They think that no ethics can be squeezed out of laughter; yet a good laugh will sweep away more cobwebs than all the logic in the world. If the philosopher who never laughs, not even to himself (except when he is disembowelling his opponent's arguments), could see what a natural affinity there is between him and the child who, refusing to be tickled, gazes at you mournfully as you attempt it, he would spruce up a bit, and take a course of Dickens to begin with—where he would end the grave alone could tell us. But whatever may be the cause of our friend's sobriety of countenance, there is no doubt that he is a living fact. It is unfortunate that to point a moral one must have frequently gone wrong; and to prove or show up a mistake one must generally be the victim of it. It is so with this man; he is both a moral and a mistake.

To have humour and yet never enjoy a laugh may be bad, but to laugh and not know why is worse. The former has, but the latter lacks, what is a supreme gift to mortals—humour. What is humour? It is easier to detect than to define. We

say of an author that he has humour, and we mean thereby that he can tell a story or produce a scene or depict an incident in such a way that we cannot help laughing, either aloud or silently. Or we may give a further explanation and say that our author perceives some incongruity, some absurdity, some caprice of circumstance or irony of event, not visible to the ordinary eye, and then makes it visible by means of his art and so enriches mankind. We cast over in our minds those authors famous for their humour—Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Lamb, and many more, and as we dwell over favourite scenes or passages we launch forth rapturously in praise of humour. What a wonderful thing is humour! How subtle and delicate it is; how swift to seize every opportunity and yet how gentle; how true to the facts of life, yet how merciful in what it conceals; how bold in its delineation of character, yet how tender to preserve our respect. It discovers and binds together things which would otherwise appear unrelated and disunited; it detects similarity where there seems only incongruity. It finds hidden analogies in the very midst of difference. But it can also untwist and set in opposition to each other things which at first sight appear almost identical; it is as quick as any metaphysician in detecting distinctions; and discrepancies disclose themselves by the mere force of its presence. So we talk; but what is humour? We again proceed to show in explanation how it can turn the most cautious, self-contained, closed up person inside out in the twinkling of an eye—flipe him, to use a Scotch word. It seizes, for example, upon a stone-headed bumpkin, and under its magic touch the poor lout opens to us his heart and tells us the simple truth about

himself and all connected with him in his own quaint dialect. Yet to a cross-examining lawyer he would be as irresponsible as the box in which he was standing.

Still pressed for a plain answer to the question, we start upon a new tack and discriminate with great nicety between it and half a dozen other things. We distinguish it from wit. Humour we say deals with the complex situations and relations of life; wit revels in thoughts about life. Humour is like the light from heaven that dispels darkness; wit is the diamond that needs light in order that it may sparkle. So humour holds the torch and lights up an interior, while wit stands on the threshold and says clever things about what it sees. Humour makes the breach in the otherwise impregnable walls, while wit darts in and coruscates all around like the will o' the wisps described in Goethe's tale, and grows brighter every moment with the spoils which it appropriates. Humour is the child of the imagination; wit is the darling of the intellect. Humour spreads good temper on every side of it when it takes up its stand in a crowd. All of a sudden wit springs upon its shoulders and shoots needle-points in the up-turned faces. Humour can sometimes manage, however, to put the imp in its pocket. Have we got any nearer a definition of humour? Not a bit.

A great humourist once tried to define humour as wit touched by love. And truly we can imagine love stealing up behind wit and covering the bright eyes with her hand and sealing for a moment the thin clever lips with a kiss, so that the grace so accorded issues in humour. But this grace, this charm which is the effect of the kiss of love on the lips of wit, what is it? That is the question. Love can do so many strange things that it were dangerous to deny her this power over wit. But to come upon Ariel sleeping is not to catch that tricksy spirit.

We distinguish it next from ridicule.

Humour we describe as a *reductio ad nudum*; ridicule as a *reductio ad absurdum*. We distinguish between the humorous side of things and the ludicrous. To see a thing in a humorous light is not the less to see it as it really is. But when we speak of a ludicrous or ridiculous sight we mean that things were really represented upside down or in any way except in their true and normal position. Humour often exposes the hidden absurdity of things, but it is a revelation of the truth; ridicule makes things appear absurd. It is a common expression that ridicule kills. We ridicule what we do not believe in, or what we dislike. But humour preserves, and, like salt, it also cleanses. The laughter that humour raises leaves unaffected our love or our pity for what we laugh at. A heartless man cannot possess humour; warmth and kindness are essential to keep it in life. Hamlet was amazed to think that one should smile and smile and be a villain. The satirist who is without humour, and the tenderness which humour breeds, is often more to be pitied than the victim of his lash. While we thus distinguish between ridicule and humour we are forced to admit a relation. Ridicule is often related to humour as a draught is to a fire; it blows away smoke. Thus Cervantes, while his humour bathed Sancho and Don Quixote till they became buoyant with everlasting life and as irrepressible as waves of the sea, was at the same time ridiculing the absurd tendencies of his age. Some people say that Burns laughed the Devil out of existence; it would be as true to say that he laughed him into existence, for we have a pen-and-ink sketch of his majesty that will not easily be forgotten.

So far so good; but what is humour? It is not, and yet it is related to, ridicule. We can go a step further and say that humour often borders on the pathetic. It plays with its victim until suddenly it comes upon a hidden sore, and immediately

its laughter is changed to ruth. Sometimes, as in Shakespeare, we see humour playing the fool to tragedy. The effect is that of a cold gleam of sunshine from a rift in the thunder-clouds; the world is all the more dismal for it, though the artistic effect is wonderful. We are almost relieved when the great walls of black darkness come together again. It is the presence of comedy in "Lear" which in Shelley's opinion turns the balance in its favour as against the great Greek tragedies. The mingling of light and shade gives us colours which we cannot define, and the presence of something not tragic even in our most tragic hours baffles our understanding. Custom can make

stale the gloom even of a grave-digger's occupation; and Hamlet can make fun of the lawyers and muse over Yorick's skull while standing by the grave that is to hold Ophelia.

Humour joins in the masquerade of the world, with a domino all its own, and now in the ear of this one and now in the ear of that, it-whispers a name, and then skips away. What's in a name? Everything, when it is your own. Thus humour reveals us to ourselves.

What, then, is humour? We began by putting the question; we end by giving it up.

ALEXANDER STUART.

SOME QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES.

AMONG the many good works of the Society of Friends, should be included the publication of certain unpretending books and pamphlets, which contain the testimonies borne by local branches of the society to the services of their deceased members. Of William Penn or Elizabeth Fry, one may learn something even from the profane historian. But without these dingy little volumes I might have known nothing of friend William Reckitt, or of Christopher Story, or of others whose names are entered in my private selection from the *Acta Sanctorum*. These Quaker saints are not unworthy of remembrance. In their day they were faithful and gentle, shrewd and obstinate, full of scruples and good deeds. Let us speak of them once more, before the river of time bears them away.

I turn first to the yellow pages which form the monument of Richard Claridge—the Angelic Doctor of the early society. He was of Balliol College (for which I also am bound to pray) where he took his degree in the term called Trinity term, 1670, and was presented not long after to the rectory of Peopleton in the diocese of Worcester. Like the eminent Mr. Baxter, whom he sincerely admired, this less noted Richard was determined to “prove all things” by the letter of the Bible. His studies brought him small comfort; he was indeed “in great perplexity and horror,” finding no written word to justify the forms of his own church. At last he resolved to play the man: he preached a farewell sermon, in which the errors of the Anglican way were set forth under seven heads, and gave up his living. “Night coming on,” he says, “I was constrained to be much shorter than I intended”; one wonders what the hearers said of that discourse, as they went home through the dewy darkness

of the fields. As for their minister, he gave up his parochial charge and tithe-revenue very willingly; but he made some scruple at signing the paper of resignation, on account of the titles therein given to the Bishop. The notary refused to go out of the usual form, and Claridge subscribed it, with a protest.

On leaving the church, Richard became a Baptist and submitted to be immersed. But while he was yet in his wet clothes, a certain Seeker came in and said, “You are welcome, Sir, out of one form into another.” The words dwelt in his mind, and before long doubts of his own began to arise. These bargains between ministers and people, this practice of note-preaching—were these warranted by Scripture, any more than the surplice or the cross in baptism? Alas! the very foundations of the Baptist church were out of course. Only among the people in scorn called Quakers was primitive purity to be found. Among them Richard found peace of conscience; and after nineteen months’ silence (a severe probation for a man of his habit) he began again to preach. The reasons for his second change of denomination are set forth in a dialogue with one William Hankins, which turns chiefly on the Quaker doctrine of perfection. R. C. quotes, among others, the case of Noah, who is recorded to have been a just man and perfect in his generation. W. H. objected to the instance of Noah, and asked, where was his perfection when he was drunk? R. C. replies, that though the patriarch sinned, it doth not follow, by any necessary consequence, that he was never free from sin during his whole life.

During the thirty years of his life that remained to him, Richard continued to preach and keep school at

Barking, at Tottenham, and elsewhere. His school was prosperous,—so prosperous that the penal statute then in force must clearly have been administered with a very rational measure of laxity. It was of course impossible for a very strict Quaker to avoid occasional collisions with the law. Friend Claridge was summoned to Hick's Hall for refusing to provide a substitute to serve in the train-band. His goods were taken, more than once, for tithes and "steeple house rates." Finally, in 1708, he was sued for keeping school. The action was brought at the instigation of a rival schoolmaster,—a fact which could hardly escape the notice of Holt, Chief Justice, and a Middlesex jury. The jury found that the defendant had kept school for *one day*; and Richard was no further molested by his enemies.

Christopher Story belongs, like friend Claridge, to the early period of Quaker history. He was a Cumberland man, born in 1648 at an inn which his father kept at Kirkclinton on the Scottish Border, and well brought up by his mother who was a clergyman's daughter. At an early age he became dissatisfied with the ministers of the church. "Industrious men in the creation" some of them were; "but how to come out of sin, which was the thing I wanted to know, here they left me at a loss." He was more impressed by discourses which he heard at Friends' Meetings, and especially by a sermon of Robert Barclay's, in which it was shown that if a man could begin at Genesis and repeat all the Scriptures to the end of Revelation, and was not led and guided by a measure of that Spirit by which the Scriptures were given forth, it would avail him nothing. Though "much for arguing," Christopher was a modest youth; and he went through many a sore battle with fear before he was able to "give up" and profess himself a Quaker. At last he found courage to join in setting up a meeting in his own parish, "in the borders of England," as he says, "where wickedness of the grossest sort had

swelled to that height, that theft, robbery, and bloodshed, with many other crying sins, were very frequent."

Though himself an industrious man in the creation, Christopher found time to "visit in love" the scattered families of his own people. They were at that time much in want of encouragement. At Dale, for instance, he would have fain passed by, lest friends should be fined on his account; "but they answered there was nothing in that; for they were fined already, more than they had goods to pay with." In Scotland he encountered much rudeness and violence: at one place the mob threw him and his companion down a steep place; "but the ground being dry, friends came up again." They were also grieved by the conduct of a certain Walter Scott, who carried the Quaker argument just one step too far. "Meetings," said this misguided man, "were but a form, and every man might worship God as well in his own house as in a Meeting."

In spite of persecution and contradiction, it is plain that the Quakers in the north were not made to suffer all the rigour of the law. When Judge Jeffries came to the northern circuit, the constable somehow failed to find the Friends who should have been taken before him at Carlisle. A well-known informer was suddenly arrested for debt, to the general satisfaction of the county. When one Dacre, a Justice (so-called), granted warrants against Friends, responsible men persuaded him to forbear a while, it being the beginning of winter, and to keep the informers quiet until the spring. When cattle were seized for church-rates, "exclusive dealing" was practised by sympathetic neighbours; and "men were set at a little distance" to warn intending purchasers. Some of the clergy even went without their tithes. These acts of considerate kindness were not undeserved. After the first effervescence of the new doctrine was over, the Quakers became an eminently sober and virtuous community. Their standard of natural

piety and social duty was high. Story and his friends would take no share in the smuggling industry which flourished then in the Border counties; and they refused to make a profit on gay clothing, such as they thought a Christian might not wear. They spoke the truth; they were good to the poor; they forgave their enemies and persecutors.

It was their forgiving spirit that first touched the heart of brother Benjamin Bangs. He was a working shoemaker from Norfolk, and had come to London just after the Great Fire; "the City then lying as an heap of rubbish, and all hands at work." Benjamin was not afraid of work; he "followed his business very closely", and was eager to learn from those of his craft who had the name of being skilled hands. Working one day at Stepney, he was summoned to assist a party of militia, sent by the Lieutenant of the Tower to break up a Quaker meeting. The gentle demeanour of the sufferers moved him to compunction; he explained to some of them that he was there under constraint. "We believe thee, and we freely forgive thee," they said. Their pious talk, and his mother's letters (for she was "ready with her pen,"—a rare accomplishment among women of her rank in the reign of Charles II.), brought him into a serious way of thought. Bending steadily over his labour, he came, through much meditation, to see the truth as his friends of the Ratcliff meeting saw it. And so, having a word given him to speak, he was received as a preacher, working still with his hands that he might not be chargeable to any.

Of Benjamin's travels in the ministry there is not much to record. He went hither and thither as the inward Voice directed, holding his own with mild persistence against the powers that then were. In the city of Norwich he helped to build a meeting-house, in spite of "the Recorder and old Whitefoot the parson." Friends needed not many words to stir them

up to subscribe. "Most of them being journeymen weavers, combers, shoemakers, &c., were desired not to put down more than they would take care honestly to pay; so they began to consider how much they could earn in a week, and how much of that they could lay by towards the forwarding of so good a work. The young men made application to the young women-servants, &c., desiring them to exert themselves upon this occasion, which they readily did, and raised several pounds among themselves. But the aforesaid Recorder breathed out farther threatenings."

Extending the range of his ministry, Benjamin crossed over to Ireland, when the saints were sore pressed by enemies of various kinds: "native Irish" pilfering their goods; Ulster Presbyterians "crying out in a Scotch tone" at their meetings; magistrates smiting or causing them to be smitten with but little regard for the law. Through all these perils Benjamin Bangs went scatheless. He had a call to preach the Gospel; and, if he could but tell his errand, Papist and Presbyterian might rage as they would.

The travels of friend William Reckitt took a wider range. He was bred in the Gainsborough district, and his youth was spent in hard toil at the loom and in the field, his only comfort being found in the society of godly friends. Having won his way slowly to a better position, he might have settled down to rest; but in 1756, at the age of fifty, he came under a concern to visit the Lord's people in America. England was then at war with France; and the ship in which he sailed was captured off Plymouth, "the enemy coming on board like so many hungry animals." In company with the crew of an English man-of-war, William was carried prisoner into a French port. The Frenchmen kept a careless guard; and the English sailors began to talk cheerfully of mastering the ship in which they were, and carrying it out of harbour under the guns of the

neighbouring fort. Now this was precisely the juncture at which an elderly Quaker may be a very bad adviser. To tell the truth, friend William was much disturbed at the prospect of a fight: he set himself to talk his companions out of their foolhardy design, and he succeeded. It was ill done of him, I must admit: his fears and scruples may have defrauded our naval historians of a noble episode.

After being detained some weary months in France, Reckitt was released, and made out the long voyage across the Atlantic. Our American colonies were then little more than dots and strips of cultivation on the edge of the great continent. Passing from one Friends' meeting to another, between Virginia and Rhode Island, William was often in straits and even in dangers—Indians and runaway negroes hovering in the forests near the settlements of the white men. But the Indians were less terrible to Friends than to other colonists. William even held a meeting among them, and was pleased with the gravity of their behaviour. The negroes also showed him no little kindness; were they not his brethren, sons of one Father? The time for the agitation against slavery had not yet arrived; but here and there the Quakers were entering a quiet protest against the system. So it was also in the island of Nevis, where Reckitt found that Friends were already pondering the question, whether it was lawful for them, as Christian men, to hold slaves or no. "The Lord is rising by His pure witness in the hearts of these negro-keepers, showing them the practice is evil." Here was surely a sign for the encouragement of a man who felt himself called to preach the liberating Word; and encouragement was welcome, for some among the people of Nevis were of a contrary temper. The Chief Judge indeed was wicked enough to say that he cared nothing for sermons, and would willingly never hear another: "a vulgar and unsavoury expression to come out of the mouth of one in his station."

While William Reckitt was wandering in those distant regions of the West, friend Tuke of the York meeting and his wife were rejoicing in the early graces of a daughter who was destined to win a name among the favoured ones of the kingdom. Sarah Tuke was a maiden of a devout and strenuous mind; at fifteen she began to write long letters in that evangelical dialect which is familiar to every reader of English religious biography. At sixteen, she is weary of "the tempestuous billows of this unstable world"; she finds herself guilty of "insensibility to what is good." She suffers much from depression: "the springs of thy S.T.'s machinery are indeed weak." At twenty-one, she declares that the conduct of the generality of young men is painful to her: she sees so many of them inconsiderately and rapidly pursuing an *ignis fatuus*, which will lead them into a labyrinth of perplexities. There is, I fear, little to admire in these poor compositions; only now and then she drops her conventional phrases, and the reader seems to look into the eyes of an honest affectionate girl, burdened with a duty too great to be laid on one so young. For Sarah's mother was a preacher; and the time was approaching when she herself might be called to the same ministry.

After being "experienced and tried with many deep baptisms with wants and aboundings," Sarah began to preach in 1780. Two years after, she married friend Richard Grubb, of Clonmel in Ireland. For a time she was settled at Clonmel, where she kept school in an old house, built on an island in the Suir. But the years that remained of her short life were spent for the most part in travelling. She "came under a concern," to visit this or that district, and straightway set forth on her journey. Perhaps you think she would have done better to stay at home and look after her husband and pupils. It may be so; I am not under a concern to justify what Sarah Grubb said or did. But

this praise she deserves, that she did what she believed to be her duty, without considering her own comfort. She suffered dreadfully in crossing St. George's Channel, but she checked the impulse to complain by thinking of the poor negroes in the slave-ships, whose sufferings were worse than her own. She would ride long miles in the rain, and sit long hours in a cold meeting-house, if only it might be given her to say a word of comfort to "a few desolate professors."

Twice in her career Sarah Grubb was moved in love and compassion to visit the continent of Europe. She travelled with a little company of Friends; the men of the party gave much offence by keeping on their hats in the inns where they stayed. They were not well acquainted with any foreign tongue, but they hoped to find opportunities of conveying in silence that which is better than words. They formed a somewhat unfavourable judgment of the countries through which they passed. Crosses and images were too common everywhere. At Amsterdam "the appearance of friends convinced us that religion is at a low ebb among them." At Düsseldorf, they found one solid religious man, "who walks much alone, in a dark and dissipated place." At Congénies in France, there was a society of good people, whose meetings were almost as the meetings of friends at home; almost, but not quite. "We found that to be useful to them the visitors must be weak with the visited. Our little band was not without a

guard with respect to proposing anything to them which they have not at present a capacity rightly to adopt." I am bound to confess that Sarah sometimes exhibits a mild kind of spiritual pride.

Their ignorance of foreign languages exposed the poor Friends to many deceptions. In travelling to Münster, for instance, they arranged as they thought, to have a post-waggon for themselves. "But after they got our money, a Capuchin Friar and a very ill-looking man were put in with us, and we kept in this situation, with two meals wanting, through a dark rainy night (the wet coming in upon us) till three o'clock the next morning. . . . Our minds, during this extraordinary trial of body and spirits, were remarkably sustained with cheerful tranquillity."

Sarah Grubb died in 1790, at the age of thirty-four. Shortly before her death, she indited a pious letter to Leopold II. on his accession to the imperial crown. But if the received account of that monarch's life and death be correct, her exhortations cannot be said to have produced much effect.

I might continue my fragmentary record into the present century, but in doing so I should have to touch on memories which are dear to good people still living. Let it suffice for the present to have added this little bundle of sketches to the annals of the people once in scorn called Quakers.

THOMAS RALEIGH.

A ROYAL POET.

"HE who has not seen Seville", says the old Spanish proverb, "has a marvel yet to see". But to him who has seen it, what does its name generally recall? The Fair and the Holy week; gipsies and bull-fighters in their *majo* costumes; the Cathedral, with its graceful bell-tower; the *Seis* boys dancing before its altar, or the sublime tones of the "Miserere" echoing through the shadows of its stately pillars and the darkness of its lofty domes; Murillo's pictures hanging in the Hospital that a reformed Don Juan founded; the dark-eyed beauties of the *Paseo* with their mantillas and fans; the gallant, muffled in his *capa*, standing, guitar in hand, below his lady's balcony. In a word, the traveller's associations with Seville are all Spanish, not Moorish.

At Granada we have no difficulty in realizing that we are in the land once ruled by the Moors. The Alhambra stands deserted almost as they left it. Even the ruins of Charles's hideous palace are not sufficiently obtrusive to prevent us forgetting for a moment, as we stand within its courts, that four centuries have elapsed since the Crescent gave way to the Cross. But at Seville it is different. To find what is Moorish there, we have to scrape through a thick veneer of Christianity and modern Spain. The Giralda owes much of its character and a third of its height to a Christian belfry. Christian saints look down from their stone niches on either side of the Gate of Pardon, imploring us to forget that its graceful arch was once the entrance to a Mosque. The Tower of Gold still stands; but it has been turned to the base uses of the shore-master's office, and its best known traditions do not go further back than Peter the Cruel.

There remains the Alcazar. It is one of the oldest Moorish relics in

Spain; and though the most of what we now see even there is of Christian date, we can still trace a few relics of an Eastern beauty that must once have vied with that of its far younger rival at Granada; while to those who study it more closely in the light of its romantic history, the incongruous Parisian decorations, the ruthless devastations of time, and the still more ruthless restorations of art, will disappear, and the ghost of the old palace come forth as it was in the Middle Ages, long before the Alhambra was dreamt of, when Seville was the great city of the Moors.

It was here in the spring of the year 1069 that the Moorish king, Al-Motadhid, lay dying. His reign was conspicuously cruel even in an age of barbarity. His deeds were more like a tiger's than a man's. He drank at his feasts out of cups made from the jewelled skulls of his victims. His ministers trembled when he spoke; and little wonder, for he had murdered his eldest son, Ismael, in one of his fits of passion; and the younger, Aben-Abed, who was now to succeed him, had barely escaped the same fate.

At this time the kingdom of Seville was, with the exception of Cordova, the most important of the smaller states that had risen on the ruins of the great Caliphate of the West; and Cordova was destined soon to fall a prey to its victorious arms. Yet the axe was already at the root of the tree. The Christians, who had shrunk into the north part of the Peninsula before the invincible Tarak three hundred years previously, were now slowly but steadily reconquering the lands they had lost. A Christian army had once advanced even to the walls of Seville, and Al-Motadhid had saved his royal city only by consenting to

the humiliating alternative of paying yearly tribute to the Castilian Prince.

Such was the king and such the kingdom to which Aben-Abed now succeeded. It would be difficult to instance a son more differently constituted from his father, or less qualified to rule in times so out of joint. Nature had intended him for a poet; circumstance alone had made him a king. His training had been such as to develop only his artistic faculties; for while his brother Ismael, as heir-apparent to the throne, had been associated with his father in all his military adventures, Aben-Abed had spent his youth peacefully as the governor of Silves. Once indeed Al-Motadhid had entrusted him with the command of an expedition, but his incapacity as a general led to disaster and disgrace. Poetry was the young prince's favourite pastime, poets the companions of his choice; and for indulging and cultivating such tastes few places were then better fitted than the university-town of Silves. Soon after he had been installed as governor, there arrived in the town a young poet called Ben-Amar. He was no stranger, for he had been born and educated in Silves; but he had left it to perfect himself in his art at Cordova, and after that had wandered about Spain from town to town and court to court, singing songs of love and war, or hymning the praises of any prince who would consent to be his patron. During this apprenticeship he had acquired such skill that his verses now won the enthusiastic admiration of his townsmen in Silves, and his fame soon reached the palace. Aben-Abed sent for the poet, and from the first day of meeting conceived an attachment for him amounting to infatuation. Ben-Amar became his constant companion, and continued up to his death to play one of the most important parts in this strange drama. The poet's friendship for the prince does not appear ever to have been so confiding as Aben-Abed's for him. Though he was not much older,

his wanderings may have given him an experience of life sufficient to warn him that the favour of princes was fickle. One night, it is said, after an evening spent in revelry, Aben-Abed, in excess of favour for his new friend, insisted that he should share his room for the night. While the prince lay sleeping, Ben-Amar was awakened by a vivid dream. He thought a voice called in his ear "Beware! the day will come when his hands will take thy life". Again he tried to sleep, but again was wakened by the same voice of warning. So vivid was the dream and such his terror, that he rose and fled to the door of the palace, intending to lie there till the day dawned, and then complete his escape. Meanwhile the prince wakened, missed his companion, and immediately instituted a search, which resulted in the discovery of Ben-Amar. Sobered and ashamed he confessed the cause of his strange behaviour, and Aben-Abed reassured him with vows of eternal affection, and heaped him with future favours, amidst which the dream was soon forgotten. Perhaps no one, but least of all the prince himself, would then have believed that the day would come when it would be fulfilled in all its horror. But that day was still distant, and for years the selfish ambition of Ben-Amar continued to work the ruin of his blind and indulgent patron.

On succeeding to his father's throne, Aben-Abed offered his friend any post that he chose to name. Ben-Amar selected the governorship of Silves. It was not without much reluctance that the king consented to the separation this involved, and he very soon recalled his companion to the court of Seville to be his prime-minister. The verses which he addressed to him at parting for Silves show us with what fondness he looked back upon the scenes of his boyhood.

Bear my greetings, Abu-Bekrê,
Unto Silves' groves and bowers.
Greet Charadjib's stately palace—
Scenes of all my golden hours.

Graceful nymphs of alabaster
Stand around yon stately hall ;
Marble lions guard the gate-way ;
Greet them for me, greet them all.

Tell them thou hast left behind thee
One that pines, all sad and lone,
For the scenes that now are distant,
And the days that now are flown.

Often, with my darling, often
Have I sat by 'Silves' stream,
When the nightingale was singing,
By the star-light's fitful gleam.

Bulbul ceased his song and listened
When she swept the zitter's strings,
And her flitting fingers glistened,
White as snow-flakes winter brings.

And she sung of deeds of battle
Till my beating pulses thrilled ;
And she sung love's tender passion
Till with tears my eyes were filled.

And I quaffed the sparkling wine-cup
Till mad frenzy filled my soul,
With the wine and with the music,
And the kisses that I stole.

There was another whose influence on the life of Aben-Abed was destined to overshadow even that of Ben-Amar. The story of his meeting with his future queen, though it savours of romance, is not only historically true, but quite in keeping with the character of the prince and the times he lived in. One evening, after his return to Seville, he was wandering with Ben-Amar along the bank of the Guadalquivir, near the place where the Silver Tower then stood, and where the *Paseo* with its handsome quays now affords the favourite promenade to modern Sevillians. A gentle breeze was playing on the surface of the river, ruffling it into a multitude of wavelets that sparkled in the evening sun.

The wind and sun upon the stream
Like burnished mail have made it gleam,

the prince exclaimed, improvising the first part of a couplet, which he challenged his friend to complete. Ben-Amar hesitated, and before he had time to answer, one of the Moorish girls who had come down to draw water, and stood beside them with

her full pitcher balanced on her head, responded to the challenge :

And were the frost to lend his aid,
What smith had stronger mail e'er made ?

Such readiness in improvising was certain in itself to impress the prince ; but when he turned to the authoress of the couplet and found her looks as attractive as her wit, he fell passionately in love, and ordered her to be conveyed forthwith to the *Alcazar*. Thither he himself hastened, eager to learn her name and circumstances. She was called Itamid, she told him, and was the slave of Romiac, the muleteer. Nothing baffled by her low origin, Aben-Abed determined to buy her liberty and make her his queen. This strange union did not turn out unhappily. Itamid's constant gaiety and love of music and poetry were well fitted to make her royal husband happy ; while her devoted attachment to him in his days of misfortune shows that her nature was not without its noble side. But her caprices were endless, and the king's indulgence of them was the source of constant scandal to the more serious of his courtiers.

Numerous stories of these have come down to us, and if not all true, they are probably at least characteristic. One will suffice as a specimen. The king and queen were in Cordova one February, when there occurred what is still a rare phenomenon in Spain—a shower of snow. The queen stood in a window in the palace watching the snow-flakes fall thick and heavy, till the whole ground was covered with a mantle of dazzling white. After gazing for some time at a scene to her at once so novel and so beautiful, she burst into tears. The king was at her side in a moment, tenderly asking the cause of her grief. "Thou dost not love me as I love thee", she answered, "else hadst thou taken me to some of those far-off lands where they tell me the earth often dons this mantle of spotless snow". The king kissed away her tears and assured her that she should have snow

in the palace to her heart's content ; and sending over the whole country side, he collected the white blossoms of the almond-trees, then in full bloom, and made his slaves shower them down like snow over the gardens of the palace.

With Itamid for his queen and Ben-Amar for his prime-minister, we can fancy what the court of Aben-Abed soon became. Music was the business of the land, and poetry the language of the people. Ministers rhymed themselves into office, and generals received their commissions in verse. Chroniclers relieved the long lists of names and dates in their dreary chronicles, and merchants the transactions of their business, with scraps of song ; while every peasant, when occasion demanded, could burst into a couplet of his own improvisation. Famous minstrels flocked to Seville from all parts of the Moslem world ; and well they might, for never had monarch been so magnificent in his patronage. A poet who could but prove himself a master in his art might ask any boon without fear of refusal. There once came to his notice some well-turned verses on man's ingratitude, which maintained that gratitude was as rare as the fabled prince who rewarded a poet with a thousand ducats. "Does such munificence exist but in fable?" the king exclaimed, and sending for the author, he caused the sum to be paid him in full.

In all the galaxy of poets that gathered round the court of Seville none shone brighter than the king himself. Many of his poems have come down to us. Like all Arabian poetry they are strictly lyrical. The Arab mind is wanting in that creative genius that is needed to construct an epic or a narrative poem, or even a simple tale ; for we must remember that what we call the "Arabian Nights" is of Persian, not Arabic origin. It is of the real incidents of life viewed from their poetic side that Arabian poets treat. Poetry and bio-

graphy are thus always closely allied, and in the earlier poets inseparable. While the ancient models of nomad Arab poetry underwent immense development, and acquired a new element of permanency in the hands of the Spanish Moors, even in the case of Aben-Abed the bulk of his poems would lose much, if not all, of their point when separated from the circumstances that called them forth.

In consequence of this connection between poetry and passing events, the faculty of improvisation was brought to a state of unparalleled perfection amongst the Moors. It was not the rich or the learned alone who cultivated the art ; the poorer also practised it as an accomplishment which often brought them much gain. We have seen Itamid improvise herself into a throne, and we might cite scores of instances where less dazzling prizes were thus won. In a former paper in this Magazine¹ I described the remarkable talent of improvisation which may still be observed amongst the peasants of Spain ; and perhaps nothing can give us a better picture of what Moorish poetry was in the reign of Aben-Abed, than its modern, though enfeebled descendant, the poetry of the Spanish people.

Wit is another characteristic common to both. The Spanish *requi bro* is clearly a Moorish inheritance. A well-turned compliment, whether in prose or verse, was reckoned as precious as a work of art, and children were elaborately trained in complimenting as a branch of culture essential to a good education. A story is told of a prince, contemporary with Aben-Abed, going into the house of one of his subjects where he found no one at home but a little boy. Attracted by the brightness of the child, he asked him playfully, "Which house do you think the prettier, your father's or the palace of the king"? "My father's" was the ready reply, "when the king is in it". Surprised at such

¹ "The Poetry of the Spanish People"; Macmillan's Magazine, November, 1886.

wit the king determined to try him again, and showing him his diamond ring, asked if anything could be prettier than that. "The finger that wears it", answered the precocious little courtier.

Repartee is after all only the obverse of compliment, and *Aben-Abed* keenly appreciated both. On one occasion a famous robber, who had the reputation of being a *Tyll Eulenspiegel* of those times, had created a sensation in the town by perpetrating a practical joke while he was actually being crucified. The king ordered this victim of justice to be taken down from the cross and ushered into his presence, where he remonstrated with him, and expressed wonder at such persistence in deeds of lawlessness. "Did your Majesty know the delights of robbing", replied the brigand, "you would step down from your throne and join us". This answer so tickled the king that he found the man a place in his bodyguard, of which he turned out a most efficient member.

Aben-Abed himself was famous for the readiness with which he could improvise verses of great merit. When walking through the streets of his capital one day, his attention was attracted by a girl selling wine. In the streets of Damascus or Cairo the wine-sellers may still be heard singing the praises of their wares in highly figurative language; and this Moorish girl was inviting the custom of the passers-by with this couplet:

Come drink the cooling wine draught;
'Tis by your thirst we live.
Your solid gold we ask for,
Our liquid gold we give.

The king catching up the idea, asked to be served with a cup of wine, and improvised this reply:

I said to her, "Pour forth thy wine,
And this bright gem I'll give to thee".
She answered, Drink, and so for thine
As bright a gem thou tak'st from me".

Frederick the Great used to say that if there were any country he

wished to ruin, he would put its government into the hands of the philosophers. To govern a kingdom by poets is a still more fatal experiment; yet such was the government of the kingdom of Seville. The wonder is not that ruin overtook it, but that it came as tardily as it did. The first part of *Aben-Abed's* reign was marked by an ephemeral prosperity. *Cordova* was conquered, and for a short time the king of Seville held a sway such as no Moorish sovereign had held since the fall of the Caliphate. But this short prosperity hastened on his final misfortunes, for it excited the jealousy of the Castilian king. *Alphonso* advanced with a powerful army conquering and devastating the territory he passed through, till he found himself beneath the walls of Seville. Fearing to try the issue by force of arms, *Aben-Abed*, like his father, resorted to diplomacy, and bought peace by consenting to pay double the former tribute. This left him with a sullied prestige and an exhausted treasury. To redeem the one and to replenish the other, *Ben-Amar* advised him to venture a greater stake by equipping a force against the kingdom of Murcia. The expedition ultimately proved victorious, but it was a victory that cost dearer than defeat. By bad generalship and worse diplomacy a whole army was lost and much treasure expended.

At his own request, *Ben-Amar* was appointed governor of the new province. Elated by the continued success which had raised him from an obscure wanderer to the highest office in a kingdom that his own policy had done not a little to extend, his vanity swelled till it overwhelmed his very reason. He entered his new post with the pomp of a Roman emperor, and once installed, he assumed all the outward insignia of independent sovereignty. The king at first was inclined to overlook the disloyal conduct of his minister; and even when he went the length of openly disobeying the royal command no steps were taken to punish him.

But an irreparable breach was slowly opening betwixt the king and his old favourite, and the manner in which the rupture was finally brought about affords a good illustration of the characters of both and the times in which they lived. Ben-Amar issued a manifesto in the form of a poem full of pompous bombast and self-glorification. The king was more amused than displeased at this extraordinary production; and at a feast in the Alcazar he entertained a brilliant assembly of his courtiers with a witty but not ill-natured parody of it. This was circulated with much merriment, mingled with not a little spiteful triumph, amongst the courtiers of Seville; and as was to be expected, it soon reached the ears of Ben-Amar and stung him into fury. He retaliated in an elaborate satire full of the most scurrilous abuse and slander not only of the king himself but of his queen, whose low origin was made a special butt for ridicule. To slander Itamid was a sin which Aben-Abed could not pardon even in his favourite, and he vowed that the satirist should expiate the crime with his life. His arrest was ordered; but when the messengers arrived in Murcia they found that the inhabitants of the province, unable to bear with the arrogance and oppression of their governor, had revolted, and Ben-Amar had fled. For some time he wandered about Spain, offering his services to every sovereign he knew to be hostile to his former master. But rejected by all he at length fell into the hands of Aben-Abed, and was conveyed a captive to Seville. Introduced into the royal presence he craved pardon with loud protestations of penitence. He succeeded in obtaining a respite, and there is little doubt his appeal to old memories had such a powerful effect on the king that his life would have been spared; but his unquenchable vanity proved his destruction; for no sooner was the interview over than he began to boast of his own power and the king's weakness. His rivals at the court were not slow in reporting

these boasts to their master, whose patience was now strained beyond endurance. In a paroxysm of rage he hurried to the chamber where the prisoner was confined, and in the heat of the altercation that ensued slew him with his own hand. The dream of Silves was realized.

Meanwhile king and kingdom were fast being drawn into the vortex of ruin which was soon to overwhelm them. The mad policy of Ben-Amar and the extravagance of the court had drained the treasury; and the time had come round when the tribute must again be paid. When the ambassador arrived to collect it the full sum was tendered, but in coins short of the standard weight. The Jew who had been entrusted with the charge of the mission by the Castilian king quickly detected the deception and demanded payment of the deficiency. His astuteness cost him his life.

The murder of an ambassador is an act of treachery which cannot be defended, though the crime seems to have been committed without either the knowledge or connivance of the king. But guilty or not, he paid dearly for it. The Christians determined to wreak their vengeance not on Seville only but on all the Moslem states of Spain, and advanced with a strength that carried everything before it, and threatened the total expulsion of the Moors from the Peninsula. The Moorish princes were now compelled to bury their mutual animosities in the common fear of extermination; but weakened by generations of effeminacy, they soon recognized that even in combination they were no match for the trained warriors of Alphonso and the fiery valour of his great champion, the Cid.

There remained but one source of refuge—an appeal to the Moslems of Africa. The king of Seville might well shrink from such a course. Tradition had it that an astrologer in his father's reign predicted that the dynasty would be destroyed by a race of men not born in Spain; and

Al-Motadhid had shrewdly conjectured that the prophecy pointed to the Almoravides. This tribe, but lately emerged from barbarism to adopt the Moslem faith, had already conquered the whole of the North-West of Africa, and it was to their leader, Jusuf-ben-Tashfin, that the Spanish Arabs proposed to appeal for aid. Reluctant as Aben-Abed was to adopt this course, the case was desperate and he was obliged to consent. Jusuf at once complied, crossed over to Spain, and defeated Alphonso in the great battle of Zalacca. Though he returned to Morocco immediately afterwards, he made it apparent from his first landing that he had not taken up arms for the sake of religion alone. In a few months he succeeded in picking a quarrel with the king of Seville, and again crossed to Spain to fight against those whom he had so recently befriended.

City after city succumbed before the invaders, till at length, on May 10th, 1091, they laid siege to Seville itself. Whatever may have been his incapacity as a general, Aben-Abed had no lack of personal courage. It is solely owing to his valour that the city held out as long and as bravely as it did. More than once, when a breach had been effected in the walls and the Africans were actually within the town, the king put himself at the head of a picked band of his soldiers and drove them out. But disaster followed disaster, till the enemy could no longer be held at bay. The last struggle was the most desperate of all. The king fought the invaders from street to street, and made a final stand in the Alcazar itself. But fate was fighting against him, and he and his queen and household soon found themselves the captives of the African prince.

A few days afterwards, on the very spot which had been the scene of his romantic meeting with Itamid, the dethroned king embarked in the ship that was to convey both to an African prison. The whole populace, we are

told, crowded to bid the last farewell to a monarch so justly popular; and there was not a dry eye among them as the ship sailed slowly round the bend of the river which would hide for ever from the view of the captive the city where he had so recently reigned a king.

The misfortunes of Aben-Abed not only sealed his popularity and posthumous fame, but gave to his subsequent poetry that touch of pathos for which it is so remarkable. Poetry was the only solace left him. Every trivial event in the monotony of his captivity called forth a verse, and was viewed through the medium of his own misfortune and tinged with his own melancholy. On the route which the captives were marched through Morocco to their prison in Agmat, they passed a place where the country-people had assembled to pray for rain. This called forth these couplets:

I saw the people praying
The clouds their rain to yield,
"Ah! take my tears", I told them,
"And water each his field".

"Well hast thou said", they answered,
"For more than Heaven's flood
The tears thou shed'st; but falling,
They mingled fall with blood."

Some of his finest poems were written in his prison at Agmat. The lines on the anniversary of the feast of Ramadan are a fair specimen:

This day had once brought merriment and
feasting.
What joy can feast-days bring a captive
slave?
My wretched children starving cling around
me;
O Allah, pity! Grant the bread they
crave.

With aching heart I stoop to kiss my
darlings—
Those cheeks once rosy, now so wan and
pale;
Their tender feet but trained to tread on
velvet,
Torn by the jagged pavement of a gaol.

Once I was king ; a thousand vassals
waited,
Eager to do my bidding ere I bade.
Now I am slave, and all the world my
master—
O kings, your glory's but a fleeting
shade !

The last days of the banished king
were lighted up by a transient gleam
of hope. The poet, Ben-al-labana, who
had been one of the friends and cour-
tiers of his glorious days, hastened to
the scene of his captivity with im-
portant tidings. A revolt in his
favour had been set on foot in Spain
and had already spread to Seville.
The captive waited for some months
in eager expectation of release. Re-

lease came at last, but it came in the
form of death. He died in his fiftieth
year and was buried at Agmat, where
Itamid, the devoted companion of his
misfortunes, was soon laid by his side.

More than two centuries after, a
Moorish poet who made a pilgrimage
to his tomb found it obliterated by
time and neglect. But his verses still
lived. We may fancy how often they
must have echoed through the halls of
the Alhambra, long after Seville had
ceased to be a Moorish city, when its
mosque had changed to a Cathedral,
and his own Alcazar to the palace of a
Christian king.

J. W. CROMBIE.

MY SON TOMMY.

WHETHER there really was such a person as "my son Tommy," most of us who met at night in the billiard-room of the Elephant were inclined to doubt. Certainly old Smith, Father Tommy as he was usually called, was not naturally a man of guile, and the simple, earnest, loving way he spoke of his son, coupled with the absence of any apparent inducement to deceive, made it difficult to believe that the whole thing was a fiction; still there was such monstrous vagueness and inconsistency in the father's allusions to his son that it was equally or even more difficult to believe anything else.

And the curious thing was that on any other subject Father Tommy was frank and communicative enough. He had made his appearance among us but a few days, when we already knew most of his history. He had been a farmer in a neighbouring county in a very small way until a far-away cousin had died and left him quite a little fortune. "By gum! times had been that bad, I tell 'ee I 'ad to scrat afore I pecked; so when the lawyer chap tow'd me as 'ow there was summat a comin' to me I was took aback like; 'Noa dainger,' says I, 'a 'aporth o' bad nuts is all owd Jack Smith is ever like to 'ave left 'im.' 'Noa, it's summat better nor that, yo'n got, Maister John Smith,' says 'e. 'Ay, ay,' says I, 'plain Jack yesterday, an' Maister John to-day! Why sure-a-lie, the cat's kitten'd!'"

And on the subject of his son Tommy he was willing, nay anxious, to talk; but he preferred to question rather than to be questioned. After he himself had with great slyness worked the conversation round to this subject, the nervousness he displayed and the abominable duplicity he stooped to, when the questioned in his turn

became questioner, were calculated to shake one's faith in human nature. "Be 'appen yo' metten my son Tommy in Lonnen town?" he would ask someone who had lately come from the metropolis. "Or yo' might 'a 'eerd tark on 'im, mebbee? 'E's doin' despart well, las' time I 'eerd."

He would never volunteer more definite information as to the address, manner of life, or profession of the mysterious Tommy than this. When confronted with definite inquiries as to whether his son was in this or that profession or business, he would mop his brow with a table-cloth of a pocket-handkerchief wrought about with divers colours, and murmur confidentially to its voluminous folds that "be 'appen" such was the case, but that he did not "rightly mind." Or perhaps he would vary the formula by saying that he "oodn't say for sartin, like as 'ow Tommy 'adn't turned 'is mind that way." This oracular remark would be his answer to the simple inquiry, whether his son was a Smith whom the inquirer had known in the Navy, or in the Church, or in the medical profession. Everybody, you see, had known a Smith who was getting on well in something.

Undismayed however by the just indignation which all we who knew him expressed at his shuffling attitude on this subject, this audacious old man continued his inquiries, asking all who penetrated to the smoking-room of the Elephant from the outside world for news of his son. In order to meet half way in their kindly efforts, those who endeavoured to give him the information he required (we will charitably suppose that was his object) he was most complaisant in the matter of minor details. The amiable Tommy was a veritable chameleon. His personal appearance varied from hour to

hour. The model, standard, or ideal sketch of him as found existing in his father's head, and extracted therefrom in a ragged and piecemeal condition by a hard-headed young Scotch barrister after two hours' rigorous cross-examination, was that of a boy of sixteen rather than a man of thirty, which age we were told Tommy must have reached by now. Macpherson dismissed the witness in the following impressive and scathing words: "Mr. Smith, it's my duty to inform you, that you're a mon just given over to prevarication and deception, and considering your years I'd advise you to take heed to your ways; I'd just go and have a quiet talk with the minister; and, Mr. Smith" (here the honest Scot's self-control broke down, and his wrath and his dialect burst forth), "deil tak ye, mon; dinna come teasing us puir bodies with your cock and bull stories of your son Thamas, who's mebbe got a thick head of hair and mebbe bald-pated, and is mebbe sax fuit high or just as likely five, ye dinna ken which, though he's your own bairn and ye mind him weel—which is just incredible, and neither mair nor less than a lie—d'ye ken what that signifies, Mr. Smith?" and Macpherson, like Naaman, went away in a rage. But Father Tommy, remarking calmly that the infuriated Caledonian was "as mad as an owd tup in a 'alter", continued his gin and water.

That same evening Mordaunt brought his father, the General, down to the Elephant. He had lately come back from India. Being most of us in great awe of this ancient hero (who combined the engaging qualities of the haughty military dandy and the gouty old gentleman) we trembled when we saw Father Tommy take him in hand. Happily the General, who wouldn't have vouchsafed one of us a civil answer, was majestically gracious to Father Tommy. Presently we heard the General say, "Tut, tut, my good man, India's a big place. By —, sir, big enough to hold more than one Smith,

though that is an uncommon name, too". The General was pleased with his joke: the General smiled: the General actually laughed.

"Ay, ay. It bin a big plaice, I suppose—bigger nor all England, I dar' say?"

The General laughed again, mockingly. "Pouf," said the General, as though he would blow his native land away; "England is a mere fleabite compared with that great country, sir."

"Eh, well, but arter all," said Father Tommy comfortably, "we dunna goo by size, or a cow 'ould catch a hare."

The General was doubtful how to take this observation; was it, could it be a reflection on the land he had just come from? He concluded to take no notice of it. But he was ruffled. He gave Father Tommy to understand that he was not likely to know this Mr. Thomas Smith, unless the said Thomas was in the army, and unless he (the General) was told in what regiment.

The other remarked in reply that he believed he had a vague reminiscence of the army having been mentioned by his son as his temporary occupation; as for regiment, he thought his son had no special choice; probably he patronized first one and then another, or any that came handy, "'appened to be thereabout"; he explained his own comparative ignorance on this point by saying that he personally disapproved of the service; he "didna houd by sodgering at arl, not 'imself; but he reckoned it were summat for them to do, as couldna' do no better, like."

But the General had fled; and Mr. Smith finished his explanation to the company at large, who listened indeed, but listened in a silence half-sarcastic, half-indignant. For we all looked upon "son Tommy" by this time as a myth and a mockery, an idiot's tale never worth the telling, and now grown sadly stale and unprofitable.

Amongst the many peculiarities of

Mr. Smith, which those of us who were merely people of practical common-sense found repugnant to our ideas of propriety and vexing to our temper, but which the so-called lovers of character professed to consider very interesting and old-fashioned, must be included a profound distrust of banks, which led him to keep large sums of money in a ridiculous kind of iron cupboard let into the wall of the ground-floor room of his little cottage. His living in such a wretched little dwelling was a similar and an equally reprehensible whim. Nothing would persuade him to change his manner of living, now that he was a well-to-do man, from what it had been when he was a poor, struggling farmer. So in his tiny cottage, with its two or three little rooms, he lived all by himself; and in the cupboard in the wall it was an open secret that he kept most of his money.

We pointed out to him the folly and danger of his behaviour, but he was deaf to all our warnings. To one or two of us he indeed confided another reason which prompted him to run the risk of keeping so much money loose about him. He declared that he could never be sure at what hour of the day or night his son might not drop in upon him unexpectedly, and in case he should be in want of money it was necessary to have plenty near at hand. As to burglars, he laughed quite cheerfully at our forebodings, and protested he had no fear of any coming to his "little bit of a place."

But on one dark December night Mr. Smith, lying awake, became gradually conscious that he was not alone in the house. The snow was falling fast and heavily, and from the outside world there came not a sound to break the stillness; but within the house certain stealthy movements and indistinct rustling sounds reached the keen ears of Mr. Smith, and led him to believe, as we have said, that he had been visited by some uninvited guests.

"By gum," whispered he to himself,

as he silently drew on his nether garments, "there be summun in the 'ouse." Listening intently for a while, he was confirmed in this impression, and repeated his conviction in the same form of words. He dragged on one stocking. Flushed with his exertions, for the stockings were tight and very closely knitted, and Mr. Smith's figure did not allow of his stooping with ease, he panted out "I mun go and see——." Then he fought and wrestled with the other stocking before he allowed himself to finish his sentence. "—— what they be arter."

To complete his toilet it was only necessary to don an immense greatcoat. With his boots in one hand, and a gun in the other, he stole softly and slowly down stairs. Arrived at the bottom he paused to think out his next step, murmuring abstractedly over again the words he had already used, "I mun see what they be arter."

Wishing not to frighten away, but to capture the intruders, he did not go directly into the room in which he believed they were, but leaving the house by the back way went quietly round to the front door, holding himself in readiness for anything that might happen. His object was to cut off the marauders' retreat, and catch them in the act.

"It's 'nation mucky," remarked Mr. Smith placidly, as he trudged round the house through the blinding snow. "I dunna know as I ever seed a muckier night." As he recorded this meteorological observation he reached the front door. It was ajar, so he peeped in to see what was going on within.

While Mr. Smith had been attiring himself and making preparations to receive his nocturnal guests, the latter had been equally busy down stairs.

They were two in number; one was tall and the other short, and the latter seemed to take the lead. They had succeeded in opening, with the assistance of a skeleton key, the cupboard in the wall, and the short man was

investigating its contents while the tall man was holding a small bull's-eye lantern.

"'Old it steady, you fool," whispered the former. "'Ere, give it me, and get yourself some sal volatile, or smelling-salts, or somethink. Ring the bell and ask the genelman of the 'ouse where he keeps his medicine. He allays was a chicken-hearted chap," he continued to himself as his companion gave him the lantern and leant back against the wall. "I was a fool ever to trust him in a job." He hunted about amongst the papers and the packets, which the cupboard contained, for a while in silence. Suddenly he gave vent to a stifled exclamation of intense astonishment. His partner looked up in mute inquiry and saw him gazing open-mouthed at a dirty old photograph. It was a portrait of a boy of sixteen or thereabouts: the black coat very long in the tails and very short in the sleeves, the gorgeous necktie, the massive and elaborate watch-chain, and still more the fashion of the hair brushed with much care and painful ingenuity low down across the brow, rising in a bold sweep above the temples, and terminating in a broad, smooth feather overshadowing each ear,—each and all of these outward and visible signs betokened the village Brummel dressed in his Sunday best.

"Why, Tommy, it's you!" whispered the short man, "sure as I'm a Christian. It's you, Tommy," he repeated solemnly, "or I'm a d——d Dutchman."

Meanwhile his friend, after one trembling, amazed glance at the photograph, had been plunged in thought. It was indeed true; it was his portrait, taken just before he left his father's house twelve years ago under press of circumstances so urgent that he had not time to say good-bye, nor even to return some few pounds which his father had been putting by in view of the approaching rent-day. Could it be that the rich, eccentric Mr. Smith, in whose house they then

were, was indeed the father whom he had left in poverty that seemed at that time hopeless and helpless? If he had only known, if he had only foreseen this change of circumstance, would he have left that father? Never! That kind father! Dear old dad! Was it too late to return? His eyes turned watery. They were weak by nature, and had a way of filling in moments of excitement in a way which often provoked the wrath of the short man. He was a coarse fellow, that short man; whereas Tommy was a person of infinite susceptibility and tender emotions.

Though the tender recollections which called up the tears to his eyes barely lasted a second, Tommy, having an active brain, felt that second to have been wasted. Dismissing sentiment he braced himself up for action, resolving to play the man and so win his way back to an affectionate parent's heart.

While his late partner still bent over the photograph, he swiftly closed and locked the cupboard which contained his father's wealth,—his father's! to be one day his own! Though he moved as noiselessly as possible, his companion heard him and turned abruptly round. Tommy, caught in the very act of treachery, stood before his friend like a naughty schoolboy, watering at the eyes, hiding the key behind his back, and twisting from side to side.

"I allays said you were a sneak, Tommy," whispered the short man. "You allays did sneak, an' you allays will. You'd sneak a poor beggar and you'd sneak the Queen or the Emperor of Germany. An' you'll go on sneaking till you sneak yourself into h——! But, Tommy, you daren't sneak me, much as you'd like to. Cause why? Cause I'd have your heart out, Tommy. Now, 'and me over that key."

The trembling Tommy hastened to obey; but in his haste, and with his trembling, the key slipped from his grasp and fell on the floor. The short

man stooped to pick it up, and for a moment could not find it. Tommy was seized with a sudden inspiration. He caught up a sharp chisel (used in their trade) which was lying on the table, and madly struck at the back of the short man's neck as he stooped. But alas! Tommy's plans were always happier in conception than in their realization. Even as he struck, his purpose faltered, and the terrible blow did but in the end graze the skin of his enemy. The next moment,—in far shorter time than it takes to tell,—Tommy was lifted from his feet and laid softly on his back on the floor, softly, to avoid arousing any one in the house. For the same reason a hand was on his mouth, preventing all utterance on his part.

The short man did not give his victim that little speech on things in general which is, we believe, customary in such circumstances. Time was too precious. He did indeed point out to his late friend the curious fulfilment of a prophecy he had recently uttered on the subject of Tommy's ultimate fate, namely, that he would "sneak" himself into the nether world, and that prophecy, he ventured to say, was now on the point of being fulfilled. Then, without any further yielding to garrulity, the short man felt about for the sharp chisel, which had fallen in the struggle.

But in stretching out to get it, he slightly and for a moment relaxed his hold on Tommy's throat. It was Tommy's last chance. Uplifting his voice he cried aloud, with all the energy left him, on his father. "Father!" he cried. "Father! Help! It's me! Tommy."

And lo! his despairing cry was answered. There was a roar in his ears, as though an eighty-ton gun had been fired off in the room. His assailant, the short man, sprang up from over him, and then fell back with a groan; and he himself rising trembling to his feet saw a shadow in front of him, and heard a hoarse voice say, "Tommy! Tommy, lad! Speak,

Tommy. Good God, have I killed him? Tommy!"

When the first agitation attendant on the strange re-union of father and son had subsided, both turned to look at the dead man lying across the floor. "What shall we do about him?" said the young man shuddering. His father for answer threw the tablecloth over the corpse, moving it at the same time nearer to the wall. "Dunna yo' fret about the likes of him, Tommy," he said soothingly. He noticed and wondered at his son's agitation; but attributed it to some highly refined sentiment of humanity, which his own coarser, more brutal nature could not properly appreciate.

Then he revived the fire, and seating his son in front of it he fell to caressing him in a clumsy, timid way; holding one of his hands and patting and stroking it, to express thereby the affection he was unable to put into words. Neither of the two spoke much. The old man made occasional references to the times previous to their separation, and to his loneliness during the last twelve years; but to the events which had just occurred he made no allusion. Some instinct warned him not to inquire too closely what had brought his son on the scene of action at that particular crisis. It was enough for him that he had come and had been nearly killed in defence of his father's property. "He 'ouldn't see his old faither robbed, and he fought like a lion," the old man remarked to himself, as he pottered about getting fresh coal for the fire, and busying himself in other such ways. But though he derived great comfort to himself from these private eulogies of his son's valour, he never seemed able to express this admiration of his conduct to the young man in person. With him all he could do was to stroke his hand, or occasionally, for a change, the sleeve of his coat.

Tommy himself was equally silent and ill-at-ease. Divers emotions will

at once occur to the reader, each a sufficient explanation of his taciturnity ; remorse for the past, prayerfulness for the future, thankfulness for his own rescue from imminent death, horror at the fate which had overtaken his late associate, re-awakened love for this father so full of love and forgiveness for him ; these and other kindred emotions, the reader will imagine, were filling the young man's heart. We have said that Tommy was ever open to emotion ; and we doubt not that in time and in the absence of distracting anxieties, he would have keenly felt each and all of these gentle influences. But at this present moment his soul was full of a trouble, very big and very near at hand, which called for immediate action, and occupied all his thoughts. So while he submitted passively to his father's caresses, and answered his questions in monosyllables, he was all the time turning this problem over and over in his mind, seeking for a solution.

At last the solution came. He heaved a great sigh, and turned to see what his companion was doing. The poor old man, a little dismayed at his son's silence, had been casting about in what fresh, untried way he might prove the reality of his joy and love. Words failed him from the outset : deeds so far had suggested themselves only in the form of the rude caresses already described ; but to continue these with any spirit some response from the beloved object is desirable, and even so they grow monotonous. At last a bright idea struck the old man. Going to the cupboard he extracted the very roll of banknotes which had been the bone of contention earlier in the evening, and put them shyly into the hands of the young man.

Tommy's thoughtfulness had rather chilled the old man, and he spoke with considerable reserve and affected indifference ; but he looked wistfully enough into his face. Would this son of his never melt ? Would he not for some little short space, some half-hour at least, open his heart and give his

love to the father, who had been looking forward so eagerly to this hour through so many weary years ?

"Be 'appen, yo' dunna know as I'm a rich man now, Tommy?" he said smiling faintly. "But I've saved it all for yo', Tommy, cause yo'n got to show all these folk about 'ere, ay, and in Lonnen town, as 'ow yo' be as good as the best on 'em. Owld Jack Smith never boasted to be much good at anything ; but there's mony a good cock comes out on a ragged bag ; and, Tommy, dunna yo' be afeared as 'ow your owld faither will come and spoil sport. Your gentlefolk friends shanna never see me, to throw me in your teeth, lad. Dunna yo' be afeared. I'll keep quiet-like, down 'ere, and yo'll come and see me now and again, wunna yo', Tommy?"

But Tommy even now made no answer save a short "Yes." And the reason was, not that he was sullen or indifferent to this proffered affection, but simply that he was considering how the offer of the money fitted into his plans, and whether there was any objection to his taking it. Perhaps if it had been necessary for him to win back his father's affection for himself, he would have been demonstrative enough ; as it was, with the old man so plainly devoted to him, any outlay of affection on his part would have been obviously so much dissipated energy ; and part of Tommy's philosophy was never to dissipate his energy. So he took the money, and then, declaring he was tired, proposed they should both go to sleep, curling himself up on a bench by way of setting the example. This was so obviously the sensible thing to do after the exertions of the last hour, that his father reproached himself for repining at the proposal ; but he did repine and feel hurt nevertheless ; that one night he thought they might have done without sleep. However he offered no objections ; good-nights, cold and restrained on either side, were exchanged, and silence reigned.

But the old man could not sleep. His

heart was too heavy within him, and allowed his brain no rest. He lay and stared at the fire for a long time, till that became a mere blurred indistinct smudge; for his eyes were filling and overflowing, and filling again with big, scalding tears. There was a great lump in his throat which nearly choked him. To have given free vent to his grief, to have cried and sobbed aloud, would have relieved him; but that he dared not do for fear of waking his son. So he lay on his bench, and with the sleeve of his coat wiped away the tears, as they coursed silently down his cheeks.

At last he could bear the restraint no longer. Raising himself cautiously on his elbow he looked to the bench on the opposite side of the fireplace, where the young man was lying apparently in a sound sleep. The father crept stealthily, timidly, to his son's side, and gazed into his face; then trembling at his own temerity he kissed him lightly on the forehead. The sleeper made no movement. Kneeling by his side, the father in whispering accents and broken tones, with his hands gripped together, and the tears streaming down his face, laid bare his heart. In words which we will not repeat here, rude, colourless, insufficient words, simple, artless, piteous words, wild, unintelligible, broken words, mingling the tale of his own great love with prayers for love to be given him in return, alternating tender reminiscences of the past with intreaties for the future; in suchlike fond and foolish fashion this old man lamented over his son, as David over Absalom; but Absalom was dead, whereas Tommy was but—asleep.

However this outbreak, otherwise reprehensible, had one good effect. It at once relieved and exhausted the old man, who shortly afterwards fell into a broken sleep.

If the reader has been weary of this last episode, and waiting impatiently for this sentimental old fool to have done with his melodramatics, he shares and can sympathise with the feelings

of our friend Tommy. Indeed if merely to read of the hysterical effusions of a doating old father over the recumbent form of a prodigal son be tedious, what must be the tedium of one who has to play the part of the prodigal, and keep up the pretence of slumbering through it all to boot? Believe me, Tommy raised a heartfelt song of thanksgiving to heaven when his father at last subsided to sleep; for Tommy was in his way rather a devout young man.

It was essential to him that the old man should go to sleep, and that soon; because it was essential to his safety that he should leave the place before the dead body of his late friend, the short man, was found, and before inquiries, awkward to himself, were made. He must go, and go to-night; for, knowing his father as he did, he foresaw that he would refuse to part with him at any risk. There was no alternative but that he should disappear at once, as quietly as he came; wait till the matter had blown over, and then rejoin his father, when they would live happily ever after.

He had carefully considered the matter, and been forced to this conclusion. It was not for his own pleasure that he went, he informed his imaginary detractors indignantly. He would sooner not go, for many reasons; amongst others, that he was tired, and that it was a wretched snowy night to spend out of doors. Besides he had his natural affections as well as others, and it pained him very much to be leaving so soon a fond parent whom he had only just found anew, and found moreover in such comfortable worldly circumstances.

He argued himself into the idea that he was in fact sacrificing himself on the altar of duty, and possessed by this comfortable delusion, felt quite a glow of manly devotion passing through him; but Tommy is not the first person who has cherished the illusion that some wholly self-interested action, because it contains an element of discomfort, is therefore highly meri-

torious, and indeed in some way heroic.

The bull's-eye lantern which Tommy and his friend had brought with them was still lying on a chair; it would evidently be useful for a nocturnal journey, but to get it Tommy had to pass close by the dead man. He shuddered as he did so, and was hurrying away, when a sudden thought struck him, suggested by the sight of the corpse. He fetched his father's pocket-handkerchief (which was lying in the old man's half-closed hand, with which indeed he had been wiping away the last remaining tears as he dropped off to sleep) and deliberately, if somewhat daintily—for he was really a gentle soul and much disliked the sight of bloodshed—dabbled it in the spilt blood. Conveying the dripping rag back to where his father was lying, he shook and flicked it over and about the old man's clothes and person, until they were stained to his satisfaction. This was a mere act of precaution. He had no reason to believe that his father would seek to transfer the responsibility for the deed committed that night from off his own shoulders: indeed Tommy believed and trusted that he would not be tempted to do so, but would be easily able to explain and justify the homicide; still, it was well to be on the safe side, so the young man, being unavoidably prevented from attending the inquest, took this means of indicating, to any who might be interested, who had killed the man. And having paid this last attention to his parent, he went his way into the darkness.

The old man's sleep was but a troubled one, and presently he awoke. His first act on doing so was to look round for his son. And his son was gone!

I believe that he knew the worst from that very moment, for a wild, mad look came into his face. I believe that it was only as an idle formality that he called his son's name once and again, to assure himself that he was not in the house. I believe that at

that very moment the scales fell from his eyes, and he knew his son for what he was.

For he rose trembling to his feet, and flinging up both hands to heaven, shrieked out curses on the man, until, exhausted by the awful violence of his passion, which tore and rent him as the devils of old time tore those whom they possessed, he sank in a heap on the floor in a storm of sobs and tears of impotent rage, not of any gentler emotion.

This last blow had indeed completely upset his mental balance. There had been a tinge of madness in his blind, obstinate devotion to the false idol which he had set up; and now that the idol lay shattered at his feet, his brain had given way beneath the shock. His love for, and belief in, his son had been the one real thing of his life, and now that was gone. He was alone in the wide world. King Lear had at least the faithful Fool left to him; he had no one.

He sprang up and rushed headlong from the house into the dark night, into the blinding storm. He neither knew nor cared whither he was going. An ill-defined idea of wreaking vengeance on some one possessed him, and he scrambled along through the deep snow, taking no heed to his steps. His house lay near the bottom of an uninclosed hill some way from the town, and it was up the side of this hill that he was now fighting his way. The storm increased in violence, the higher he got; the wind came howling down and strove to beat him back; the snow lashed him about the face and hands, curling and spinning round him like a great whip; hatless and clad but in the scanty clothing which he had huddled on when he hurried down stairs, the bitter biting cold was gnawing its way to his very heart; yet still he battled on. There was a storm in the old man's soul which rendered him insensible to the warring of the elements without, insensible to the cruel cold.

After that first mad outbreak of

wild words, he had kept silence. He had not the art to express his feelings in language. Speech is more of an accomplishment than people think. Even over the cultured in times of sore distress the elemental instincts of our common nature resume their sway, and they "turn their faces to the wall." So the old man, taught of Nature, suffered in silence; and perhaps the mute appeal of his inarticulate misery prevailed more with God than many words. For surely it was He who sent relief to the tired spirit: relief first in the form of physical exhaustion, gift most blessed of all gifts bestowed on suffering humanity, without which the horrible possibilities of illimitable agony would be a prospect too awful to face; but here a limit has been fixed beyond which poor suffering humanity may not suffer; here pain and anguish, grief and misery are told "thus far may ye go and no further;" and this limit reached, thanks be to God, even Death himself is powerless to terrify or affright, and comes rather as a welcome guest, bringing peace.

A foretaste of which peace came even now to the old man. Arrived in the lee of an overhanging rock, his steps, which had been growing this long time ever feebler and feebler, failed entirely, and he sank half unconscious to the earth. The place where he lay was sheltered from the wind, and the snow-flakes no longer fell in the old fierce fashion, but softly, tenderly, reverently, as though they knew the solemn task imposed on them, and sorrowed for the knowledge. Tenderly and reverently they wrapped him round in a fair white shroud; and softly kissing him left him still sleeping.

Sleeping and dreaming pleasant dreams. He was amongst his young friends in the town, and Tommy, the long expected Tommy, was by his side, and there was not one among them who could compare with his son. See how they all pressed round to get a word with him. But Tommy laughingly put them all aside, and putting his old father's arm in his they two walked off together. . . . Nay, they were still in the old farm, the old home. Tommy had never left him at all; it had all been an ugly dream. Nothing but an ugly dream. An ugly, ay, a vile, lying, cruel dream. . . . The happier, then, the awakening!

So he passed into the undiscovered country, whose secrets no man knows. What awaits him there, who can say? One thing, however, may one not remember? That which was said long ago of one, whose sins, though they were many, were forgiven, because she loved much.

And what became of Tommy? Let me hasten to put the reader's mind at rest. That much enduring young man came triumphantly out of his difficulties, and met at last with the good fortune which a person of his fine sentiments deserved. He appeared on the scene some few weeks after his father's decease, stating that he had only just heard of the melancholy event. His grief at the loss he had suffered was most affecting. With tears in his eyes, he claimed his father's property as the next of kin, and having secured that, went weeping away from the place. Prostrated by the violence of his emotion he hardly seemed to know where he had come from, or whither he was going. What has since become of him is utterly unknown.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

OF SOME OBITER DICTA.

A NEW edition of Macaulay's works has been published in five volumes, including Sir George Trevelyan's delightful biography, and an amusing article has been written thereon in the *Saturday Review*. I have ventured to call it amusing, though it is also much more than that, because it presents the spectacle of an acute and generous mind torn between admiration for one whom it knows to be a great writer and devotion to what it conceives to be the first principles of a Tory's duty. I am, if I do not flatter myself, an indifferent honest Tory. There is no principle of the faith (except the canonization of the author of "Lothair", and that crept in since I learned the creed) for which I would not cheerfully shed the last drop of my ink. But such uncompromising, and surely such uncomfortable, honesty as this is beyond me. I could no more quarrel with Macaulay's History because its writer was a Whig, than I could quarrel with "Lycidas" because its writer was a Puritan. But my friend the Reviewer, like Burke, gives up to party what was meant for mankind. With a thoroughness worthy—I will not say of a better cause, for what cause can be better than the Tory's in these days? but I will say—of a better effect, he has marshalled once again the old familiar charges against Macaulay, the remembrance of which adds a fresh zest to every right-minded reader's enjoyment; he has even displayed much ingenuity in dressing some of them in a new shape. But though he obeys as a Tory, he sighs as a lover of literature. Nor can the sense of duty quite overcome the natural man in him. He cannot hide from us that these charges are repeated with but

half a heart; that deep in his soul dwells the tender assurance that the offences of which he has felt himself in honour bound to accuse the Whig would, even if true, weigh as nothing in the balance against the writer. For my own part I am firmly persuaded that were I cast on a desert island alone with this Reviewer (and no better company need a castaway wish for) with all hope of return gone so that his backsliding could never be revealed, he would confide to me his sure and certain conviction that, taking historians by and large (as the sailors say), there is no one of them who has gone astray in his facts so little as Macaulay; while the recipient of this confidence might not impossibly in his turn allow that there is no one of them who inspires and nourishes so many and such fierce differences of opinion.

But Macaulay's reputation as a historian can very well be left to take care of itself. My business is rather with a passage in the article commenting on Matthew Arnold's well-known and inexplicable verdict on the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. For inexplicable it surely is if we take it seriously as the weighed and final expression of the critic's judgment. This verdict was first delivered in one of those admirable lectures on translating Homer which marked, among many admirable things, Mr. Arnold's tenure of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. He was at that time engaged in combating the theory that Homer was in truth the first as he was the greatest of the balladists, and that therefore the ballad style was the proper style for the translator of Homer to adopt. It is of course impossible to say in what freaks a commentator on Homer, as a commentator (even an English one) on

Shakespeare, will not indulge when the fit is on him; but I take it that the supporters of this theory meant to imply that the position occupied by the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to his age was analogous to the position occupied by the authors of the ballads of "Chevy Chase" and of "Sir Patrick Spens" to theirs: they sang to the children the heroic deeds of their fathers. I cannot suppose that they meant to assert—I am sure that Sir Francis Doyle, who was in some way a supporter of this theory, never meant to assert that he who sang how Priam stooped his pride to kiss those hands,

δεινὰς, ἀνδροφόνους, αἷ οἱ πολέας κτάνων
vîas,

was of the same poetical strain and quality as he who sang,

If I had killed a man to-night,

Jacke, I would tell it thee:

But if I have not killed a man to-night,

Jacke, thou hast killed three—

any more than Mr. Arnold can have meant to assert that

When the tinker did dine, he had plenty
of wine,

belongs to the same class of poetry as

My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;

Take thou the vanguard of the three,

And hide me by the bracken bush

That grows on yonder lily lea.

Indeed, Mr. Arnold did go so far as to allow some smattering of truth to the proposition that Homer's poetry was analogous to the ballad-poetry of English and other nations; but further than this he would not go, and further, if I may here venture to obtrude a feeble echo, I am glad he did not go. He did own, however, that Maginn's *Homeric Ballads*, while as far as possible from representing either the manner or the movement of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, were vigorous and genuine poems in their own way, "not one continual falsetto like the pinchbeck Roman Ballads of Lord Macaulay". In a subsequent lecture he returned to the charge (for which he had apparently been somewhat severely handled in the

meanwhile) declaring that to his mind "a man's power to detect the ring of false metal in these Lays is a good measure of his fitness to give an opinion about poetical matters at all". This is to say that the young Oxonians of that day were charged by their Professor to accept as vigorous and genuine poetry in its own way such lines as,

And scarcely had she begun to wash,

Ere she was aware of the grisly gash

Above his knee that lay;

and to reject as pinchbeck such lines as,

And still his name sounds stirring

Unto the men of Rome,

Like the trumpet-blast that cries to them

To charge the Volscian home;

And wives still pray to Juno

For boys with hearts as bold

As his who kept the bridge so well

In the brave days of old.

Such a charge, if it is to be taken literally, undoubtedly deserves even graver condemnation than the Saturday Reviewer has passed on it. But is it so to be taken?

I do not know the several dates of these lectures, but the entire series was delivered between the years 1856 and 1863, that is, during the close of Macaulay's career—when, to use his nephew's triumphant phrase, "he dwelt in his pleasant retreat, a classic in his own lifetime"—or immediately after his death. These premature honours are rarely suffered to rest unchallenged on a grave. Much of the praise given to Macaulay in those years was as certainly beyond measure and reason as much of the blame given to him in these has wanted the same qualities. This would naturally be distasteful to the Oxford Professor whose mission in life was to preach the charms of measure and reason. To hear Macaulay praised as a critic would be especially galling to a mind so well formed both by nature and training to detect the weakness of the praise, and unaware, as most were unaware before the publication of the biography, that this "critic in spite of himself" was equally conscious of it

and equally repudiated it. Even the good qualities of Macaulay's work (what some of us at least think to be the good qualities) were unlikely to have much attraction for a writer who had taken Sainte-Beuve for his model: the style, "brilliant, metallic, exterior", the invective alternated with eulogy, the rhetoric, the vulg—but I cannot go on. We may suppose, in short, that Mr. Arnold had conceived it to be his duty both as a man of letters and a trainer of the young generation to expose the feet of clay and brazen front of this idol that had been set up for their worship, and that his tastes did not irreconcilably clash with his conceptions of duty. Just then, however, to attack Macaulay on his critical side would have been to go out of his way—that was a pleasure to come later! The Lays—a form of poetry with which at its best Mr. Arnold's genius was unlikely to have much sympathy—presented a more convenient field of combat and a cause more likely to be understood. The science (or shall we call it pastime?) of criticism was less relished by young intelligences, I fancy, in those days than it seems to be in these. We remember Mr. Arnold's own words, spoken long years after these lectures, on the change between the Oxford of his youth and the Oxford of his middle age: "Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer". Macaulay the ballad-writer was a more familiar figure to the young men of the last generation than Macaulay the critic. Ballads was the cry, and to break a lance against so doughty a ballad-maker was a feat of derring-do indeed.

At first he confined himself to a general statement, a mere aside, as it were, thrown carelessly off. For this he was evidently taken to task, and perhaps somewhat harshly. The first series of lectures raised a very pretty storm, as we know from the opening words of the second series. For all his amusing protestations of humility,

Matthew Arnold was the last man alive to turn the other cheek to the smiter; and in truth he could on occasion be as "cock-sure" as Macaulay himself, though in a different fashion: he did it perhaps with a better grace, though I think the other did it more natural. They had questioned a mere passing word on this great fetish, now they should have his whole mind: "The Sikhs have called for war, and on my word, sirs, they shall have it with a vengeance!" He had already said of the translators who would not see the essential difference between the *Iliad* and "Chevy Chase": "I turn round in desperation upon them and upon the balladists who have misled them, and I exclaim, 'Compared with you, Milton is Homer's double'". So now he turned round in desperation upon his new assailants, and told them to their teeth that the man who thought Macaulay's Lays good was not fit to give an opinion about poetical matters at all. And he quotes a stanza from them:

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth,
Death cometh soon or late"—

a stanza, hard, he says, to read without a cry of pain, in which the general failure of the ballad to apply ideas to the narrative of human events is seen at its worst; for in the balladist's mind, as he called it, even at its best, curiosity for the outward spectacle of the world is always much stronger than a sense of its inward significance. Mr. Arnold, in short, seems to have taken much the same view of the balladists as the balladists took of the fairies:

They sing inspired with love and joy,
Like skylarks in the air;
Of solid sense or thought that's grave,
You'll find no traces there.

No doubt the application of ideas to events expressed in Macaulay's stanza is not very profound or original. But it is, I conceive, not inaptly placed in the mouth of a plain man, more accus-

tomed to fight than to philosophize : Shakespeare does not make Hotspur talk like Hamlet. It is indeed so much of a piece with certain words that Homer has put into the mouth of Sarpedon, in a passage highly praised by Mr. Arnold for its tonic properties, that one cannot but suspect the writer to have had Homer in his mind. However, it is not, we must all admit, the best stanza in the *Lays*—though had the quotation been carried on to the end of the speech matters might have looked a little better for brave Horatius, and perhaps not quite so well for brave Horatius's critic. But it was not just then the latter's business to pick out a good stanza, and it must be owned that he had a singular felicity, most useful to himself and bewildering to his opponents, in selecting the weakest example of any writer whom he wished to make light of. When he wishes, for example, to make light of Pope, he selects this couplet :

To Hounslow Heath, I point, and Banstead
Down ;
Thence comes your mutton, and these
chicks my own.

Of course, strictly speaking, such a method of illustration is unfair. If one wished to illustrate the poetical genius of the author of "*Empedocles on Etna*" and "*Thyrsis*", it would be unfair to select such a stanza as :

O learn of London, whose paupers,
Are not pushed out by the swells ;
Wide streets with fine double trottoirs ;
And then the London hotels !

But this is one of those blows below the belt, as they may be called, which every one who goes down into the literary arena is prepared to give and take ; and, after all, if a critic wishes to make light of an author he naturally prefers to exhibit him at his worst.

It is impossible to believe that Mr. Arnold really thought Macaulay's *Lays* bad of their kind. Probably he did not much care for the kind. Though he praises, I doubt whether he cared much even for Scott's fighting style—his style, as Christopher North

says, "when his blood was up, and the first words came like a vanguard impatient for battle". Yet one is loth to believe that a critic whose opinion one values, who has given us such ample reason to value it, can have seen no merit in these stirring pieces ; that he can really have judged this to be *falsetto* :

Behind them Rome's long battle,
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below ;

Or this to be pinchbeck :

And Venus loves the whispers
Of plighted youth and maid
In April's ivory moonlight,
Beneath the chestnut shade.

What is that Moth says ? "The world was very guilty of such a ballad three ages since ; but I think now 'tis not to be found".

But of course he did not really think so meanly of these good things. He wished in the first place to show that the current estimate of Macaulay's writings was in danger of growing extravagant, as it undoubtedly and very naturally was ; and he selected for that purpose the part of those writings which his audience was most likely to be familiar with and most likely to over-estimate. And in the next place we must remember that Mr. Arnold, even as the smallest and frailest of us, had his moments of whim. He has somewhere said of this same Macaulay that he had "his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and that we must always make allowance for it". The same allowance must, not always but, often be made for Mr. Arnold's own way of putting things. He laughed at the "highly-charged, heavy-shotted" style in which our newspaper-writers make their points, but he knew well that the dull Saxon mind needs its attention to be fixed by some good rousing means. Consider our advertisements, for example ; if it were not for the colossal designs and flaming colours that first catch our eyes, our minds would never really

wake to the merits of the last new soap or the last new play. So may we say that Mr. Arnold has his own little tricks of advertisement. He was not averse on occasion to a paradox, or to startling and surprising us by what really seemed at first to our puzzled wits a gratuitous piece of wrong-headedness, but which was in fact only his way of fixing our attention on the points he wished to make. His amazing remark about Shelley is a signal instance of this—that Shelley's essays and letters might come to stand the wear and tear of time better than his poetry. Many of Shelley's essays and letters are delightful to read, much of his poetry is tedious and obscure; but no one could know better than Mr. Arnold that there are poems of Shelley's which can only cease to be admired when the English language has become even as the tongue of the Etruscans or (if Mr. Sayce will pardon me) of the Hittites. He wanted to call attention to the defects of Shelley, to correct an exaggerated estimate of his poetry, the estimate, let us say, of a member of the Shelley Society; and he chose this method of making his point—a method which has certainly so far proved extremely successful. Whether this was an entirely prudent way of setting about his business it is unnecessary at present to enquire; at any rate it would be an imprudent way for most of us to follow.

Once I asked one of his most distinguished contemporaries at Oxford what manner of man Matthew Arnold was in those days. "Very much what he is now", was the answer. "You could never be sure whether he was in jest or earnest". This form of uncertainty (not always undesigned) has a way of terribly annoying some very good people; and perhaps had Mr. Arnold cared to curb his playfulness more often he might have extended his sphere of usefulness, though other and not less good people might have lost thereby many exquisite moments. It is at any rate certain that there

are expressions of his critical opinion which it will not do to take too seriously either for his own reputation or our profit. Let us hope, for the former's sake, that this hard saying on the Lays is one of them. And we should remember that in his later years Mr. Arnold came to judge Macaulay less harshly, and would not think his volume of selections from Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* complete till he had received permission to prefix to it Macaulay's inimitable biography of the good Doctor. Perhaps there may have sometimes come into his mind the old man's words to Fanny Burney: "When I was beginning the world and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits". Of course there can never have been a time when Matthew Arnold was nothing or nobody; but that joy is no uncommon one, and does not always pass with years.

OF COMMONPLACE-BOOKS.

In his various governments, from Montserrat to Cape Colony, Sir Hercules Robinson has approved himself a man of judgment and capacity: he has now also shown himself to be, like his namesake, an uncommon brave man. He has been delivering an address to the students of the South African College at Cape Town—an action which in itself of course needs neither bravery nor any special capacity. But what has made this particular address remarkable, considering the nature and condition of the audience and the prevailing fashion of such addresses, is that there was, if his Excellency has been reported aright, no mention of so much even as the names of Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus, nor were the *Consolations of Boethius* nor the *Confessions of Rousseau* recommended as tonic studies for the growing mind. Nothing was said of the professions the young men should adopt, or the studies they should select. Far other indeed was the speaker's counsel. "All that I

have to offer", said this wise man, "is such friendly counsel about common things as a man who, without the advantage of a University training, has had fifty years of worldly experience, may be able to give to those just entering life".

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque
laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis.

He recommended the young men to cultivate the simple virtues of reading and writing distinctly, of early rising, of regular exercise, and of keeping a commonplace-book. *Heu pietas, heu prisca fides!* What words are these for the sons of this modern world,

Which gives the universe its law,
Which triumphs over time and space!

It is as though one should offer Lord Chesterfield's Letters to Dr. Tanner or Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses to Mr. Sargent. Yet, as Sir Hercules says of his own commonplace-book (which he has kept for more than a third of a century) that, though many of the entries now seem "flabby and flatulent", he finds it refreshing to look back on them as signs of the books he has read and the tracts of thought he has traversed, so perhaps it may be refreshing for the sons to look back, if even with a smile, on these simple precepts of their fathers as signs of a time when type-writing was unknown and a correct knowledge of its own language was not considered the mark of a dull mind. The first three of these virtues I believe myself to possess—intermittently—and it would not therefore be becoming in me to expatiate on them: for the fourth I must confess to having (as Dr. Johnson observed of clean linen) no great passion, and am not therefore in a position to advertise it, feeling towards it indeed much as Philip, "the Pugin of women", felt towards the Ethics, that it is "good absolute, not for me though"; but on the fifth I should like to make a few observations—commonplaces, of course.

Most of the ancient sages would, I fancy, be on the side of Sir Hercules in counselling this virtue. Demosthenes, Cicero, and the younger Pliny were not, I have read, insensible to its charms. That Montaigne recommended it, I do not know, but if it be true that his memory was a bad one, he must surely have practised it. Locke, we know, toiled at it, on a pattern whose original obscurity his explanation has rendered mirk mid-night to at least one human understanding. Gray followed it all through his studious life, once taking lodgings near the British Museum for the purpose of transcribing what he calls "volumes of antiquity". Southey wrought at it as he did at everything, patiently and copiously. Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt cannot, I think, have been insensible to its use: Emerson certainly was not. The only two unbelievers I can think of are Johnson and Gibbon. Gibbon did indeed practise it but (as he seems to have practised most virtues except the historian's) without conviction: Johnson was an avowed sceptic. "Others", so runs the Doctor's profession of unfaith, "I have found unalterably persuaded that nothing is certainly remembered but what is transcribed; and they have therefore passed weeks and months in transferring large quotations to a commonplace-book. Yet why any part of a book which can be consulted at pleasure should be copied I was never able to discover. The hand has no closer correspondence with the memory than the eye. The act of writing itself distracts the thoughts, and what is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed". Gibbon was not quite so positive. He thought more nobly of the act of writing than did the Doctor; but he thought also that the gain of memory was overbalanced by the loss of time. It should be added that he followed Locke's pattern.

Sir Hercules recommended the practice as one likely to prove useful and interesting in after life. Perhaps its value in the present was of more con-

cern to his audience. That value may be considered from two points of view ; its effect on the memory and its effect on the style—two points which are practically one, for memory helps to create style. A good style in writing, as in all other arts, comes mainly from the study of good models, and we must remember the points of our model before they can exert any influence over us : the more unconsciously we remember them the more native will our style be, the less of a copy. Johnson begs the question all round. He found that his memory (and it was a prodigious one) retained a passage better after reading it twice than after writing it once ; obviously therefore it had been waste of time for him to write out what he could remember better by reading. But is he right in generalizing from this particular ? Must what happened to him happen to everybody ? For my poor part I am much of opinion that when "Pott says so, Pott lies". I do not say that a lad set to write out a passage from Virgil or Milton for a punishment will retain it more vividly in his memory than if he had read it lovingly for his own pleasure. It once fell to my lot (justly, I must with shame and sorrow confess) to write out the first book of the *Paradise Lost* (not at a single sitting), and I cannot say that my memory has preserved those august iambics more tenaciously thereby. But I do honestly believe that the memory, and that rightness of taste which in the same degree as style owes so much to memory, are both strengthened by the practice which Johnson scorned. It must of course be understood that the pieces transcribed are worth the trouble given to them : to copy bad or worthless pieces may improve the memory indeed, but at a price scarce worth paying.

Yet wholesome as the practice is there must be many men who cannot follow it, and doubtless some who need not. A busy man with a good memory and a good library, for example, need not follow it ; for though

he may not be able to recall the exact words of a passage he may wish to refer to, he will probably remember where it is to be found. Johnson had such a memory, and had generally the means of consulting such books as he required ; though it is possible that the practice he reviled might have proved useful in the preparation of his dictionary and of his edition of Shakespeare. Such too was the case with Porson, Scott and Macaulay, all men with prodigious memories and easy access to as many books as they wanted ; men, moreover, never bound within those strict limits of time which so often and so cruelly cramp less gifted and less fortunate men. And yet none of these three disdained all mechanical aids to that inestimable blessing Nature had conferred on them. The best memory will soon perish through want of exercise ; the worst may be marvellously strengthened by it. I do not know that any one of the three ever kept a commonplace-book, at any rate on the laborious pattern recommended by Locke ; but each after his own fashion made his vast miscellaneous reading available for present purposes. Scott did in his early years actually keep such a book as Sir Hercules recommends, though on a very desultory pattern : Lockhart gives samples of its contents ranging from Apuleius to the outfit of an Edinburgh Light-Horseman ; and then there was the *Border Minstrelsy*, which was a tolerably good commonplace-book for his after-work. Macaulay, as his biographer tells us, filled countless pocket-books with materials for his history. Porson used to enrich his volumes with copious and elaborate notes ; so, by the way, did Coleridge, not confining the practice to the volumes of his own library.

But these were giants : let us consider men of lower stature. I should be very sorry to think that all the students at the South African College are destined to earn a living by their pens, often a most useful and honour-

able employment, and full, as perhaps no other is, of its moments of happiness, yet never without some alloy of pain and distaste to minds of any sensibility. But it is certain that those for whom the Fates are shaping such a career will find their account in having followed their Governor's advice. Every man with any experience of such a life knows better, I am sure, than to disdain it. He may not have time nor temper to keep his books with such system and order as would have satisfied the precise soul of Joseph Owen; but he will at least employ such *adversaria* as his needs and habits suggest or allow. Such an one must often go further afield than his own bookshelves, to the British Museum and to other places where if he disdain a note-book not even the memory of Macaulay will avail him much. Even if he be a member of the London Library (that working-man's paradise in the aristocratic wilderness of St. James' Square), as all wise men are, he cannot always do the thing he would; that admirably managed and generous institution has not every book in the world, and there are many members. Then, though he be not instantly bent on the acquisition of knowledge, he must often in his desultory reading light on a passage which strikes him as likely to be useful in the future, a passage which fills him

Not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years.

A minute or two spent in noting this passage down in his pocket-book or on the back of a letter, and another, on his return home, in giving it more permanent record,—for pocket-books are soon filled and thrown away, and letters are but perishable goods (though it were well for our biographies were they much more so)—will not be time mispent. Even in the warm precincts of his cheerful den, with one of his own volumes in his hand, he will find the ready pencil a useful companion. A rough index pencilled in however casual

fashion on the fly-leaves of one's books often saves a world of time and trouble.

I am taking of course a low view of the virtues of a commonplace-book, regarding it not in its highest light as useful to the statesman, the orator, the student, the philosopher, the writer of great books, or as interesting to the elegant leisure of well-earned retirement. I take it (as I find it) as useful to the poor journeyman of letters, as saving him much time and toil in the instant present, as a sort of literary stock, if the phrase may be permitted, for the soup which, though the rich, full-fed world despise it, he finds so necessary to his own existence. What necessity there may be for this existence is of course another matter, on which it does not become me to offer an opinion.

OF AN INCONVENIENT PATRIOTISM.

"Behold the Tiber!" the vain Roman
cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's
side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt
repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?

Some objections have been made to the propriety of applying the title of English Men of Action to a series of biographies which is to include natives of Scotland and Ireland. It has even been hinted that this is another of those instances of English insolence to which the troubles that vex a part of what should be the United Kingdom of Great Britain are in great measure due. The same cause of complaint was made against the series of English Men of Letters and of English Worthies, though I do not remember that it then took this dark political complexion. When once we pass beyond Yea and Nay there is probably no arrangement of words in the English language to which some literal objection could not be discovered by those ingenious souls who love to "cavil on the ninth part of a hair". Any stone will do to break a window with: even Johnson could stoop to

write of Gray's Ode to Eton that to ask the Thames to say who drove the hoop and tossed the ball on his banks was useless and puerile, for the river had no better means of knowing than the poet. It would be equally correct to say that the line, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," is useless and puerile, because no king would go to bed in his crown, and a peasant would find such a night-cap as uneasy as a king.

However, this patriotic objection is of course as strictly correct as it is strictly unreasonable: it is in fact one of those habits of minute and troublesome accuracy which Sir Arthur Wadour found so inconvenient in his disputations with Monkbarons. Neither Wellington nor Montrose has any more right to be classed with English Men of Action than Burns or Goldsmith has to be classed with English Men of Letters, or than William the Conqueror or Henry the Second has to be classed with English Statesmen. Nay, if we can only be saved by the letter, the patriot Bruce was no Scotsman, but the stock of a Norman knight settled in England; the patriot Frederick Augustus, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, was no Irishman, but of pure English blood—so far as English blood may be called pure. The Irish indeed seem to have let Wellington go with tolerable equanimity; but some fragments of the mighty heart of Scotland are mad to see the Great Marquis pressed into the English ranks—

Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!
Macdonnell's ta'en the field himsell,
MacLeod comes branking o'er the fell—
Carle, now the Græme's come!

Yet may a feeble Southron venture to remind these fierce patriots that the very words Scot, Scotland, strictly signify an Irishman and the land of the Irishmen, from whom, in point of fact, the people dwelling north of the Tweed, both Highland and Lowland, derive their descent? Of what race the original inhabitants of Caledonia were—those Picts whom to name is

very madness—is still, I believe, as uncertain as the date of their famous king, Crenthemnacheryme.

But no number of negatives will make an affirmative, nor may any man think to justify himself by another's blunders. We will only plead that at least we have sinned in good company; and perhaps our Scottish critics will for once let their pride of race override their judgment, when they remember that Walter Scott was not ashamed to call Pitt and Nelson his countrymen. Or shall we rather plead that these heroes have been called Englishmen in the same spirit which moved the population of these islands to welcome through the mouth of their poet-laureate the lady who will one day be Queen of Engl—I should say Great Britain? "We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee!"

Which reminds me that the most ingenious criticism of this kind ever yet devised was that made (on the evidence of the author of "The Competition Wallah") by an ardent student of the laws of mortality on Lord Tennyson's couplet,

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

If this were so, he objected (and who can gainsay him?), the population of the world would remain stationary: the poet should have written,

Every moment dies a man,
And one and one-sixteenth is born.

He owned indeed that the exact figure was 1·0647, but conceded that some allowance might be made for metre. Lord Tennyson has not, I am informed, yet seen fit to adopt this suggestion; and on the strength of his illustrious example I am authorized to say that no change will be made in the title, English Men of Action.

And with this conclusion our Scottish friends cannot in reason complain, for it is one of their own poets who has warned us that,

To deal with proud men is but pain;
For either must ye fight or flee,
Or else no answer make again,
But play the beast, and let them be.

CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

At the present time we are beginning to experience one of the greatest revolutions which the art of practical astronomy has ever undergone. Professor Young, in a very admirable article on the subject in a recent number of the "Princeton Review", has indeed regarded the impending metamorphosis as parallel in importance to that which followed from the invention of the telescope. Perhaps we should hardly speak of the new departure as impending: we might rather say that it has already been in some degree realized. We may fairly derive an illustration from the somewhat similar change that our methods of illumination seem likely to undergo. It will be generally admitted that the present state of electric lighting is still in the initial and tentative stages; yet the overwhelming advantages of electricity for many purposes is no longer disputed. Somewhat similar to the invasion of electricity on old-fashioned sources of light is the invasion of photography into the time-honoured methods of conducting astronomical observations. We cannot indeed assert that the application of the photographic camera to the telescope is exactly novel. Nor can we for that matter deny that the electric light was invented half a century ago. But just as a few brilliant inventions have transformed electrical lighting from a scientific curiosity into an eminently practical reality, so the recent improvements in photography have rendered that art an indispensable auxiliary in the observatory of the future.

The applications of photography to astronomy are of the most widely diverse kind. We may employ it in the first place as an auxiliary in the production of accurate pictorial representations of particular objects in the

universe, or in obtaining views of groups of such bodies: we may also employ it to aid the process of exact measurement. There are still other and more delicate branches of practical astronomy where the photograph is not merely a rapid or a convenient means of doing what could otherwise not be done so conveniently. Photography is then a process for actually observing phenomena that entirely elude ordinary vision, and are only perceptible by the peculiar sensibility of the salts of silver.

We shall first say a few words with regard to the suitability of the new method for the purpose of recording the appearances of the different celestial bodies. In all the applications of this process to the heavens we must bear in mind how widely different are the conditions under which a celestial photograph is to be procured from those which are met with in the more familiar pursuit of the art. In taking a portrait with the camera, there is of course only a few feet between the plate and the sitter. In the application of photography to the representation of landscape the distance between the objects and the camera is greatly increased; but even here the length of air through which the rays have to traverse is generally much less than in the case where we attempt the portrait of a heavenly body. The atmosphere extends above our heads to an altitude which is still very uncertain. We learn however from the phenomena of shooting stars that the summit of the air is at least a couple of hundred miles aloft, and perhaps much more. The upper regions are so highly rarefied that they are incapable of exercising much deleterious influence on the rays of light; it is in the lower and the denser portions that the atmosphere is chiefly inimical to the photographer.

Now, though to the portrait-taker the atmosphere signifies but little, except in so far as questions of light are involved, yet it is well known that the state of the atmosphere is very significant in landscape-photography; while in the case of the celestial photographer the behaviour of the atmosphere is of paramount importance. Even if the object be immediately over his head, the rays would have to make their way through two hundred miles of air before they entered his apparatus; while if the body lay far away from his zenith, as of course it usually does, the air-journey of the rays of light would be considerably longer. Any imperfections which the atmosphere is capable of producing must therefore be felt much more keenly by the celestial photographer than by the brothers in the craft who confine their attention to mere terrestrial objects. The qualities which characterize a suitable sky are steadiness, though wind is not necessarily objectionable, and photographic transparency, which is a very different property from visual transparency. By steadiness is meant such a regularity in the variations of density that each ray of light is persistently refracted along the same course throughout the duration of the exposure. By transparency the celestial photographer will mean a state of the air which will permit the particular rays of light which he wants to pass through. It will often happen that two nights which to the unaided eye, or even in the ordinary telescope, will seem equally clear, may be of widely different clearness in so far as the photograph light is concerned.

To illustrate the opacity of the atmosphere to photographic rays I may mention a fact told me by the Rev. H. Swanzy, who accompanied the Rev. W. Green on his recent exploration of the Selkirk range in British Columbia. The plates they used required an exposure of three seconds or more in the valleys, while similar plates exposed at a height of ten thousand feet were found to be de-

stroyed if the exposure was more than a small fraction of a second.

On the other hand the photographic transparency of some media opaque to visual light is curiously illustrated by the following circumstance. When the *Great Eastern* was in Dublin my friend, Mr. H. B. White, took some pictures of the vessel. She had previously come from Liverpool, I believe, where her colossal hull had apparently been made the vehicle for some gigantic advertisement. Before coming to Dublin the inscription had been completely obliterated by a liberal application of tar, yet the photographic plates *saw through the tar* and showed conspicuously the name of—well, these are not the advertising columns of this Magazine.

In the application of photography to celestial portraiture, we naturally first allude to the photographs of the sun, by far the most exquisite of which are those taken by Janssen at Meudon. His photographs, obtained by an extremely short exposure of a fraction of a second, display in a marvellous manner the actual texture of the sun under the conditions of its surface at the moment. They prove that the luminous parts are brilliant granules or cloudlets, floating, so to speak, in an obscure medium which is visible in the interstices between the cloudlets. Occasionally the openings between the small luminous portions are large enough to form dark spots. The photographic examination of the sun certainly bears out the view that the luminous surface is far from being continuous, even setting aside the presence of large spots. I must, however, say, that in none of the photographs that I have seen are the cloudlets at all of the willow-leaf or the rice-grain structure: they do not seem characterized by any specially elongated shape.

Photography has also been applied with success to the representation of the phenomena seen during the occurrence of a total eclipse of the sun. On several occasions photographs of

the corona have been obtained, and in the recent eclipse on January 1st, 1889, a splendid series of pictures has been obtained. In fact the single party sent from Harvard College to Willow, California, under Mr. W. H. Pickering, obtained between fifty and sixty photographs of the various phenomena, while other expeditions have also been successful.

Numerous photographs of the moon in very various phases have been taken. Among all that I have seen I think that of Rutherford, on March 6th, 1865, is still almost if not quite unsurpassed. Some very admirable pictures of the moon have, however, recently been obtained at the Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, in California.

Though the lunar photographs are interesting, and make beautiful transparencies to show on the screen, yet it will, I think, be admitted that, so far as the representation of lunar details is concerned, they are disappointing. Even the best of them will not bear much magnifying without becoming blurred and indistinct. The view that a photograph presents of any lunar mountain or crater, cannot be compared either in beauty or in sharpness with the picture that a telescope of adequate power will give the eye. In fact we may certainly say that no material addition to our knowledge of lunar topography has been contributed by photography. We may, however, hope for better things; for, with the extremely sensitive plates now procurable, a picture of the moon obtained under favourable atmospheric conditions, with an extremely short exposure, might prove much more capable of being magnified than any of the photographs that have yet been taken.

In the delineation of the planets, photography has hitherto been but little applied, though the attempts which have been made are full of interest. The pictures of Jupiter which have been taken by the Brothers Henry at Paris are very

beautiful. The bands and other markings on the planet come out distinctly, and the renowned red spot is a very conspicuous object. In a few photographs, taken at intervals of half an hour, the gradual shifting of the features shows in an interesting manner the rotation of the planet on its axis. This very rotation is, however, one of the difficulties which impede successful photography of the planet. In the course of a long exposure the gradual displacement of the features by the rotation precludes the possibility of a sharp and well-defined picture. Here, again, very brief exposures and highly sensitive plates become the desideratum of the astronomer. I cannot but think that photography will have a considerable share in our further study of this the most gigantic of our planets. The marks on Jupiter are so incessantly varying that the photograph seems obviously the true method for recording its ever-fleeting details. It will be noticed that the circumstances are here quite different from those which attend the application of photography to the moon. In the latter the features are permanent, and the efforts of the eye and of artistic sketching can be persistently accumulated, with the result of giving us a delineation of the lunar surface as faithful as the powers of our telescope will permit. But there is no permanency in Jupiter, and our only means of becoming acquainted with the marvellous meteorology of that planet must be derived from the bringing together of as many accurate pictures of its disk as can be obtained in its ever-varying moods. For this object photography seems most admirably adapted. There is, however, a point which should be mentioned, and it has been brought before us very strongly while examining the beautiful Jovian photographs taken by the Henrys. It is that the photographic Jupiter and the visual Jupiter are different pictures. This is no doubt largely due to the atmosphere of the planet, which exercises a different

degree of absorption on the photograph rays from that to which the visual rays are exposed. Here again the difference between the problem of photographing the airless moon and photographing a planet becomes significant. In the case of the moon the visual picture and the photographic picture tend to coincidence in proportion as they both approach perfection.

Pleasing pictures have also been taken of Saturn, especially by the Messrs. Henry. Not only does the broad division of the ring, usually known as Cassini's line, appear very distinctly, but many of the more delicate features are also perceptible. But the point which has struck me very forcibly about this picture of Saturn is the remarkable amount of shading which it gives to the Saturnian globe. As is well known to every practical astronomer, this globe usually possesses no very striking varieties of shade or of coloration in the telescope, and the extraordinary darkness about the poles of Saturn in the photograph will arrest the curiosity of every one who is familiar with the ordinary telescopic spectacle. The cause of this phenomenon appears to lie not in the actual coloration of the planet's globe, but in the atmospheric shell within which it is contained. It would seem that the Saturnian atmosphere, whatever be its character in other respects, must at all events possess the power of largely absorbing the photographic rays of light. The sunlight which has gone to the Saturnian pole, and has returned thence, will clearly have passed through a much greater thickness of Saturnian atmosphere than the rays which we receive from his equatorial regions; hence the light from the polar parts will have suffered more loss by absorption than will that from the central regions, and thus the darkness of the pole and the brilliancy of the equator in the photograph can be accounted for.

At the present time the question of the application of photography to the

stellar regions is especially engrossing attention, and for this purpose it would seem that the new process is destined to effect a revolution in the arts of astronomical observation. We must therefore consider the question of sidereal photography with some detail.

When a telescope is directed towards a star, it brings all the rays of that star to a focus; and the more excellent the construction of the optical part of the telescope, the more accurately will the image of the star approximate to that of a mathematical point. In the ordinary use of a telescope for visual purposes, all the rays of light collected by the aperture of the telescope are condensed to a point on the retina, and if the image there produced be sufficiently intense the sense of vision is excited, and the star is seen. If, however, the star be not perceived at the first glance, there is but little object in prolonging the gaze. It is true that expert practical astronomers know that a star which they fail to see when directly looking at it can sometimes be glimpsed when the eye is moved slightly away; the explanation apparently being that some fresher and more sensitive part of the retina is by this act brought into use. But by merely steadily staring at a faint star which is not bright enough to be detected at the first glance, there is little success to be expected. The fact is that the retina can only retain an impression for a small time—perhaps about one-seventh of a second—consequently there is no cumulative effect of the luminous impression to be obtained by prolonged watching.

But the case is very different when we place in the focus of the telescope a highly sensitive photographic plate, and permit the instrument to depict thereon an image of the star. The vibrations of the rays of light throw themselves assiduously on the plate, and steadily apply to the task of shaking asunder the molecules of silver salts in the gelatine film. Just as the waves of ocean by incessantly beat-

ing against a shore will gradually wear away the mightiest cliffs of the toughest rock, so the innumerable millions of waves of light persistently impinging upon a single point of the plate will at length effect the necessary decomposition, and so engrave the image of the star. It will be obvious that this process will be the more complete the longer the exposure which is permitted, and thus we see one of the reasons why photography forms such an admirable method for depicting the stars. We can give exposures of many minutes, or of one, two, three, or even four hours; and all the time the effect is being gradually accumulated. Hence it is that a star which is altogether too feeble to produce an impression upon the most acute eye fortified by a telescope of the utmost power, may yet be competent, when a sufficient exposure has been allowed, to leave its record on the plate. Thus it is that photographs of the heavens disclose to us the existence of myriads of stars which could never have been detected except for this cumulative method of observation that photography is competent to give.

There is another peculiarity about the photographic methods of observation which give them an importance from quite a distinct point of view. The radiation from a star consists of a number of rays of very varied hues all blended together. If they were separated out, we should find that they were divisible into two great groups—namely, the visible and the invisible. As to the former, they characterise the well-known hues of the rainbow: the red, the orange, and the yellow, the green, blue, indigo, and violet. It is to these rays in varying degrees of combination that we are indebted for *visibility* in the star, either to our unaided eye, or even to the eye aided by a telescope. But it is conceivable that a star might dispense a rich stream of rays, and yet be totally invisible from the fact that none of these rays belonged

to the special group which can alone excite vision. These invisible rays may be of different types. Some of them might be rays of heat, for the greater part of the rays of heat are of the invisible type; though no doubt some of them are also visible, as the red portions of the spectrum. I must also add that within the last few months wondrous possibilities have been opened up as to the discovery of innumerable other rays of much greater length, which do not directly appeal to any senses that we have been provided with. But with such extraordinary rays as those which can pass through a stone wall, and be refracted by a prism of pitch, we have not at this moment to do; though they are of the most intense interest, and possibly will admit of remarkable astronomical applications. The rays with which photography is concerned are mainly or largely of the invisible type, but they are rays of high refrangibility: they lie out beyond the violet, so that if we could imagine an eye modified to see beyond the violet end of the rainbow, the hues it would mainly obtain would be those of the photographic light.

Thus it happens that the rays from the star which are competent to excite an impression on the plate are partly in the visual portion, but chiefly in the invisible part of the total radiation. Now we can see another reason why the photograph may, and indeed must, largely extend our conceptions of the extent of the universe. It will grasp and depict light which would be utterly wasted so far as vision is concerned, for even were these rays poured in torrents into our eyes they could excite no sense of vision; and consequently all stars whose radiation did not contain a sufficient admixture of visual rays, no matter how copiously they diffused these ultra-violet rays, would be invisible in the most powerful telescope to the eye, though capable of being recorded by a photograph. It will thus be manifest that the grounds which the new method

furnishes of increased powers to the astronomer are twofold. There is first the advantage of prolonged exposure; there is secondly the possibility of utilizing invisible rays.

Mr. Isaac Roberts, whose experience and marvellous success in celestial photography entitles him to speak with confidence on the matter, gives us striking evidence of the detection of faint stars by the action of photography. With an exposure of an hour he has shown on a plate of about four square degrees a number of stars that he estimates at more than sixteen thousand, of which the brightest is less than the fifth magnitude. The circumstances appear to have been very favourable, for other photographs have been obtained of the same region and with exposures of equal duration. To all appearances the nights on the three occasions were equally clear; but clearness for visual purposes and clearness for photographic purposes involve different conditions; and this is remarkably illustrated by the three photographs referred to. One of them, by Messrs. Henry, showed three thousand stars; the next, by Mr. Roberts, showed five thousand stars; while the third, by the same observer and on the same region of the sky, disclosed more than three times the number.

It is of interest to attempt to estimate the total number of stars visible to the photographic eye over the entire surface of the heavens, assuming that the plate we have just referred to may be taken as an average specimen of the stellar richness of the entire firmament. The number of square degrees in the heavens is about forty-one thousand four hundred, and as the plate occupies four square degrees, it will follow that upwards of ten thousand plates of this size would be required to cover completely the whole vault above the horizon and below. If, then, there be over sixteen thousand stars on one of these plates, it follows that the total number over the sky capable of being disclosed by photo-

graphy cannot be less than one hundred and sixty millions. It will be instructive to compare these figures with the stellar statistics afforded by other methods. If we take a position on the equator, from whence, of course, all the heavens can be completely seen in the lapse of six months, the number of stars that can be reckoned with the unaided eye will, according to Houzeau, amount to about six thousand. If we augment our unaided vision by a telescope of even small proportions, such as three inches in diameter, the number of stars in the northern hemisphere alone is about three hundred thousand, as proved by Argelander. We may assume that the southern hemisphere has an equally numerous star-population, so that the entire multitude visible with this optical aid is about six hundred thousand. Thus we see that the use of a telescope small enough to be carried in the hands, suffices to multiply the lucid stars one hundredfold. Great telescopes no doubt soon show us that the hundreds of thousands are only the brighter members of a host of millions, and now we receive the assurance of photography that the telescopic stars are only the more conspicuous members of that vast universe. Mr. Roberts indeed declares that the multitudes of stars on the photographic plate grow with each increase of exposure to such a degree that it would almost seem as if the plate would be a well-nigh continuous mass of stars if the operations could be sufficiently protracted.

The long exposures necessary for celestial photography have introduced a new class of requirements into the construction of astronomical instruments. The questions here involved are of much practical importance, and are exciting a good deal of discussion at present.

There are, as is well known, two different classes of astronomical instruments—namely, the reflectors and the refractors; and it is still a matter of debate as to which class of instru-

ment is the more suitable for the purposes of celestial photography.

In the reflector the rays from the star fall on the brilliant surface of a mirror carefully wrought into a special form. Formerly mirrors were made of speculum metal, consisting of two parts of copper to one of tin. This material was difficult to cast and tedious to figure. Its great weight was also a drawback, while the reflecting power, though very considerable, was still short of that possessed by silver. At present most of the reflectors are made of glass, which, after being accurately ground and polished to the true form, is chemically coated with silver.

The mirror, when used for celestial photography, is at the lower end of a tube, and the rays falling upon it from the star travel again up the tube to a focus on the plate, which is exposed with its face towards the mirror at the upper end. The plate is supported by slight arms from the side of the tube, and it offers of course an impenetrable obstacle to some of the rays from the star, and so far diminishes the effective size of the mirror. As however the diameter of the plate will not be more than perhaps one-fifth that of the mirror, it follows that only about four per cent. of light is lost by this cause. The chief recommendation of the reflecting telescope is found in the circumstance that the rays of light of every description are all brought to the same focus. Thus if the plate be placed at the correct point for visual purposes, it is also correctly placed for the photographic rays. There is here no troublesome question as to the difficulty of securing a confluence of all the rays at a single point where their united action shall be devoted to engraving a mark on the plate. On the other hand, it has been customary to believe that the support of the mirror, and the precautions necessary to prevent the distortion of its figure by flexure, went far to neutralize the advantage of the useful indiscriminateness with which

all rays were conducted to the same focus. The remarkable achievements of Mr. Roberts and of Mr. Common have, however, been accomplished by reflectors, in a way which proves that the difficulties attendant on this form can be surmounted.

For most of the great photographic enterprises which are now proposed to be undertaken refractors are being erected, and here a difficulty of a peculiar kind is encountered. A glass lens of accurate figure, when it receives a parallel beam of any homogeneous light, will direct all the rays of the beam to concentration at a focal point. To this extent the action of the lens and the action of the reflector are identical. By homogeneous light we mean light which we may with sufficient accuracy describe as being one of the prismatic colours. Thus a beam of pure red falling in parallel rays on the mirror are all brought to the same focus. So also are the rays of a blue beam; but the point to which the blue rays are brought by a single lens is different from that in which a beam of red would be concentrated. The blue focus is nearer to the lens than the red focus. There is here a radical difference between the action of the lens upon light and the action of the mirror. In the latter case, every hue, of whatever colour, if in the visible part, or indeed whether the rays belong to the visible portion of the spectrum or not, are all brought to coincidence at the same point. The glass lens, however, has a different focus for every different quality of light which can fall upon it. Hence, when a beam from the sun or from a star, or indeed from almost any celestial source, falls upon a lens of glass, the composite nature of the light gives rise to the difficulty that the reds, the yellows, and the blues are all brought to different foci. It is therefore impossible for this reason to obtain a distinct and definite image of any celestial object with a single glass lens; for if the lens be focussed truly for some of the rays it is necessarily

out of focus for others. This difficulty is well known, and was for a long time regarded as presenting an insuperable difficulty in the way of constructing efficient refracting telescopes with glass lenses. Indeed, it was the perception of this difficulty that led Newton to turn his attention to the construction of reflectors, the best known form of which still bears his name. By the capital discovery that what a single lens could not do a pair of glasses could certainly accomplish, the refracting telescope was made the valuable instrument we now find. The achromatic objective is formed of a lens of crown glass and a lens of flint. A beam of composite light, on passing through a powerful convex lens of crown, tends towards different foci. But in contact with, or very close to, the crown lens is a concave lens of flint glass, which proceeds to undo the bending which the beam has received from the crown. It fortunately happens that the flint lens exercises a more powerful discriminative effect on the different rays, so that a weaker lens of flint than the crown lens is sufficient to collect together the scattered foci. It will thus be possible by a combination of two lenses to produce a single objective which shall bring the foci for any two desired hues into absolute coincidence. If, for example, we arrange the proportions of the lenses appropriately, the red rays and the blue rays will be conducted to a common focus, and all the other visual rays of the intermediate hues will be brought to foci so close to the main focus that the telescope will be practically perfect for optical purposes. Such is the modern achromatic object-glass.

When an objective is to be employed for photography a new class of considerations arises. The rays most specially potent in their action on the salts of silver are not visual rays. The focus to which they would be brought by a single lens is much nearer the glass than is the focus of the extreme violet. In the ordinary adjustment of the achromatic objective for visual

purposes the photographic rays are, as the optician says, allowed to go wild, for there would be no object in leading them to the common focus, and the attempt to do so would seriously impair the visual performance of the telescope. Hence we see the important fact that an achromatic telescope, however perfect for the ordinary purposes of astronomy, would be unsuited for the photographer. If a plate be placed at the ordinary optical focus of such an instrument, the visible rays from a star are no doubt brought to a point on that plate, but the photographic rays, not having the same focus, will be spread over a little circle instead of a point, and the resulting photograph will be entirely wanting in delicacy. Nor will a mere alteration of the place of the plate suffice to give precision to the image, for there are so many different shades of photographic light that an ordinary objective when focussed for one kind of invisible light will be out of focus for another.

For photographic purposes we must therefore entirely reject the familiar objective of the observatory, and construct a different one. All the reds and yellows may with safety be permitted to run wild, inasmuch as their photographic capacities are insensible. But the true chemical rays, beginning in the blues and the violets and extending far off into the invisible portion of the spectrum, must be carefully garnered into one point. A pair of flint and crown lenses must thus be so wrought that the two ends of the chemical parts of the spectrum shall be practically brought to a common focus, in which, of course, the photographic plate is to be placed.

We thus obtain an objective which is utterly unsuited for visual purposes, but which will give an exquisitely defined photographic image of a star. But now comes one of the practical difficulties of the optician. In forming the visual objective it is easy for him to test the successive approaches to the perfect form of the lenses, but how is he to test the achromatism of

the photographic objective? Here the eye cannot so directly appreciate the degree of achromatism which has been obtained.

At the request of Signor Anguiano, the present writer has recently been testing the large photographic objective constructed by Sir Howard Grubb for the Observatory of Tacubaya belonging to the Mexican Government. A description of the test employed will show the peculiarities of a photographic objective. The instrument was directed on an artificial star a couple of hundred feet distant. The star was merely a reflecting bead, illuminated by a spectrum obtained by passing a beam from a small incandescent electric light through a prism: any part of the spectrum could be cast upon the bead, and thus stars of varied hues could be observed in the telescope. Were the objective designed for visual purposes, the focus of a star near the extreme red should coincide with the focus of a blue star, while the foci of all the other stars would be in the immediate vicinity. For the photographic telescope, however, the essential point is that all the bluish stars shall be brought practically to the same focus, and this being so for the visible stars, the invisible foci of photographic light will be all sufficiently concentrated.

Supposing that the photographic telescope, either reflector or refractor, has been prepared, the practical conduct of the work demands a few words of explanation. It is of course essential that the telescope be presented to the same part of the sky throughout the entire duration of the exposure. This condition is complied with by a simultaneous observation of the heavens through a visual telescope rigidly attached to the photographic tube with the axes of the two instruments parallel. The clock motion of the equatorial has to be of the highest order of excellence, but notwithstanding the exquisite refinement obtained by the electrical control of the driving clock, it is impossible to dispense with simultaneous watching through the

guiding telescope. A star is chosen, and this star is brought on the intersection of a pair of spider webs in the guiding telescope. During the entire exposure this star must remain in the same position, and this the attending astronomer will secure by gently correcting the speed of the driving clock. When this fiducial star has been kept carefully on one point throughout the exposure, then, assuming that other obvious conditions are fulfilled, each star will have been constantly brought to a focus on the same point of the photographic plate. The condition is a somewhat trying one, when we remember that the image of the star is an extremely small point, and that the duration of the exposure is in some cases as long as four hours.

A combined effort is now being made to secure a representation of the entire surface of the heavens by photography. A Congress met in Paris, under the presidency of Admiral Mouchez, consisting of astronomers from all parts of the world, and the conditions under which this stupendous survey of the universe was to be undertaken were then decided on. The operations are divided among a number of observatories situated over the world, and each of them undertakes to photograph on plates of a uniform size a certain region of the heavens. The work has been entered upon with the heartiest enthusiasm, and ere many years have elapsed we may anticipate being in possession of what will practically be a photograph of the entire heavens. This great piece of work will provide us with the means of making a reasonably complete inventory of the entire contents of that small portion of the universe which lies within the reach of our instruments. That all the stars which can be exhibited on long exposed plates shall ever be completely catalogued is a task as much beyond our power to obtain as it would be to obtain a descriptive list of the several pebbles on a sea beach or of the several leaves in an ample forest. The more modest

scheme has, however, been suggested of taking the two million brightest stars and forming a complete catalogue of them, in which their brightness and their absolute positions in the heavens shall be given with all attainable precision. Even this is a sufficiently magnificent undertaking, but it is within the practical limits of scientific enterprise, and it ought to be done—it must be done. Not alone is it our manifest duty to obtain a comprehensive survey of that universe around us, but there are many other special astronomical problems that will be largely forwarded by its accomplishment. There are some problems indeed which must remain unsolved so long as this task remains unfulfilled. To mention only a single one of the questions for which the great survey is imperatively demanded, I may refer to the interstellar motion of our solar system. It is well known that our sun, accompanied by the whole system of planets, is at present bound on a voyage through space. Astronomy presents no grander problem than the discovery of the circumstances of this voyage. Whence has our system come, whither is it bound, and with what speed? We can never learn such particulars as these without the information that the great survey would be capable of giving us. It is impossible to allude to the present favourable aspect of this great undertaking without mentioning the name of Her Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, Dr. David Gill, to whose zeal in the pursuit of his science we are so much indebted for the initiative of the great survey.

Mr. Isaac Roberts has recently propounded and proved the practicability of making and engraving a chart of the heavens on which many more stars shall be depicted. He has devised a very ingenious and accurate instrument, by which a copy of the stars on the photographic plate can be faithfully engraved on copper. I have had the privilege of seeing and using this apparatus, and hardly know

whether to admire most the accuracy of the measurements that can be made by it, or the celerity with which the copper-plate facsimile of the heavens can be obtained. The measures of the distances between stars that can be made with this instrument, either on the photographic plate itself, or on the copper engraved plate, or almost on the impressions taken from that plate on paper, may favourably compare with the most exact and laborious measurements that can be obtained with the heliometer or the micrometer on the actual stars of heaven. The taking of the photographs being a comparatively simple matter, since an hour with a single telescope will book very many thousands of stars, the practicability of the completion of the entire chart of the sky depends on the rapidity with which the plates can be transferred to the copper. Mr. Roberts finds that he can easily engrave fifty stars in an hour; so that if twenty engraving instruments were steadily employed for ten years of reasonable working hours a magnificent celestial chart could be completely engraved, consisting of twenty-three millions of stars. This superb undertaking is quite feasible, and every one interested in astronomy would recognize its utility. Here is a splendid opportunity for some wealthy Englishman to accomplish a work which could be worthily mentioned beside the magnificent Draper Memorial now being reared by Professor Pickering in America.

Hitherto I have spoken of photography merely as an appliance for the simple purpose of charting or of mapping the stars. It remains to mention some of the numerous other applications of which it is susceptible. One of the most delicate problems of celestial measurement is the determination of the distance of a fixed star. This is derived from a series of measures made at varying seasons of the year between the star under examination and some more distant star which happens to lie nearly in the same direc-

tion of vision. If, therefore, a series of photographs at different seasons be obtained, the measurements made on these photographs will disclose the star's distance, if it be sufficiently near to admit of the application of the process. Professor Pritchard, who has been a diligent cultivator of the new photographic methods, has already made several successful attempts of this description by measures on photographs which he has himself obtained in the University Observatory at Oxford.

The applications of photography to the stars which I have already mentioned are mainly only improvements on methods formerly used, except indeed in so far as they disclose to us stars which are not visually perceptible, but we have now to speak of the manner in which photography has laid open to us discoveries of the most remarkable character in a province peculiarly its own. I can only mention the two most remarkable instances.

The great nebula in Andromeda is a familiar telescopic object. It is indeed a unique spectacle in many respects, one of which is that it alone of all the thousands of nebulae is visible to the unaided eye. Many drawings of the nebula in Andromeda have been made, and since the era of powerful telescopes it was perceived that the spindle-shaped nebulosity was marked by two remarkable dark "lanes," parallel, or nearly so, to the length of the spindle. These lanes are well shown in the later drawings of the nebula, but they seemed devoid of significance till quite lately.

Mr. Isaac Roberts, on a favourable night, last December 29th, exposed one of the highly sensitive plates that he uses to the nebula for four hours; and on developing and enlarging, a picture was obtained which struck me at the time I saw it, and which still appears to me, to be perhaps the most instructive portrait of any celestial object that I have ever seen. At once the significance of the mysterious lanes becomes apparent, and the structure

of the mighty nebula is for the first time disclosed. It is obviously a somewhat disk-shaped or rather lens-shaped mass, tilted nearly edgewise towards us. The central portion is especially brilliant and greatly condensed, and it is surrounded by two or three rings of nebulous material. The lanes are thus shown to be merely the better marked portions of the divisions between these rings. They can be traced nearly the whole way round in the photograph, though, owing to the foreshortening, and the want of outline which is characteristic of nebulae, they become a little confused at the extremities. The two other well-known nebulae in the neighbourhood are also shown: they are obviously parts of the same system.

This marvellous structure will naturally suggest that Laplace could have no more appropriate picture to illustrate his nebular theory than the photograph of the nebula in Andromeda. There seems no doubt, indeed, that this nebula is condensing down into some system, but the magnitudes involved show us that that can hardly be anything to which the solar system bears a resemblance. Look at the facts of the case. It fortunately happens that we have in the case of Andromeda that information as to its actual dimensions of which we are usually destitute in objects of this description. A few years ago a variable star broke out in Andromeda under circumstances which rendered it in the highest degree probable that the star was actually in the nebula, and not merely accidentally on the line of sight. The parallax of this star was sought for by astronomers—myself among the number—and we came to the unanimous conclusion that the star, and therefore presumably the nebula, was too remote for our methods of survey to be successful. The diameter of the earth's orbit cannot subtend an angle at the very most of more than a couple of seconds at the great nebula, which is itself more than a couple of degrees in length.

We are hence assured that the diameter of the system which is being evolved in Andromeda, whatever it may be, is at the very least three thousand six hundred times as great as that of the earth's orbit round the sun.

Another superb achievement in the exclusive department of photography is the discovery of the nebulae which surround some of the stars in the Pleiades. We may look in vain for them with the ordinary telescope, but the exquisite pictures of Mr. Roberts demonstrate their existence, and show that the stars of the Pleiades seem to have resulted from the condensation of a mighty nebula, some portions of which are still in the vicinity of the group. It seems clear that the results obtained in the case of the nebula in Andromeda, and of the Pleiades, would be alone sufficient to justify all the expenditure of time and trouble made on behalf of celestial photography.

Several photographs of the great nebula in Orion have also been taken, those of Mr. Common and Mr. Roberts being especially successful. It would seem, however, as if the bluish nebulae, such as Orion and the Dumb-bell, did not admit of such good photographic portraits as the nebula in Andromeda which is of a white hue. The drawback to all nebular photographs is that, to give sufficient exposure for the faint parts, the bright parts must be over-exposed, while the stars are of course burnt into disfiguring blotches.

It does not enter into the scheme of this paper to discuss with any detail the splendid applications of photography to the spectroscopic study of the heavens. Here, indeed, the pre-eminent utility of photography comes out most distinctly. I must, however, give a

few concluding lines to the subject. In this department of celestial spectroscopy Dr. Huggins is the pioneer, and he has obtained exquisite photographs of the spectra of stars. The white stars, such as Sirius and Vega, show a truly marvellous spectrum; there are a few lines in the visible part, and a great number of lines in the photographic part, due to hydrogen. The spectra of comets and of nebulae have also been obtained, and are replete with truly marvellous interest and instruction.

But the most splendid piece of astronomical spectroscopy which is at this time in progress is the great Draper Memorial, at which Professor Pickering is labouring with such consummate skill at Harvard College, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Draper, in memory of her accomplished husband, has provided the means by which Professor Pickering is carrying on his work. The photographs of the stellar spectra which have been obtained present a magnificent display of lines. His operations are being conducted on such a comprehensive scale that a complete spectroscopic review of all the stars in the heavens to the ninth magnitude is in progress, and with a prospect of completion at no very remote date. One who has not visited Professor Pickering's Observatory, and seen the vast astronomical research that is there carried on can have hardly any idea of the magnificence of the great task. It will show us in these latter days how full of meaning are the words, "One star differeth from another star in glory."

ROBERT S. BALL.

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MAROONED.

CHAPTER XVI.

BROADWATER'S PROPOSAL.

HAD we been a large ship full of passengers, such an astonishing sight as a silver arch, self-luminous, yet without power to pale the close-lying stars, spanning a space of the midnight waters and resembling nothing, as I then supposed, ever seen south of the polar verge of the temperate parallels north of the equator, would have given us enough to talk about to serve to the end of the voyage. But wonderment is brief when its sphere of diffusion is slender. Miss Grant and I talked the subject out promptly, and then there was nobody left to say more about it. Broadwater, it is true, at breakfast next morning persisted in declaring that it was a lunar rainbow; though, had he stuck to his first notion that it was a luminous mist, I am not sure that his guess would have been far out.

"How are you going to get a lunar rainbow without the moon?" I said.

"Who says that it *is* to be got?" he answered. "The moon's always somewheres about, I suppose; and why shouldn't she be able to chuck one of them appearances upon the sky when she's out of sight, just as she do when she's within view of the eye? There's no call for her to be overheard for shows of that kind to happen. I once see a beautiful rainbow, right over our mastheads, a full half-hour

after the sun had gone down. You may depend upon it that there arch last night was a lunar rainbow."

I liked him too little to argue with him, lover as I am of the absurd ideas of stupid, prejudiced, ignorant old sailors. Besides, the thing was a phenomenon not to be explained by anybody aboard that brig at all events, and to be accepted therefore as one of the many thrilling and beautiful mysteries of old ocean's sombre or sunlit solitudes.

I was not, however, a little surprised to find that what I had deemed the mere passing influence of the apparition upon the spirits of Gordon continued to weigh upon him. This was made apparent when Broadwater, after favouring us with his views on the subject of lunar rainbows and other atmospheric effects, most of which were no doubt coloured by the bottle of rum through which he had inspected them, went on deck that the mate might get his breakfast.

"Have any of the hands turned green since last night, Mr. Gordon?" said I.

"No, sir," he answered. "Most of 'em jumped below, I hear; t'others dodged the sheen. They reckoned upon some of them showing blighted though, when daylight came along; and if the watch had turned out blue, let alone *green*, hang me, Mr. Musgrave!" he exclaimed, hitting the table with the handle of his knife to emphasize his language, "if I for one

should have been surprised, for never did a more scaring sight arise before the eyes of a sailor."

His subdued and dejected manner was more striking than his words. I glanced at Miss Grant, whose fine eyes full of thought were fastened upon his face.

"The fancy amongst the men," she exclaimed, "must have arisen from the old belief that the shining of the moon full on the face of a sleeper distorts the features, and puts an ugly colour into the complexion. The arch looked like moonshine, and I suppose the sight made the men so nervous that it was enough for one of them to hint at anything alarming to terrify the whole."

"I wish I'd never seen it," he exclaimed; "it's done me no good, miss."

"But surely," cried I, wondering at him, for his had always seemed to me as prosaic a mind as ever I met with in a sailor—nor could I forget his ridicule of the superstitious craze of the man who had drowned himself in the English Channel,—“you do not want yourself to believe that there is anything in a mere body of luminous vapour, to call it so, to hurt or influence you, either in body or mind?”

He shook his head very despondently: I observed that he ate little, though he drank a quantity of tea, thirstily and feverishly. “I’m a poor man, sir,” he exclaimed, “but, so help me Heaven, Mr. Musgrave, I’d gladly have parted with every shilling of my savings sooner than that the capt’n should have headed the brig slick into that shining. Beg your pardon, miss,” he continued, addressing Miss Grant with a sudden eagerness, “but when ye entered that light did it feel cold to ye?”

“No,” she answered, without exhibiting surprise at the question.

“You, Mr. Musgrave—did it feel chilly like? not so much upon your skin as here?” and he put his hand to his heart.

“The only sensation I can recollect,”

I answered, “is one of delight at the glorious picture the brig made, as she slowly floated into the radiance out of the blackness, coating herself with the quicksilver of it from the truck to the end of the swinging boom.”

He was silent, then shook his head, and exclaimed, “Well, mere fancy, no doubt. It’s all fancy in this here world. Without imagination there’d be nothing to hope for, nothing to be afraid of.”

“There might have been a chill in the light, though we enjoyed the picture too much to be conscious of it,” said Miss Grant, talking to me though speaking at Gordon.

“The strangest part of it was this, miss,” he said, looking at her earnestly, “I felt it was cold afore we entered it. ’Twas that which made me so earnest the capt’n should shift the hellum. I knew so soon as ever I came in contact with that light the bleakness of it would catch me here,” again putting his hand to his heart, “and I’d have given all I’m worth—all I’m worth,” the poor fellow cried, with a vehemence unusual in him, “to have escaped it. Up to the moment when the light had slid within a foot of me I’d no sensation but the fear of what was a-coming; but the moment it touched me I felt the chill. There was death in it, sir, there was death in it! No man’ll ever persuade me contrary-wise.”

He checked what I was about to say by rising with an apologetic glance at the skylight, to let us know he could linger no longer, and immediately went on deck.

I had so much faith in the steadiness of Gordon’s intellect that I could only accept this odd posture in him as due to some trifling functional derangement, which a dose of physic or a few hours’ rest would correct. Yet it gave Miss Grant and me something to talk about. I had some knowledge of sailors and their superstitions, and kept her amused for an hour or two with stories of wizards of Finnish origin, who sold favourable gales of

wind to credulous mariners; of bald human heads, with little laughing black eyes and capacious grinning mouths, rising to the surface, and terrifying Jack by asking questions in a tongue unknown to any nation under the stars, and then disappearing with a shriek of derisive laughter; of ghostly shapes alighting on the yard-arms, and kindling corpse-lights there, by whose dismal illumination the mariner could see phantom faces glimmering out into expressions of sorrow and remorse, as though grieving over the fateful missions on which they had been despatched.

However, though I had no sympathy with the queer notions which had come into Gordon's head, my own misgivings were of a kind which might very well have passed for a sort of superstition too; for they kept me incessantly foreboding disaster, though what form it was to take I never could have imagined; and so, as you will see, the mate's despondency in its way was no more deserving of ridicule than mine. First of all, I was more troubled than I was perhaps conscious of by the recollection of the murder that had been committed. It worried me mostly of nights; again and again in the darkness of my cabin, and in the silence of the long watches, when the brig was sailing smoothly forwards, and all was still upon the sea, when nothing broke upon the ear but the muffled washing of water outside, and the faint jar and creak of the fabric within, the vision of the mate as I saw him when he stood at the foot of the companion-steps with the grin of death in his moving and speechless lips, his right hand extended, his left hand dabbling in his shirt that was soaked, where his fingers pressed, with the life-blood draining from his heart, would rise before me horribly distinct, and keep me rolling and tumbling in my bunk, till more than once it ended in my jumping up, lighting the lamp, and clothing myself, and killing a couple of sleepless hours with pipes of tobacco and a drain or two from

the private stock in the next cabin. Then again, as I have before said, it was a cause of no small consternation to me, secret as the emotion was, to feel that the man who had committed this murder moved freely about the ship, enjoying his liberty and the protection of the crew, and had all necessary leisure besides to converse with the men, and to influence them to any purpose he might have in his mind. Indeed I formed a darker opinion of the sailors from their willing association with the ruffian, and the jokes I would hear them exchanging with him, than from any other sort of conduct I had as yet witnessed in them. It was un-English—a harsh, bad, jarring note in the rough and rude harmony of British fore-castle-life; and this feature of our shipboard existence was the uglier to my mind for the man being a foreigner. Such half-bloods as this Charles, at best, are a people alongside whom our Jacks do not much care to sling their hammocks nor eat out of the same kid with; but in addition to this man's deformity of breed was his proved quality as a "knifer"—a characteristic unpleasantly common to those skins, and half the secret at least of the aversion they inspire in English crews. Detestable as Bathwell had been as a man, the crime of his murder was more to be abhorred even than he; and I say it worked in me like a superstition to see his assassin coming and going about the decks, fetching his meals from the caboose along with the others, singing out at the ropes, or hailing from aloft in the voice of a lively hearty—but always with the same sharp, stabbing gleam in his eyes whenever he turned them upon Broadwater—and making a part of the brig's honest routine, when his proper lodging was the fore-peak, his fit equipment the bilboes, and his rightful condition the completest practicable isolation from his shipmates.

These and twenty more such thoughts were in my mind after Miss Grant had withdrawn to her berth, and while I

remained alone watching the shambling figure of the cabin-boy stripping the cabin-table, with a hungry goggling of his eyes at the remains of the meal as he staggered up the hatchway with the dishes. I was mechanically rolling a cigar between my fingers, with the intention of lighting it and going on deck, when Broadwater came below. I supposed he would pass to his cabin, for, now that he divided the look-out with Gordon, he was very punctual in going to bed when it came to his turn to quit the deck. Instead, he halted, took a survey of the cabin as if to make sure that we were alone, and then came and sat down near me.

"Mr. Musgrave," said he, speaking with hesitation and awkwardly, "I knew that you was at sea as a youth, sir; but I wasn't aware, till Mr. Gordon just now told me, that you considered yourself equal to taking charge of the deck and navigating a craft."

I looked at him, wondering what was in his mind.

"I hope," he continued, "you'll find nothing offensive in what I'm about to observe. The fact's this. Now that my mate's overboard, there's no man but me in this here brig, barring yourself, with knowledge enough of the quadrant to know what part to put his eye at, if so be he should need to use it. Now, if I should fall sick, who is there, unless it be you, sir, who'd be able to carry on the navigation of this here brig? Gordon tells me that you yourself said to him a short while ago you'd be willing, if asked, to take a mate's berth aboard of me. Now, Mr. Musgrave, what d'ye say? Gordon's agreeable to fall back into his old *spear*, and if you'll take his place as mate, sir, I should be glad, very glad indeed; though of course I won't say nothing about remooneration, that being a matter you might afterwards settle with the owner."

"I am obliged to you for your offer," said I. "I certainly did say something to Gordon about being willing to lend

a hand in the navigation of the brig, should my services in that way ever be required; but as to taking a post of command over your crew——" I shook my head. "I don't like their attitude. I don't like the idea of your mate's murderer being at large; I don't like to think that there's any body of English sailors who can not only protect but remain friends with a half-blood, a foreign miscreant, whose knife, in my humble opinion, is as ready for another man's heart as it was for Mr. Bothwell's."

"Ay," said he hoarsely, leaning towards me with a look at the skylight, and then at the hatch, "that's just it. Ye've hit it true as a hair. It's more because I want to feel that we're stronger than we are aft than because I may fall sick that I'd be glad to see you mate, first or second, as you may elect. I don't mind telling you," he continued, in the same hoarse, subdued voice, and with another look up and around, "that the aspect of the present biling don't sit pleasingly upon my eyes, sir. Ye heard what Gordon said that night of the murder, when he came down—how the half-blood 'ud do for *me*, too, if I didn't keep a bright look-out. Well, I tell you, I've learnt to fear that man. I don't like his looks. I met his eye just now, and it was like the snap of a musket at me. I haven't said much about it, in fact I haven't said anything; and maybe it's weighed the more upon me 'cause I kept myself shut up on the subject. But it's a long way to Rio yet, sir, and my fear of what that man's capable of is a weight that I must chuck over the side somehow or other. My notion is, then, that if you took the mate's berth the men 'ud like it, you being a gentleman. They'd feel your influence after a bit, and by expressing of your feelings to them in the sort of language that my neglected education as a boy keeps me as a man a-falling short of, they might grow ashamed of their protection of the half-blood, and be willing to let us clap him in irons,

when of course I should be able to sleep sound again, and enjoy my meals with the old satisfaction."

He looked at me with a mixture of eagerness and cunning in his little eyes. I did not need to reflect, for whilst he had been speaking I had made up my mind.

"I thank you for your good opinion of me," said I; "I cannot accept any such post as you propose. 'Twas a mere fancy tossed to the bo'sun in the course of a talk, with no wish or resolution in it at all; but, though I decline your offer, you will of course understand that I am quite prepared to support you in any time of trouble; always presuming," I added significantly, "that the authority you exercise, but which may be resisted, is fair, legitimate, and consistent with regular sea-duties."

"Have ye got any weapons of your own?" he asked, with another look up and around.

"Yes," I answered.

"What are they, sir?"

"A brace of pistols," said I.

"Any hammunion?"

"Ay," I replied, smiling, "enough to send ten times the number of your crew to their account."

"That's all right," said he; "I am armed, too, armed enough to be able to sarve out what's needful to Gordon, and to have enough left for myself and more, if we can get others to help us. Would you mind doing this, sir?—get in with the men in a proper sort of condescending way, so as there could be nothing bemeaning in the thing to a gent of your spirit, and find out if there's e'er a man forward who is to be trusted to stand by and look on, should you and me and Gordon arrange to rush the job."

"I don't fully understand," said I.

"Well, I'll tell ye," he exclaimed, with his eyes very full of cunning and eagerness. "The notion that's come into my head's this: if we could count on so many of the men standing aloof, should it come to a *melhee*, then for the safety of all consarned I should

propose that you and me and Gordon should arm ourselves, have the handcuffs ready, fall upon and secure the half-blood when no man could suspect our intentions, drag him aft and lock him up down here, and with our pistols keep any of the crew off who should attempt a rescue."

"The scheme is practicable," said I, after a little, "but it requires consideration. At the first sight I don't half like it. I see your difficulty—I clearly perceive that unless this half-blood be secured and removed from all intercourse with the crew, diabolical mischief may follow. I realize this: that at one end of the ship is a murderer, at the other end a man who is only waiting to get him to Rio to hang him." He nodded vehemently. "He knows that, and the question is, is he going to give you the chance to hang him?"

"That's the question!" he cried, bringing his fist down heavily upon the table.

"Yes," I exclaimed, "and it has haunted me pretty smartly of late, I can assure you. But, on the other hand, a *melhee*, as you call it—this project of seizing the half-blood and threatening the sailors with our small-arms—might, indeed it *would*, end in rank, staring, hellish mutiny. What then would you do? There are but three of us against the whole ship's company. The safety of the lady who is on board this vessel under my protection is my first consideration. It would be a poor look-out to set fire to a ship in order to get rid of a rat. It would be an equally poor look-out to excite the men into wild revolt against the three of us, to the imperilling of the life and honour of Miss Grant, for all we dare predict, simply that your mind may be eased by having the half-blood under lock and key."

"Then what's to be done?" he exclaimed coarsely, and in a defiant, quarrelsome way. "The safety of the brig depends upon me, and if harm befalls *me*, what's to become of

her, and you, and the lady you're so consarned about—and unwisely consarned about in my opinion, for, by not helping me, you'll be chancing to let her go adrift."

"I have told you, Captain Broadwater," said I, greatly disliking this sudden change of manner in him, for I had met his suggestion in a very earnest spirit, "that in a time of extremity, which shall not—understand me—have been brought about by any act of cruelty and brutality on your part, I will support you and Mr. Gordon heart and soul. But I cannot accept the duties you ask me to undertake, nor do I see my way to offering to help you in any wild scheme of seizing the half-blood, under cover of the muzzles of our pistols, with perhaps the obligation of having to shoot down one or more of your crew, to the assured end of raising a murderous spirit amongst the men, and exciting them into God knows what act of terrible mutiny."

As I said this, Miss Grant came from her berth. I made a gesture to him to signify that no more must be said now; on which he rose and went to his cabin. She looked at me earnestly, but was silent. I handed her up the companion-ladder, lighted a cigar, and followed. The morning was deliciously fine. There was a pleasant breeze a little abaft the beam, and the little vessel glided crisply over a sea of blue, the beautiful dark dye of which at the horizon seemed to tincture the line of the sky. The decks were dry and white with a crystalline sparkling of salt about them. There was a short awning just abaft the skylight, and our deck chairs were under it; but the sun was not yet high, and the wind blew sweet and cool over the rail; life was stirred to her innermost sources by the freshness of the morning, and to sit would have been to forfeit half the delights of this radiant day. On our quarter, steering north, was a brigantine, toy-like in the distance; the sunlight flashed an ivory whiteness on her windward canvas,

whilst the violet shadowing on the leeward cloths made them look to be melting on the airy blue beyond. There was a spot of colour in her rigging, and Gordon, from the other side, called out to me that she was a Dane. There was nothing else in sight, and the mighty stretch of water, under the dazzle of the soaring sun, looked the vaster for that fairy-like fabric upon it.

I threw a swift glance along our decks, and noticed that the men worked quietly upon their various jobs. A couple of them were busy on some chafing-gear in the fore-rigging; a spun-yarn winch was rattling on the fore-castle; and the half-blood Charles, with his back upon us, dressed in blue dungaree, a red cap on his head, and chocolate-coloured shanks bare to the knees, was balling up the stuff as it was manufactured. The cook was standing in the door of his little galley, smoking a sooty pipe, his naked arms folded upon his breast, watching the cabin-boy close by washing some plates and dishes in a tub. High aloft on the fore-royal-yard stood the figure of a man, who had paused in some work he was upon up there to stand erect with his hand on the truck, and the sharp of his other hand over his eyes, whilst he gazed into the immeasurable distance visible to him from that altitude. The tall, muscular seaman, Terence Mole, was at the helm, his hands carelessly gripping the spokes of the wheel, his attitude full of that indefinable, floating ease that enters as a sort of grace into the posture and movements of the true deep-water sailor. All these were details to fill my eye in a breath; and on the surface the picture was so homely, there seemed so much salt, plain honesty in the complexion, quality, aspect of the full scene, that my instant recurrence to what but a little while before had passed between the captain and myself affected me as an unreality, as something that I had imagined, as an affront to the truth of this quiet, in-board picture, and to the high, wide,

refreshing splendour through which our little craft was softly pushing.

When we emerged from the cabin, Miss Grant made some common-place remark about the beauty of the morning; but we had scarcely measured half the length of the deck when, looking at me wistfully and searchingly also, she exclaimed, "What has happened to worry you, Mr. Musgrave?"

"I must look worried, I suppose," I answered, smiling, "or you would not ask the question."

"You do, indeed. It is some anxiety that concerns this voyage, of course. There can be nothing else, for there are no postmen here to bring you disagreeable news; at least I *hope* the cause lies in the voyage," she added. "If it does, will you tell me what it is?"

She kept her gaze fastened upon me, and seemed to read my thoughts. Then she said, with a little smile very full of pride: "Do you know, Mr. Musgrave, if Alexander ever had a doubt, he would come to me to settle it for him. I am fond of problems. If I were a man, I should wish to be a politician above all things. I should love to be in a position where my judgment would be constantly tested, and where I should have to act quickly. What is best in the sailor's character springs from this habit. He is incessantly confronted by surprises, many of them tragical, all of them requiring instant resolution." She preserved her smile, still continuing to look at me. I suspected she talked to give me time to think.

"My anxiety," said I, "concerns our position on board this vessel—*your* position chiefly. What could offer a more peaceful picture than these decks? How softly the shadows sway! The men are working as quietly as if the whole gladness of the morning were in them; and yet, since you wish to know the truth, Miss Grant, I should say that if these planks were growing insufferably hot from fire below—raging, but as yet concealed—our outlook

would be more distinctly satisfactory to my mind than it is now, staunch as the brig is, quiet as these fellows seem, calm and glowing as the whole picture all about us shows."

She threw a glance around her, and said quietly, "What has occurred to put these thoughts into you?"

I came to a halt, our faces fronting the forecabin, and indicating the half-blood by a movement of my head, I said: "That fellow there knows that on the arrival of this brig he must be hanged, or in some other manner despatched for the murder of Mr. Bothwell. He also knows that the man who is resting in the cabin under our feet means to get him killed for his crime." The half-blood turned his head at this moment, and we resumed our walk. "You say you are fond of problems. Here is one for you. That fellow forward has the sympathies of the whole crew. He has more: he has their protection, and they will not allow a finger to be laid upon him. Aft is a captain who stands alone."

"The problem, Mr. Musgrave?"

"How is Captain Broadwater to sail the ship to Rio, and set you and me safely ashore there, with yonder olive-coloured villain closely and intimately associated with the crew—popular amongst them as the hero who freed them from the tyranny of the mate—conscious, maybe, of their willingness to help him save his life, which he knows must be forfeited on the arrival of the brig?"

"What do you fear?"

"That Master Ernest Charles yonder will contrive that this brig shall never reach her port."

"By what means?"

"Ha!" said I, "there it is, Miss Grant."

She threw another swift glance around her, and slightly knitted her brows. "Can we not contrive to find out what Captain Broadwater thinks?" she said.

I exactly repeated my conversation with him in the cabin. She listened until I had made an end, and then

said quickly: "Mr. Musgrave, if you will be advised by me, you will take no part in any scheme the captain may decide upon as regards the discipline of the vessel. The men know that they have your sympathies, and should trouble come they will—at least they *may*—remember that you were their friend. But what would be the result of your siding with the captain, helping him to put that wretched creature yonder in irons, perhaps being obliged in self-defence to shoot one of the crew? We have a right to think of our safety. Captain Broadwater has imperilled it by his treatment of the men, and I say we have a right, Mr. Musgrave, to think of ourselves. My advice is, be neutral."

I dare say I was the more impressed by what she said, because of her having given prompt and clear expression to my own secret opinions. The judgment that concurs with our own must be, of course, very shrewd and sagacious. But I could also find a good deal to admire in the quickness with which she had seen into the thing, and the accuracy of her insight. For, after all, it only needed a little thought to enable me to conclude that, as Gordon hardly seemed a man to prove serviceable in a crisis—being just a plain, sober, slow-minded sailor, whose tastes were altogether forward, and who in his heart loved the captain as little as the others—the main burden of Broadwater's project must be borne by him and me; that a conflict between us and the crew must inevitably end in our defeat, and perhaps in our destruction, for the sight of a levelled pistol would serve, as a wand in the hand of a wizard, to raise the foulest of evil spirits among the people of the brig; and that if I were not slaughtered outright in the struggle with the men, they would extend their hatred of the captain to me in an equal measure, so that, in a word, I should be practically helpless as a protector in any form or fashion for Miss Grant. Indeed, this was the

essential meaning of her advice to me—her entreaty almost; yet I thought I would sound her womanly judgment a little further.

"You are perfectly right, and I shall be guided by you. But suppose the captain should be set upon by the men—I mean treacherously—without furnishing them with an inch of honest justification, would not it be my duty as well as my policy to stand by him?"

"But is he likely to be set upon unless he provokes them? And judging from what we have seen, if he provokes them, will he not deserve the treatment he may receive at their hands?" she answered with a flash of indignation in her look which gave me to know that old Broadwater must expect no commiseration from her, happen what might.

"I am heartily sorry," said I, with a smile which instantly brought the light of one into her face, though my own grin was pure admiration without the faintest flavour of mirth; for her beauty showed rich just then to the mood excited in her by our conversation, and admiration will often make a man smile as though he had a joke in his head when, God knows, his heart may be full of mirthless emotion,—"I am heartily sorry that I was ever at sea as a sailor. Were I a landsman making my first voyage, I should find little or nothing to worry me in what has happened; particularly now that the roll of the commotion is smoothed out, and everything," I added, with a look along the peaceful decks, "is as placid on the surface as the waters of a canal."

"A little patience, Mr. Musgrave!" she exclaimed. "Rio is closer than it was a fortnight ago." I was not so sure of that, but I said nothing. "At all events," she continued, "we must take care that you return home in a good ship, with a pleasant captain."

"Yes," said I, "we must see to that."

"Alexander will be able to advise you," she said, with a softening of her

voice to the utterance of his name. "He is sure to know of a good ship, one that might be quite worth waiting for if she is not at Rio."

"Confound Alexander!" I thought to myself; and her way of speaking of him so teased me, that it would have soothed the momentary irritation to have told her that I heartily wished he stood in my boots on board this brig. But a glance at her made me feel that the expression of such a wish would have been preposterously insincere. No; our situation was uncommonly dark and uncomfortable: no man knowing the truth would have dared venture to predict that to-morrow would find us as we were to-day; and still my enjoyment of her society topped every risk I could contemplate; and how detestable the project of our association coming to an end was to me, I knew by my inward perturbation that followed on her speaking of Alexander, and his choosing me a good ship to return in.

An hour passed. Our conversation was chiefly about the crew and the outlook they threatened, and again and again she advised me not to entertain any scheme old Broadwater might submit, but to view myself wholly as a passenger, without further concern in the voyage than its conclusion. She then, feeling tired, took a chair under the awning and put a book upon her knee, but seemed to have no eyes for anything but the crew, whom she watched curiously, as might an artist who gazes for effects of colour, posture, and expression. All this while Gordon trudged the weather-deck alone. I now crossed over to him.

"Feel more cheerful by this time, I hope, Mr. Gordon?" said I; "a man's spirits must be gloomy indeed that don't brighten out to such a day as this."

He forced a grin, and said, "Worrit, sir, worrit; there's no accounting for a man's feelings. I wish it 'ud come on to blow. This here smiling kind of weather is all very well when ye ain't

in a hurry; but when ye've got bows forrard like the head of a puncheon, and beam enough for a score of fandangoes 'twixt the rails, without call to stop even a coil of halliards to the standing rigging to get more room, then what one wants is the relieving-tackles hauled taut, and two chaps sweating at the wheel, and the sprit-sail-yard out of sight in the smother over the bows."

"You're in as great a hurry as Miss Grant," I exclaimed.

"Greater, I dessay," he exclaimed. "To tell ye the truth, Mr. Musgrave, I'm sick of the voyage. None of these here small brigs for me again, sir. Never no more! Nothen' less than a thousand ton. A man's nature seems able to stand upright when he's aboard a big ship; in these here small craft it's all stooping for fear of knocking your brains out."

There was a sour expression on his face which strictly corresponded with the sentiment and note of his grumbling. I said to him: "Gordon, an odd thought came into my head just now. Notice the half-blood yonder. He's a clearer menace to our safety than an augur working through the ship's bottom. Now what think you of the scheme of the captain—of you and me arming ourselves with loaded pistols, springing upon him unawares, handcuffing him, and dragging him aft under cover of the muzzles of our small arms?"

"What do I think of it, sir?" he exclaimed, without a moment's hesitation.

"Yes," I rejoined.

"This," said he. "If there's any gunpowder aboard, better knock the head off a barrel and snap one of your pistols into it, and blow the whole blooming mess of us to heaven. But you're not serious?"

"No, no," said I; "certainly not. Mere fancy, and nothing more. But not to your liking, evidently."

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "at the first offer to touch Charles, pistol or no pistol, the whole crew 'ud be on

ye like one man. *They'd* like the scheme. It's the sort of chance they're waiting for. For heaven's sake, don't go and suggest your notion to the capt'n, sir. He's just the sort of man to entertain it, and to come and ask me to help him."

"Would you help him?" said I.

"Let him ask me first, Mr. Musgrave," he replied, with an odd look at me out of the corner of his eyes. If this was not news, 'twas what I needed to get from his lips. Even had Miss Grant's advice not already settled my mind, Gordon's askant glance, that was more eloquent than words, would have decided me out of hand, there and then. In truth it could but prove as I had foreseen, should I consent to help the captain; and I remember that I let out my breath in a half-wild sigh of relief over the determination I had formed as I turned from Gordon to take a chair at Miss Grant's side.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE LOSE THE CABIN-BOY.

Two mornings after this, on going on deck shortly before the breakfast-hour, I found the weather changed. The high sun, the blue skies which had shone over us now for many days together, were gone. The atmosphere was gloomy, with a pale thickness that brought the sea-line to within cannon-shot. Under the lead-coloured gloom over the mastheads one could dimly catch sight here and there of a black curl of scud-like cloud blowing leisurely athwart our track; otherwise there was no break, no shadowed curve or line to tell of a denser or darker vapour yet above the warm and fallow haze through which the wind was sweeping without dispersing it. The sea ran in a slopping sort of way that made a great noise about the brig's sides with notes of hollow plashing. You would have thought there was a strong windward tide running; yet with all this briskness of surface play,

I never saw the ocean wear a sulkier look. The glorious sparkling blue of its brine was gone; 'twas now of a cold, sallowish green, thick and muddy with every heave; as though under its heads of foam, and the short conflicting runs of its small seas, it had been thickened into sluggishness by upheaval of ooze into its volume. The atmosphere was like a tepid bath, and the brig was damp with it from her loftiest cloths to the deck from which I surveyed the scene. She was under all plain sail, the yards braced forward, but the studding-sail-booms were still rigged out, which was perhaps as good as saying that old Broadwater found nothing more in the weather that had come down upon us than was visible to the bare eye. She was pushing through it dully, and tumbling uncomfortably in a most sickening way indeed; inasmuch, that for the first time during this voyage I felt absolutely uneasy, though the fresh air speedily relieved me of the disagreeable oppression.

Broadwater was in charge. I stepped mechanically over to the compass to have a look at the card, though of course it was to be known by the lay of her yards that the brig was steering her true course. The captain was clothed in a long pea-coat and sou'-wester, and his red face, framed in the sea-helmet, showed, methought, this morning very sourly, with a harsh twist about his mouth that put the look of a sulky sneer into its ordinary, familiar, whistling expression. He stood holding on to the weather-vang of the try-sail gaff, apparently as little able as I was to move about the decks. The watch had finished their business of washing down, the ropes were coiled away, and everything was ship-shape fore and aft; but the drizzled, weeping aspect of the brig, with shadows of moisture lying in dark curves upon her canvas, and blobs of wet distilling from gray ropes and black shrouds, made her look singularly dejected and forlorn, and I could scarcely forbear a smile, as I glanced from the picture

of her to the skipper's face, and witnessed the absurd correspondence between *his* damp sourness and *her* appearance.

He eyed me as if he would like to speak, but I took care that he should find no encouragement in the short "good morning" that I called to him. The truth is, I had given him as wide a berth as I could possibly contrive since the hour when he had unfolded his scheme to me of capturing the half-blood. I had made up my mind on the matter, and therefore had no desire to hear him again on it. Indeed, Miss Grant's advice had so worked in me that my attitude was perhaps more resolved and more sharply accentuated than the occasion demanded. In short, it entered my head that, for all I could tell, the captain's scheme might find its way to the fore-castle; by what agency of course I could not have indicated, for I was sure that Gordon was not a man to talk. But, nevertheless, I knew that on shipboard there is a species of wizardry at work in the atmosphere, by whose operations the crew do somehow or other manage to obtain a dim intelligence of what passes even in whispers in the cabin; and I was resolved that if the captain's proposal to me should come to be guessed at by the sailors, or reach their knowledge in the indefinable manner in which news creeps through a ship at sea, they should perceive that I had no sympathy with it; which was only to be managed by letting them infer my opinion of Broadwater by my behaviour to him on deck.

It was a gloomy breakfast-table. The morning lay so foggily upon the skylight that I could scarcely distinguish Miss Grant's features without leaning towards her. There were fiddles on the table, but the quick rolls of the brig rendered them useless. A plate of bacon was capized on to Broadwater's knees, and I narrowly escaped being badly scalded by the sudden fetching away of the skipper's huge teapot, which to one sharp heave jumped like a live thing over the

divisions, and poured its contents in a boiling stream within a couple of inches of my right leg.

"If we were not clear of the Gulf Stream," said I, "this should make a man believe himself in the heart of it."

"What's the matter with the Gulf Stream, sir," said Broadwater, "supposing this *was* it?"

"You have heard, I suppose," said I, almost amused by the excessive sourness in his face, "of vessels sailing with royals and studding-sails into the belt, and meeting ships coming out of it under close-reefed topsails?"

"Well, I *may* have heard of it, as you remark," he exclaimed: "but I haven't been going to sea all these years to believe all I hear at this time o' day."

There was a note of insolence in the old chap's voice that instantly started me on addressing Miss Grant with the completest air of unconsciousness of his presence that I could command. Once I caught his eye, and the gleam of it was not a little malevolent, minute as the puncture was through which he stared. How unusually quarrelsome and bad-tempered he was this morning was to be noticed in his way of speaking to the cabin-boy. It was inconceivable that the poor lad should be able to cut anything but an intolerable figure on that staggering deck, and it was quite wonderful that he managed to scrape through his business of bringing the dishes along and waiting on us without breaking his neck, not to speak of what he carried. But Broadwater found him unendurable, heaped abuse on him whenever he had sufficiently emptied his mouth to furnish scope to his tongue, and finally exploded in a whole volley of course and brutal terms, which caused Miss Grant to half rise from her chair with a look at me to hand her to her cabin. But the old fellow left his seat at that moment and staggered on deck, with a farewell shake of his fist under the hapless boy's nose, where-upon my companion resumed her place.

Gordon arrived, looking gray in the

twilight of the cabin, and wretched with the dogged melancholy that hung upon him. He knuckled his forehead with a dismal gesture to Miss Grant, sat down and helped himself to a bit of beef, with the air of a man walking in his sleep. This indeed, to a certain extent, had been his mood ever since the night of the apparition of the luminous bow, but it was so accentuated this morning that the dolefulness of it was absolutely grotesque.

"It seems to me, Gordon," said I, "that a glass of three-finger rum and one-finger water would do you more good than that black fluid you're about to drink. The weather, I admit, is enough for the moment to make life appear as if it were formed of nothing but yellow fog and bilious dots. But, my good fellow, there is really no need for such a mute-like face as yours, as though you had taken a fancy to a hearse's plume to embellish your sou'-wester with, and were rehearsing the proper cast of countenance for it."

He rolled up his eyes to the sky-light, and then gazed at me with the languishing expression of a sick man, but did not speak.

"Of all the most miserable voyages," I continued, "recorded or unwritten, I'll venture to declare this tops the list."

"Pray don't say so, Mr. Musgrave," exclaimed Miss Grant. "Think of fire, famine, shipwreck, the uninhabited coast, or worse still, the coast inhabited by savages."

"This voyage ain't over yet," said Gordon, in the voice of a raven.

"I don't say it's calamitous," I went on. "Indeed, but for the consideration that your safety and comfort are involved, I should be much too happy to wish the voyage over." She smiled, and inclined her head to this as a mere commonplace of courtesy, and indeed I easily saw that she made nothing of it, and suspected nothing in it, from the serenity and steadfastness of her gaze. "Yet," I continued, "we must call it miserable. As if a fit of superstition ending in the suicide

of a seaman shouldn't suffice, there comes the barbarous punishment of lashing a man to the mast. As though *that* were not enough, mutiny must follow, along with a horrid murder. And now here is Broadwater this morning with every instinct of bad temper and brutality in him forking out like the claws of a cat at sight of a dog; whilst on top of all sits my good friend there, bowed down by some sort of speechless woe, for which I am sure that there is no remedy but a good pull at one of my choice old brandy-bottles."

I started up, meaning to fetch the liquor, but he arrested me with a solemn wave of the hand.

"No, sir," he exclaimed, "there's nothing in brandy to do me good. It isn't *woe* that's a-worriting me. What it be I'm sure I can't tell. I believe the cap'n's clean off his head this morning. He came up a-cursing of you to me just now as if he'd imagined you and the half-blood was gone into partnership to take his life."

"Do you suppose he thinks this?" I cried, startled.

"No, no, sir," he replied; "I said *as if* he did. There's no telling what passes in such a mind as his."

"I do not see that his fancies, whatever they may be, need trouble us," said Miss Grant quietly.

"No," I exclaimed; "it's not the captain's mind; it's your face, Gordon. Turn to and give yourself a good hearty shaking, my lad, and so get rid of the longshore humour that's come to you with a view of the finest sight that ever mortal eye rested on. Why, man, we look to you for the only gleam of sailorly jollity that's to be witnessed aboard this old hooker. It was but the other day that you were laughing at the notions that despatched the poor fellow Jesse Cooper over the side. Shake this temper out of you, Gordon."

He passed the back of his hairy hand over his forehead. "Well, sir," he exclaimed, "I will if I can. I hope there's nothing in the queer sensations

that have come into me to agitate the lady, I'm sure. I'm but a plain sailor man, and never had no college to go to but the fok's'le, and don't feel that I've got any right to be sitting in the cabin of even such a brig as this, a-talking to a lady and gent like you and miss there. I'm sure I ask both of your pardons if I've at all agitated either of ye by my manner. Sailors are but mortal like other folks; ye know that, Mr. Musgrave. The sperrits of the heartiest of them will fail at times. It'll all come right, I dare say," and with that he left us.

Now all this, along with the darkness of the weather, the drizzle on the skylight, the vile tumbling and harsh groaning of the brig, was surely enough to render both Miss Grant and myself as gloomy and depressed as poor Gordon himself. I protest it made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable to know that the captain had gone on deck and abused me to the boatswain in terms which it was easy for my imagination to fit to his lips. One felt that everything was wrong aboard the brig, from the eyes of her to the transom; that she was no better than a complicated trap, of which if one piece of mechanism went wrong there was half-a-score more whose action was bound to be sure.

There was nothing to tempt one on deck. It was Broadwater's watch below, but he remained above through-out; why, I could not imagine, unless he was too irritable to rest in his cabin. Thick as the weather was, it was daylight, and one could see a mile at all events, and the risks therefore were as nothing compared with those of that black night on which the pig had broken into my berth, and through which Broadwater would have slept soundly, no doubt, but for the uproar, as he had turned in very nearly drunk. The atmosphere was close below, and the lee skylight-lid lay open, and through it, as I sat conversing with Miss Grant, I could hear the captain occasionally bawling in a voice whose harsh, hoarse note struck upon the ear

with something of the smart of a blow from a missile on the flesh. Once I heard the men singing out, and gathered from the orders delivered by Gordon that they were trimming sail. The motion of the brig however continued abominable, spasms and throes of motion quite bewildering to the brain at times, accompanied by all sorts of ugly slopping sounds of water, hysteric sobbings and gurglings swelling into a semi-muffled yearning roar as some windward roll would send a billow howling from the side. Reading was impossible; there was nothing to be made of chess or cards, and we could find no better diversion than sitting and talking.

I think it must have been about noon when I heard the captain's voice suddenly exerted in a number of shouts in which he seemed to be repeating the same orders over and over again, but in the most angry, savage, threatening tones that could be imagined.

"What on earth can the wretched old man be at now?" said I. "I'll take a peep."

I threw a cloak over my shoulders, put on my cap, and went on deck. Broadwater was standing on the weather-side of the quarter-deck, gripping the main-royal backstay, and shouting to somebody on the fore, though I did not immediately look that way. Gordon was near the skylight, his hands buried in his coat-pockets, and his dejected face sulkily staring seawards with an air of petulant, gloomy unconcern upon him, as of a man who had passed through the stages of loathing and disgust into contemptuous indifference. I walked right aft so as to get out of the sphere of the skipper's little eyes; since, while I was anxious to see what was going on, I was also disposed to fear that if the old fellow caught me watching, he might fall foul of me in his present humour before the sailors. I now noticed that the wind had come a point or two more free since early morning, and that the yards were braced in to that extent. The foretop-

mast studding-sail had been set, but something was wrong with the block at the extremity of the boom, and the halliards had been slacked away and the sail hauled in great part down upon the forecastle, where it hung with watch standing by ready to hoist away afresh when the difficulty aloft, whatever it was, had been remedied.

It is proper I should state here, for the information of those to whom sea-terms are unintelligible, that a studding-sail-boom is a long, smooth spar that reeves through irons fixed upon the yard to which it belongs, and that, when the studding-sail is to be set, is run out far beyond the ship's side for the extension of the foot of the cloths. There is no gear attached to it except the tack at the extremity, so that 'tis for all the world like one of those greasy poles which they project over the head of a moored craft on a regatta day, for marine Jack Puddings to walk out on.

Now as I stood near the wheel, the first object I saw was the figure of the cabin-boy Billy, as he was called, jockeying the studding-sail-boom at the distance of some three or four feet from the yard-arm. He was supposed to be sliding out to the end of it—astride it as though on horseback—but you saw at the first glance that the poor creature was in a mortal fright; that having been urged by the captain's threats to the point at which he had arrived, he was too terrified to advance, whilst the purple face of the old tyrant on the quarter-deck prohibited him from returning. At any time such a job as this would have been full of danger. Even at anchor on the motionless surface of a river, the task of sliding out to the extremity of a long, naked, and slippery boom would not have been without its peril. The undertaking was now rendered so prodigiously dangerous by the peculiarly sharp, rapid, jerking, and dislocating heaves, staggers, and rolls of the brig, that the mere sight of the lad up there shocked me as though he were hanging by the neck,

or being in any other way done to death by the man who continued to bawl out menaces to him.

"By Heaven!" I cried, with the quick, shuddering sensation of a recoil within myself, so to speak, "he'll be overboard in a minute."

"Yes, by the Everlasting! but if he goes for good, the one that'll follow him ain't fur off," said a low voice close to my side. I turned; it was Charles, the half-blood, who was standing at the wheel. I had not until this moment noticed him. One laughs often at descriptions in novels of the villain of the plot hissing out his threats and imprecations through his clenched teeth; but I protest that though it was impossible this man could have spoken with his teeth clenched, his utterance had the sharp, seething sound which is in the romancer's mind when he endeavours to express it. I started with a sudden uncontrollable shudder of aversion, and went some yards forward.

"Shove along out! shove along out!" roared Broadwater, with an angry sweep of his arm towards the extremity of the boom.

The hue of the sky against which the boy swung was a dull and dingy slate, here and there in it a deepening of shadow where some dark cloud sailed above the haze; and out of the horizon, that seemed to welter within reach of an arrow, the seas came running in short, snappish, colliding leaps, with a quarrelsome, hound-like shouldering of one another, and fretful tossings of their heads of froth into the air, the foam falling back like showers of snow against the dingy back-ground. The sailors stared up at the lad, but though now one and then another of them would make a movement as if he were about to spring into the rigging, no man offered to take the boy's place.

I don't believe however it was so much the peril of the work that held the fellows in a body looking on, as the feeling that the captain had started the wretched boy on this business as a

"work-up job," and that he would not permit any other man to take his place. It was the most barbarous piece of cruelty you could conceive—out and away worse than the fastening of the half-blood to the mast. It was not only that the lad had not signed as a sailor, so that the captain had no right to turn him to work of that kind; of all the people aboard the brig the poor creature was the least qualified for so perilous an undertaking as sliding out to the extremity of a long boom that was buckling and jumping like a coach-whip to the tumbling vessel's thrash of spar and shear of yard-arm.

"Out with you! Shove along! By thunder, I'll make a *traveller* of you with the end of the tack! I'll have ye *hauled* out and made two blocks of and belayed if you don't bear a hand! There's no ile in that timber—no use your a-squeezing of it!—so out ye go now!—out ye go!"

The white face of the lad turned towards the captain, full of entreaty and terror. On a sudden his cap blew off. Trifling as the thing was, the mere sight of the headgear dropping with a whirl into the sea and showing black an instant ere smothered by a breaking wave, sent a shock through me.

"I can't get out, sir; I can't indeed, sir," cried the boy, in a most miserable whining voice. I noticed several of the men forward staring my way, as though wondering whether I meant to interfere, perhaps hoping to provoke me to do so with their looks. But remonstrance was too late, even if I had not satisfied myself by observing the temper old Broadwater was in, that it would be idle. It was quite plain that the lad was incapable of working himself another foot along the boom; and it seemed to me, from the despairful, clinging posture with which he hugged the spar, his trousers ridden up to his knees, and his thin legs and long naked feet swinging in sharp relief against the haze past them, that terror had rendered him

incapable of returning. On a sudden the brig pitched sharply, all aslant; then with a stagger recovered herself, instantly following it by another sharp plunge and a heavy seething of water beaten off her weather-bow.

"Mind!" I cried at this moment, "the boy will be overboard."

As I spoke he swung under the boom, still clinging to it with his legs and arms.

"Come in! come in!" roared Gordon, rushing forward; "you can manage it, my lad; take your time. Up aloft some of ye and help him."

Three men sprang into the shrouds, but before they were five ratlines high the lad's legs dropped, and he swayed at the boom with his hands meeting upon it, his figure swinging like the end of a rope. Half-a-dozen throats shouted out as many suggestions. "Hold on, Billy! We'll have a bow-line for ye in a moment!" "Work your way in, Billy, hand over hand, lad!" "Don't let go, for heaven's sake. There are men now running aloft to help ye!"

"In God's name," I cried, making a spring in my excitement towards Broadwater, "put your helm down before he lets go, that the brig's way may be checked when he's in the water!"

He did not answer me, but if ever human eyes flashed a curse at a man his did. There was a life-buoy aft, seized to the rail in the good old English style. Without a knife I could not free it. A steel blade was flourished close to my nose. "Here, sir, cut away with this; it's sharp enough for tougher stuff than laniards." I seized the knife that the half-blood extended to me from the wheel, severed the seizings, and returned the weapon to the fellow, with a horror springing into me even in that wild moment of excitement at the thought that it was the same knife with which he had murdered the mate! I looked forward; the boy was gone, and the boom reeled naked against the sky. At the same moment, "Man overboard! Down

hellum ! down hellum !” came sweeping aft in a perfect hurricane roar from the lips of the seamen gathered forward, and the deck re-echoed the clattering of their feet as they came racing in a body to the quarter-boat. I looked over the side, and there on the quarter lay the boy on his back floating with his arms out. I sprang on to the rail to fairly heave the life-buoy, and while I stood in that posture for the space of a breath, *I saw the poor creature smile at me !* I vow to God it was a thing almost heart-breaking in its way. It may have unnerved my arm ; I know not, I am sure. I did my best, flung the buoy with my full strength and as a sailor would, but it fell far short of him, and though the half-blood ground the wheel down till you would have thought that the passion of the creature had given him strength to twist the head sheer off the rudder it belonged to, yet the lubberly bows of the brig came round so leisurely against the conflicting beat of the snarling and worrying seas, that the floating figure seemed a mile off in less time than it would have taken a man to put up a prayer to God for him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE LOSE FOUR MEN.

THEN happened a scene of bitter confusion. Though the men, whilst they stood watching the lad forward, must have guessed as clearly as I what would happen, they had said nothing ; but now that the boy was overboard and drowning, they broke into a hundred execrations against the captain whilst they cast the gripes of the lee quarter-boat adrift and cleared away the falls ready for lowering. The uproar was increased by Broadwater’s vociferations to them to bear a hand ; but each cry of his served but as a challenge to the rage of the men, who roared back every choicest flower of the fore-castle dialect which they could summon to their

lips. However they worked nimbly for all that, and in a few minutes the boat, with a couple of men in her and Gordon in the stern-sheets overhanging the stern as he fitted the rudder to the pintles, was swinging at the davits. “Lower away handsomely !” The little craft sank out of sight down the side, and in a few minutes was leaping like an indiarubber ball upon the seas, to the desperate drag of the two fellows at the oars.

The shouts from the captain now brought the sailors to the maintop-sail-brace, and whilst the men were pulling at the ropes to get the yards aback, hauling in a delirious sort of way, with temper ringing menacingly in the songs with which they accompanied their work, Miss Grant arrived on deck, and spying me before I saw her, instantly approached with a hurried, anxious, “What is it *now*, Mr. Musgrave ?”

“Why, another murder, bad as Bothwell’s, if there be justice in heaven to decide !” I cried, for I was thinking of the drowning lad’s smile at the moment, and the mere having to tell her what had happened made me feel as mutinously savage as, I warrant me, the darkest minded of the men who were running about.

She brought her hands together in a gesture of terror ; there was real fear in the eyes with which she swept the sea. She seized me by the arm, and exclaimed with a shuddering glance towards Broadwater, “Another murder do you say, Mr. Musgrave ? Oh, if so—if so—” and then she stopped with a bewildered stare at the jumbled roll of green seas that came with staggers which shook them into snow out of the windward thickness.

I had shocked and startled her from the brave hold she had hitherto kept upon her feelings, and could have cursed myself for my brutal, uncouth candour. “I have put it too strongly,” I cried, eager to subdue in her eyes something of that light of horror and fear which gave a kind of madness

to their beauty. "It is not murder in the sense you think it. It is but another act of miserable cruelty which I fear must end in the death of our cabin-boy."

"Tell me about it!" she exclaimed, in a breathless way, securing her hold of my arm by claspings the fingers of both hands upon it.

I related the incident as swiftly as I could speak it, and I do not think I shall ever forget the look of tragic loathing and indignation in her face when she turned to glance at Broadwater over her shoulder as he stood on the other side of the deck huskily bawling instructions to the crew.

"Where is the boat?" she cried impetuously.

I pointed in the direction in which I had last seen it, and walked right aft with her and peered into the windy thickness, but could see no signs of the little fabric; nothing like it saving a darker ridge of green here and there which would melt into foam even as I watched. I abhorred the obligation of having to address the half-blood, but excitement was working in me like a fever, and I could think of little more than that the boat which I had in full view a minute or two before Miss Grant came on deck was now out of sight.

"Do you see anything of her?" I said to him.

"She went out of sight on a sudden," he answered. "She's afloat right enough, I reckon; the mist will have swallowed her up." He leaned from the wheel, pointing with a small, beautifully-shaped, but discoloured hand out to sea upon the weather quarter.

The brig's way was stopped, so far at least as forging ahead went; but of her leeward trend dead along the path of the wind the nimbleness might be gathered by looking over the side, where you saw the oil-like smoothness left by her to the distance of a pistol-shot, beyond whose verge the seas were breaking as though they were

kept at bay to that point by a coating of oil upon the waters. I thought Broadwater must be stark mad to keep his brig hove-to under a press which every moment was driving her deeper into the obscurity that hid us from the boat as she was hidden from us by it. The vessel was under royals and flying-jib, and to such a surface, helped as the fabric also was by the seas, our drift would be rapid beyond endurance; yet not a sheet was started or a halliard let go. The old man stood on the weather-side, leaning upon the rail, and fixedly gazing seaward under the thatch of his sou'-wester; forward, both watches—the whole of the crew in short, as many of them as were left—overhung the bulwarks pointing and talking, with one man half-way up the fore-shrouds, swinging out from a ratline, and his left hand shading his eyes as he bent his gaze at the brownish drizzle upon the near horizon. Five minutes passed; nothing was done, and nothing said that reached our ears. The captain held his motionless posture, staring as though fascinated. One heard nothing but the wearisome sobbing and plashing of waters, with the cheerless clank of wheel-chains and jar of rudder, the melancholy clatter of wet spare booms, the rushing noise of wind aloft to the drunken weather-lurches of the brig. Suddenly old Broadwater sprang erect from his squared arms, and came rolling along to where we stood.

"See anything of the boat, sir?" he cried.

"Nothing," I answered, scarcely able to tell him so, for my aversion almost overpowered my faculty of speaking.

"Forward there," he bawled, turning his face towards the fore-castle, "any one amongst ye see anything of the boat?"

"Nothing," came back the response, in so sulky a swing through the wind, that it made one think of the sudden dead flap of a sail in the midnight obscurity of an electric storm that has not yet burst. The old man struck

his hip violently with the flat of his hand, drove both fists deep into his pockets, then started as if to walk, but changed his mind, and came to the rail again, and stood looking with a creeping consternation in his face, before which one saw the temper in it fading away.

My feelings made me reckless. I said to him roughly and defiantly: "You'll lose your boat if you don't strip your ship. Do you know, man, that you're driving dead to leeward at the rate of three or four miles an hour?"

He sent a glance at the half-blood before answering me, and then in a half-choked voice gasped out with an oath: "If there's a mutiny, you'll be the ringleader! I knows ye; I've been following of ye. *You* teach me my business!" He pulled his fist out of his pocket to shake it in my face. I at first imagined by this gesture that he meant to attack me, and quickly released Miss Grant's hold that I might be ready for him. Muscular as he was, with no lack of weight "of beef" in him, as sailors say, I believe he would have found his match in me at that moment; for his charging me with being the ringleader of a mutiny was an insult to make fire of blood running by luck of disposition in a much gentler stream than mine, I am sorry to say, ever did. But very quietly Miss Grant stepped in front of me, and the old fellow, with a second look at the half-blood, rolled over to the companion, where he stood a few moments staring seawards, and then with an air of sudden hurry vanished below.

He reappeared after a brief absence, grasping an old blunderbuss, the bell-shaped muzzle of which was almost big enough to have received his head. He ran to the bulwarks with it close to where we stood. I confess I was not a little alarmed by the sight of so formidable a weapon in the hands of this enraged old man, and I watched his movements with no small anxiety, as I could not imagine what he intended to do with the piece. On a sudden he

lifted the stock to his shoulder, drooped his pear-shaped nose over the trigger, and screwing up one eye, as though he were taking aim at a bird in the air, let fly. The explosion could not have been more noisy had he discharged a swivel cannon, and the recoil of the piece was so violent that it came very near to flinging him on his back. However, I perceived that his object was to signal the brig's whereabouts to the boat, and I should have been glad to help him by discharging another musket, or blunderbuss, if the brig owned a second, but was kept quiet by the memory of his insult, and by the expression of ugly temper upon his face. When he had discharged the gun, he whipped out a great powder-flask and proceeded to reload, but poured in so much powder, while he rammed in so large and stubborn a lump of newspaper, that all in silence I took Miss Grant by the hand and led her some distance forward, where on the other side of the deck, should the crazy old weapon explode, we would be out of reach of the flying fragments. Having charged his blunderbuss, he approached the rail again, and taking aim at some imaginary object with as much solicitude of posture, indeed, as if he was shooting grouse or snipe, and screwing up his left eye so tightly, that I burst into a laugh at the sight of that side of his face, showing in a sort of purple blurr of wrinkles against the rusty barrel and the dull leaden shadow beyond, he pulled the trigger a second time. The piece exploded with a great blaze of light and the blast of a little thunder-shock, and down he tumbled to it, quite as I had expected; only instead of measuring his length, he smote the deck heavily with his hams, and preserved a sitting posture, with the blunderbuss across his knees, and his face full of astonishment and anger.

Presently he rose, put the fire-arm on the skylight and went to the rail. He stared long and earnestly, then shouted to the men forward to know if they saw anything; after-

wards gaped aloft at his canvas, with a slow bringing of his eyes down to where we stood. But for the temper and brutality of the man I should have felt sorry for him.

"Do you think he will be able to recover the boat?" Miss Grant asked.

"I fear not," I answered, "unless the weather should miraculously clear within the next half hour; and even then the chances would be all against recovery, unless the old fool promptly shortened sail down to his topsails—nay, down to bare poles."

"But surely, Mr. Musgrave, we are not likely to *lose* the boat?"

"At sea things grow horribly serious in a minute," said I.

I crossed with her again to the weather-rail, and telescoping my hands, sent a long, long searching look into the length of the dingy shadow of mist, a little way past the line of which one saw the phantasmal welter of the seas, and the scarce determinable flash of foam, vague as an outline in still dark waters, to where they melted into the blindness of haze. The first clamorous wrath of the men forward had been changed, by waiting and peering, into a sort of angry uneasiness. There were nine of them; they hung in a row along the bulwarks, one repeatedly leaning inboards to look past another aft at the skipper, as though full of sullen, irritable wonder at this waiting and drifting scheme of his. But he made no sign. He went to the binacle, and lifting the hood laid the sharp of his hand across the card, as though seeking to arrive by memory at the bearings of the boat. I suspected in him some trick of seamanship above my knowledge in his keeping the vessel under all plain sail hove to; but I could not bring myself to address him. Ten minutes passed—ten minutes of silence along our decks—all of us meanwhile staring our hardest to windward, not a syllable coming from forwards to break the dreary washing noises of water, and the sounds of the restless straining of the jerking, rolling, and plunging brig. On a sudden,

Broadwater roared out, "Swing the maintopsail-yard! Sweat everything fore and aft! Get them jib-sheets flattened in!"

The sailors, eager to be doing, sprang to his commands; I quitted Miss Grant to help them, and dragged with the gangs till the yards were pointed to the wind as far as they would go; but there were no songs. Here and there a fellow would raise a low monotonous yowling that the others might take time from his notes; but there was no cheeriness in the sailors' voices, and such few cries as were raised were more like the melancholy groaning of sufferers than the hearty piping out of seamen at work. The maintack was boarded in silence, and the jigger clapped on to such sheets and running gear as demanded the extra purchase, as though the brig's company consisted of undertakers' mutes. The wind seemed to come fresher now that the vessel was looking up to it close-hauled, and under the great pressure of her cloths she lay over until her lee-channels were awash amid the smother of spume there, though it was the mere spluttering of her round bows throwing the heads of the seas into cataracts from her that made the tumbling whiteness alongside; for I question if her progress, jammed as she was till the weather-leeches of her royals and top-gallant sails were hollowed aback, was as great as her drift had been when her topsail was to the mast.

It was clear now that the captain's intention was to "ratch" for the boat, as he himself would have termed it—by which I mean that it was his design to beat to windward in short tacks in the direction in which the boat had last been seen; and maybe he had kept full sail on the brig for the convenience of handling her promptly, although I held to my opinion that he had blundered grievously in holding her under cloths that must have given her a drift of hard upon a league since he had first hove her to. It was past two o'clock, and as I saw there was no chance of getting

any dinner that day, I procured some refreshments from our private stock, and Miss Grant and I made a hurried, uncomfortable meal in the cabin. Even while we sat there Broadwater put the brig about again, and as I felt that it was my duty to help him in such an extremity as this, I hastened on deck and assisted the men in pulling and dragging. The breeze had freshened, yet the seas were running more steadily, but the blank around the horizon had thickened, and there was a deeper shade in the dinginess on high that made it look as if it floated with a stoop towards our masts; but there was no break in it, no faintest flaw for the light behind to steal through, whilst the first weak drizzle of it had thickened into a small, fine rain—so warm that you did not feel the moisture until the wind had chilled it.

It was no weather for Miss Grant to show herself on deck in, but she declined to remain below; so I made her as snug as I could with wraps and a waterproof-cloak, and she remained by my side, searching the cold, green, frothing tumble for any black speck that should denote the boat, as all hands of the rest of us did. Whenever Broadwater had his tacks aboard, he sent a couple of hands aloft to the fore and main-topmast cross-trees, with two more in the fore and main rigging just under the tops, and many an earnest glance would I direct at the men in the hope of detecting in the posture of any one of them that his attention had been taken, and that he would be singing out in a minute and pointing. The misery of that time comes back to me strongly. It is not in my pen to express the quality of depressing melancholy that was put into that thick, sombre, damp day, with its cheerless whistling and howling of wind aloft, and the gray sails darkening yet to the beating of the rain, and the chill and stormy washing of water from the bows of the vessel, by thoughts of the lost boat away out in the darkening gloom yonder, and of

the anguish of expectation and fear that would fill the minds of the men in her, as, riding to their oars—for they would have long since abandoned the labour of rowing—they leaned over the low gunwale, peering past each green, glimmering curl of sea for any smudge upon the wall of vapour that had closed around them which should indicate the presence of our brig.

They would of course be without food or water. Small chance of any such discipline as Broadwater was equal to providing in this way for the hurried despatch of a vessel's boats!

"Do you think," Miss Grant said to me, "that the poor fellows will be able to live in such a sea as this?"

"Impossible to say," I replied, with a look at the remaining boat that was of the size and shape of the other; "every wave has had a snappish run throughout. Yet the men are sailors, and will know how to manage if management be practicable. I wonder if they picked up the boy."

"I fear the worst," she exclaimed, with a tremble in the parting of her lips to the sweep of the breeze, while from the whiteness of her face amid the twilight of the hood that covered her head, her dark eyes shone out bright with a light that was feverish with brilliance.

"Why?" I asked.

"I believe this to be the fulfilment," she answered, "of Gordon's prophetic melancholy. It was the shadow of this event that lay upon him."

I shook my head. "There was no prophetic depression in the other two; at least one may reasonably suppose so. Of the three, probably Gordon was the most prosaic. Why, since there were four men to perish to-day—supposing that they *do* perish—I include the cabin-boy—why, I ask, to one of them only should the future whisper? No, no; Gordon would have been gloomy whether this wretched business had happened or not."

"I fear the worst for them," she persisted. "Is not the air darkening

rapidly, too? Should the night fall without our sighting them—oh, Mr. Musgrave, what a dreadful fate!—what a dreadful fate!”

She swept her hands to her eyes, but dropped them quickly, and running to the rail gazed seawards; and I think had the hour been one of gravest peril to ourselves, instead of to the poor fellows tossing about somewhere out in the windward bleakness, I must have found a moment to admire—and with a stirring of wonder in my admiration—the character of tragic beauty her face took with the grief and pity and eagerness in it, as the flash of the wind swept her hood clear of the soft brown of her disordered hair, and left her lineaments plain against the green hills and blowing froth and shadowy steep of the scene of heaven and ocean beyond.

The gathering darkness which she had noticed before I did was to prove a squall. You heard the long moan of it ere it had leapt clear of the near haze, and revealed its approach by the glaring rush of waters at its base. Already Broadwater was carrying on till the covering-board was flush with the water over the side. “Let go royal and t’gallant halliards!” he bawled. “Down flying jib, up mainsail!” and as these last words left his mouth the squall struck the vessel. I had foreseen one consequence, and had provided against it by whipping a rope’s-end round Miss Grant’s waist; otherwise, to the sudden, fierce inclination of the deck, she must have fallen to leeward as one might slip down the roof of a house. The angle was so extreme that it was almost impossible to stir. The halliards had been let go, but the slope of the masts prevented the yards from travelling. “Over with the helm! over with the helm!” shrieked Broadwater. I sprang to the lee-spokes to assist the fellow who had relieved the half-blood, and who, though he was straining with set teeth, seemed unable to stir the wheel by so much as a spoke. It was now a picture of giddy commotion and be-

wildering uproar for a long five minutes. The brig was so pressed down, that though we had got the helm jammed hard up, I feared for some moments that she would not pay off. You saw the yeast blowing like cream over the lee-rail, and it was like soapsuds, as high as a man’s waist, the whole length of the lee-scuppers. Sheets had been slackened away or let go, and the rattle of canvas shook the vessel to her heart. The squall was a heavy one, and it blew with a voice of thunder out of the thickness; and what with the pouring sound of the blast on high—an independent noise that dominated all other sounds with the violent ring of gusts or guns echoing through the rushing wind—and what with the slapping of liberated folds of canvas, the hollow blows of seas upon the exposed weather-side of the hull, Broadwater’s shouts, the cries of the men, it was a scene that might have made even an old sailor think it about time to go to prayers. Fortunately however the captain’s wits were equal to an emergency of this kind. He bellowed lustily indeed, but his orders were right. On the mainsail being hauled up, and the trysail smothered, the brig paid off, and as she recovered something of an even keel, whilst she gradually presented her stern to the wind, the yards descended the masts, instantly relieving the heavy strain up there; and before it we bowled—though towards what quarter of the sea I never thought of looking.

However, though full of weight and spite, it was but a squall, and the scream of it had presently fined down into the familiar moaning of the early blast. The brig’s company was now a short-handed crew for the work that was to be done, and as every pair of hands was of the utmost consequence, I sang out to Broadwater from the wheel that I should be happy, if he had no objection, to stick to the post, that the man whose trick it was might assist the others. He assented with a wave of his hand. Miss Grant came

and stood beside me. The crew worked with a will, thinking perhaps that the lives of the men in the boat away out upon the dirty, shrouded jumble—though God knows where they would be *now*—might depend upon their smartness. But it was three-quarters of an hour before the sailor whom I had relieved came to take the wheel from me again, by which time the brig was once more close-hauled under topsails, main-top-gallant-sail, foresail, and trysail, eating her way into the thickness, that was denser than ever it had been at any other time of the day, and that was already deepening in shade to the gathering shadows of an early night above it. Yet till the close of the second dog-watch Broadwater went on ratching in short boards, the men working without a murmur, without any hint of mutinous reluctance in their movements, for the hope they yet had of surging within sight of the boat. But at eight o'clock it was black night—the blacker for rain and haze—the seas were shouldering blocks of gloom, with wan glares of foam here and there, and a smart rattling of wet flinging to the ear like discharges of musketry from the obscurity along the waist to the fore-castle.

I was then below with Miss Grant, both of us as wearied as if we had shared in the toils of the seamen, and as anxious about the look-out as we were depressed by the incidents of the day. But for our private stock of provisions, no food would have crossed our lips, for the cook had been called from his galley to help to work the ship; no man had been told off to wait upon us aft, and we must have gone to bed after a fast lasting from breakfast, but for the tins of cooked delicacies, the tongues, biscuits, and wines I had been wise enough to liberally provide ourselves with.

It was two bells in the first watch when Broadwater came below. I had long before trimmed and lighted the cabin-lantern, and was sitting at the

table near Miss Grant smoking a cheroot, and endeavouring to extract a little cheerfulness of mind out of a glass of brandy-and-water. This was the first time the captain had left the deck since he had fetched his old blunderbuss. He threw down his sou'-wester that was streaming with wet, pulled off his shaggy pea-coat, which sparkled to the lantern-light with the moisture upon it as though it were crystallized, and all in silence opened a locker, took out a knife and fork, a large cube of corned beef upon a tin plate, a couple of sea-biscuits, a bottle of rum, and a tin pannikin; and then sitting down, squared his elbows and fell to with the avidity of a famished hound, never offering to speak. However, it was ridiculous to suppose that I was to be kept in ignorance of such arrangements as he had made, and such schemes as he had decided upon; and as it was no moment to recall his insult, I waited until he had finished his supper, particularly keeping silent until he had drained his pannikin, and then said bluntly: "I suppose you've given up all hope of finding the boat?"

"All hope," he answered huskily, taking a surly squint at me with his little heartless eyes.

"You are now without a mate," said I, feeling Miss Grant's hand coming to my arm with a sudden pressure of her fingers to the uncontrollable dismay which followed Broadwater's hopeless answer. "You are in a quandary, and can command me if you like."

"Command ye in what way?" he answered, filling his pannikin afresh.

"I'll take the mate's berth, if you choose, but of course only to the extent of helping you in the navigation of the vessel."

"Thank'ee," he answered, in his roughest manner. "I hope to be able to do without you."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said I, and indeed I spoke the truth. "But you surely do not intend to keep a

look-out day and night alone?" I added, for it seemed to me unimaginable that he should find a man forward fit to intrust the charge of the brig to whilst he was taking rest.

He appeared to struggle with his temper, as though he could not force his inclination to answer me through his bad and sullen humour.

Miss Grant suddenly said, "Captain Broadwater, we have a *right* to know what measures you have taken for our safety." Her imperious look appeared to affect him as a command.

"You'll not suppose, mum," said he, "that I should be down here a-taking of it easy, with the idea," he continued, dragging his great watch out and looking at it, "of turning in in a few minutes for a snatch of rest, if I hadn't left matters ship-shape up above," with a jerk of his thumb at the deck.

"I am glad you have found somebody you can trust," said I.

"I dessay ye are," said he, "and so am I, I'm sure;" and then rising and returning the remains of his supper and his bottle of rum to the locker whence he had extracted them, he picked up his coat and sou'-wester and went to his berth.

"Any man," I exclaimed, "would scarcely conceive it possible that an old sea-captain such as Broadwater should coolly go to bed and, supposing he sleeps till midnight, leave his brig absolutely at the mercy of her crew till then—at the mercy of a set of men whose hatred of him all through must have been immeasurably heightened to-day by his barbarous treatment of the poor cabin-boy, and the loss of men that followed. But then, what is the wretched old creature to do? He must get some rest during the twenty-four hours, or else entirely lose the very little sense that he was born with. I'll step on deck and see if I can make out who it is that has charge."

It was a black night. The brig had been brought to her course again, though no doubt some men in Broad-

water's situation would have kept their vessel hove to till dawn, in the hope of picking up the missing boat. The dusk was too thick to enable me to make out what canvas we were under. There was not much weight of wind however, but it was charged with damp, and one found a heaviness in it for that reason perhaps when the weather-roll of the vessel brought it in a gust to the face. I walked right aft to the helm, unable to distinguish anybody on deck, then caught sight of the face of a man named Andrew Wilkins, who stooped his head at the moment into the yellow sheen flowing out of the binnacle to get a better view of the card.

I said to him, "Who has charge?"

"Why, the blooming cook," he answered, with a low laugh.

"The *cook*?" I cried, thinking he joked.

He laughed again, but without merriment, and said, "Yes, sir; it's old Drainings as is boss just now."

"Where is he?" said I, drawing away from the glare of the binnacle-lamp to look into the darkness forward; but it was not to be penetrated.

"Somewheres to wind'ard, sir, if he ain't gone and turned in," he answered.

I was in the act of groping my way to the weather-side, when it flashed upon me that I might be acting rashly in showing uneasiness or exhibiting inquisitiveness; so I just said in a careless voice to the fellow at the wheel: "'Tis strange for a captain to go to the galley for a chief mate. Perhaps the cook may have been a shipmaster, forced by adversity into boiling beef for sailors. I suppose he would know what to do should heavy weather come along?"

"I heard the capt'n tell him what to do," answered the man. "Should anything happen, he's to hammer the deck with a handspike over the capt'n's head. That's about as much as can be expected of a cook."

"Well," said I, "this is a queer sort of voyage anyhow, as the Yankees would say. Good-night." And with

that I made my way to the hatch, looking into the blackness on the weather-deck for the cook's figure, but without seeing him, though I don't say he was not there, for the sky was of a raven hue; the very substance of the quarter-boat melted into it, and the eye sought in vain for a line of shroud, or for any faintest configuration of canvas on high.

"The cook in command!" cried Miss Grant, when I gave her the news; "it is ridiculous! . . . it is dreadful, Mr. Musgrave!"

I thought so too, though I could not forbear a laugh at the very fancy of it, spite even of the rebuke my momentary merriment found in the startled expression of her eyes.

"I suppose," said I, "that he is the one man on board who enjoys the captain's confidence. He may be the only creature honestly disposed, for all we know, and let us believe that Broadwater has guessed it. After all, I dare say he is as well able to keep a look-out as any other man in the vessel; and absurd as the notion is, yet on reflection I believe old Broadwater to be right for once, and that our slumbers are more likely to be secure with Master Cooke stumping the quarter-deck with a handspike ready to thunder the skipper into vigilance, than were one of the sailors in charge."

However, though after sitting together another hour I induced her to withdraw to her cabin, it took me a long while to persuade myself to follow her example, and by that time it was hard upon midnight. Once or twice I looked through the hatch, but the blackness as before hung extraordinarily thick; there was nothing to be seen, and the wet in the wind made me glad to return to the shelter of the cabin. The brig rolled uneasily, but the motion was comparatively steady, no longer the half-paralyzing jumps and souses of the morning and afternoon. There was a heavy gloom upon my spirits. It was not only the memory of the sight of the cabin-boy clinging in terror to the boom, Broad-

water's red face full of threats and menacing gestures, and the smile the poor lad gave me as he swept astern; there was the thought of Gordon and the two fellows in the boat; the feelings that would be in them, supposing them still alive, as they tossed in their tiny cockle-shell upon the dark hills of sea, without the leanest phantom of star for them to rest their eyes upon, without a fragment of biscuit to appease their hunger, or a drop of fresh water to moisten their lips. These were fancies to put such a chill into the atmosphere of the cabin even, that one shuddered, as at an icy blast, to the mere muffled hum of the wind moaning in the rigging. I rose, for sitting below was like keeping a watch without any purpose in it; and besides, if any one of the sailors should peer through the closed skylights, and spy me leaning with folded arms against the bulkhead wide awake, it might enter the minds of the whole of them to believe that I was in league with the captain, practically keeping a look-out for him, though covertly; and I tell you the mere idea of this sent me to my cabin right off.

About ten minutes after I had tumbled into my bunk I heard a dull pounding noise, and instantly sat up in bed, not a little alarmed by the strange unusual sound, until it occurred to me that it might probably be the cook beating with his handspike over the captain's head to arouse him. The lamp in my cabin was alight, though I had dimmed it. To make sure of that strange battering noise, I went softly to my door and looked out. The door that shut off the after-berths stood open, hooked to the bulkhead, and I had a clear view of a great part of the state cabin, including the companion-steps past the table. After an interval of a minute or two the pounding noise was repeated, and now I was certain that it was the cook beating with a handspike. A third time it came, on this occasion very noisily and with so many hard thumps that one

would have thought the hands were caulking the decks, or, worse still, endeavouring to beat some planks out. The fellow was evidently growing impatient, and he used his hand-spike as though he meant to let the captain know that he wanted to turn in. Shortly after this third thunderous call, Broadwater came out growling like an old dog, and giving the cook a number of hard words, as though indeed the man stood before him. But first he rolled to his locker, muttering his abuse of the cook without intermission, until he silenced himself with a full pannikin of rum. He then, after a slow look round, went on deck, and I returned to my bunk; but four bells had struck before I fell asleep,

so incessantly was I haunted by the vision of the drowning lad, by thoughts of the missing boat, by recollection of the strange melancholy that had fallen upon the spirits of Gordon, by contact, as one might say, with the mysterious sheen of the cold bow of light we had sailed through; and above all by considerations of Miss Grant's and my safety aboard this brig, with a drunken old tyrant for captain and a cook for chief mate, and as ship's company a short-handed crew charged to the throat with mutiny, with one malignant and active principle of evil amongst them in the shape of the half-blood, to whom the Iron Crown's arrival at Rio or any other port meant death!

(To be continued.)

LEIGH HUNT.¹

To compare the peaceful and home-keeping art of criticism to the adventurous one of lighthouse-building may seem an excursion into the heroic-comic, if not into the tragic-burlesque. Neither is it in the least my intention to dwell on a tolerably obvious metaphorical resemblance between the two. It is certainly the business of the critic to warn others off from the mistakes which have been committed by his forerunners, and perhaps (for let us anticipate the crushing wit) from his own. But that is not my reason for the suggestion. There is a story of I forget what lighthouse which Smeaton, or Stevenson, or somebody else, had unusual difficulty in establishing. The rock was too near the surface for it to be safe or practicable to moor barges over it; and it was uncovered for too short a time to enable any solid foundations to be laid or even begun during one tide. So the engineer, with other adventurous persons, got himself landed on it, succeeded after a vain attempt or two in working an iron rod into the middle, and then hung on bodily while the tide was up, that he and his men might begin again as soon as it receded. In a mild and unexciting fashion, that is what the critic has to do—to dig about till he makes a lodgment in his author, hang on to it, and then begin to build. It is not always very easy work, and it is never less easy than in the case of the author whom somebody has kindly called “the Ariel of criticism.” Leigh Hunt is an extremely difficult person upon whom to make any critical lodgment, for the reason that (without intending any disrespect by the comparison) he has much less of the rock about him than of the

shifting sand. I do not now speak of the great Skimpole problem—we shall come to that presently—but merely of the writer as shown in his works.

The works themselves are not particularly easy to get together in any complete form, some of them being almost inextricably entangled in defunct periodicals, and others reappearing in different guises in the author’s many published volumes. Mr. Kent’s bibliography gives forty-six different entries; Mr. Alexander Ireland’s (to which he refers) gives, I think, over eighty. Some years ago I remember receiving the catalogue of a second-hand bookseller who offered what he very frankly confessed to be far from a complete collection of the first editions at the price of a score or two of pounds: and here at least the first are in some cases the only issues. Probably this is one reason why selections from Leigh Hunt, of which Mr. Kent’s is the latest and best, have been frequent. I have seen two certainly, and I think three, within as many years. Luckily however quite enough for the reader’s if not for the critic’s purpose is easily obtainable. The poems can be bought in more forms than one: Messrs. Smith and Elder have reprinted cheaply the “Autobiography,” “Men, Women, and Books,” “Imagination and Fancy,” “The Town,” “Wit and Humour,” “Table Talk,” and “A Jar of Honey.” Other reprints of “One Hundred Romances of Real Life” (one of his merest pieces of book-making) and of his “Stories from the Italian Poets,” one of his worst pieces of criticism, but agreeably reproduced in every respect save the hideous American spelling, have recently appeared. The complete and uniform issue, the want of which to some lovers of books (I own myself among them)

¹ “Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist”; by Charles Kent. London and New York: 1889.

is never quite made up by a scratch company of volumes of all dates, sizes, and prints is indeed wanting. But still you can get a working Leigh Hunt together.

It is when you have got him that your trouble begins; and before it is done the critic, if he be one of those who are not satisfied with a mere "account rendered," is likely to acknowledge that Leigh Hunt, if "Ariel" be in some respects too complimentary a name for him, is at any rate a most tricky spirit. The finest taste in some ways contrasting with what can only be called the most horrible vulgarity in others; a light hand tediously boring again and again at obviously miscomprehended questions of religion, philosophy, and politics; a keen appetite for humour condescending to thin and repeated jests; a reviler of kings going out of his way laboriously to beslave royalty; a man of letters, of talent almost touching genius, who seldom writes a dozen consecutive good pages:—these are only some of the inconsistencies that meet us in Leigh Hunt.

He has related the history of his immediate and remoter forebears with considerable minuteness—with more minuteness indeed by far than he has bestowed upon all but a few passages of his own life. For the general reader however it is quite sufficient to know that his father, the Reverend Isaac Hunt, who belonged to a clerical family in Barbados, went for his education to the still British Provinces of North America, married a Philadelphia girl, Mary Shewell, practised as a lawyer till the Revolution broke out, and then being driven from his adopted country as a loyalist, settled in England, took orders, drifted into Unitarianism or anythingarianism, and ended his days, after not infrequent visits to the King's Bench, comfortably enough, but hanging rather loose on society, his friends, and a pension. Leigh Hunt (his godfathers and godmothers gave him also the names of James Henry, which he dropped) was the youngest son, and was born on

October 19th, 1784. His best youthful remembrance, and one of the most really humorous things he ever said, was that he used after a childish indulgence in bad language to think to himself with a shudder when he received any mark of favour, "Ah! they little suspect I'm the boy who said 'd——n'". But at seven years old he went to Christ's Hospital, and continued there for another seven. His reminiscences of that seminary, put down pretty early, and afterwards embodied in the "Autobiography," are even better known from the fact that they served as a text and as the occasion of a little gentle railleury to Elia's famous essay than in themselves. For some years after leaving school he did nothing definite but write verses, which his father (who seems to have been gifted with a plentiful lack of judgment in most incidents and relations of life) published when the boy was but sixteen. They are as nearly as possible valueless, but they went through three editions in a very short time. It ought to be remembered that except Cowper, who was just dead, and Crabbe, who had for years intermitted writing, the public had only Rogers and Southey for poets, for it would none of the "Lyrical Ballads", and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had not yet been published. So that it did not make one of its worst mistakes in taking up Leigh Hunt, who certainly had poetry in him if he did not put it forth quite so early as this. He was made a kind of lion, but fortunately or unfortunately for him only in middle-class circles where there were no patrons. He was quite an old man—nearly twenty—when he made regular entry into the periodical writing which kept him (with the aid of his friends) for nearly sixty years, by contributing as "Mr. Town, Junior" (altered from an old signature of Colman's) theatrical criticisms, which do not seem to have been paid for, to an evening paper, the "Traveller", now surviving as a second title to the "Globe". His

bent in this direction was assisted by the fact that his elder brother John had been apprenticed to a printer, and had desires to be a publisher. In January, 1808, the two brothers started the "*Examiner*", and Leigh Hunt edited it with a great deal of courage for fourteen years. He threw away for this the only piece of solid preferment that he ever had, a clerkship in the War Office which Addington gave him. His references to this act of recklessness or self-sacrifice in the *Autobiography* are rather enigmatical. His two functions were no doubt incompatible at best, especially considering the violent Opposition tone which the "*Examiner*" took. But Leigh Hunt, whatever faults he had, was never a hypocrite; and he hints pretty broadly that if he had not resigned he might have been asked to do so, not from any political reasons, but simply because he did his work very badly. He was much more at home in the "*Examiner*" (with which for a short time was joined the quarterly "*Reflector*"), though his warmest admirers candidly admit that he knew nothing about politics. In 1809 he married a Miss Marianne Kent, whose station was not very exalted, and whose son admits with unusual frankness that she was "the reverse of handsome, and without accomplishments", adding rather whimsically that this person, "the reverse of handsome," had "a pretty figure, beautiful black hair and magnificent eyes", and though "without accomplishments" had "a very strong natural turn for plastic art". At any rate she seems to have suited Leigh Hunt admirably. The "*Examiner*" soon became ill-noted with Government, but it was not till the end of 1812 that a grip could be got of it. Leigh Hunt's offence is in the ordinary books rather undervalued. That he (or his contributor) called the Prince Regent as is commonly said "a fat Adonis of fifty" (the exact words are "this Adonis in loveliness is a corpulent man of fifty") may have been the chief sting, but was certainly

not the chief legal offence. Leigh Hunt called the ruler of his country "a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of demireps, a man who had just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity". It might be true or it might be false; but certainly there was then not a country in Europe where it would have been allowed to be said of the chief of the state. And I am not sure that it could be said now anywhere but in Ireland, where considerably worse things were said with impunity of Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan. At any rate the brothers were prosecuted and fined five hundred pounds each, with two years' imprisonment. The sentence was carried out; but Leigh Hunt's imprisonment in Horsemonger Lane Gaol was the merest farce of incarceration. He could not indeed go beyond the prison walls. But he had a comfortable suite of rooms which he was permitted to furnish and decorate just as he liked: he was allowed to have his wife and family with him: he had a tiny garden of his own, and free access to that of the prison: he was allowed endless visitors, who brought him presents just as they chose; and he became a kind of fashion with the Opposition. Jeremy Bentham came and played at battledore and shuttlecock with him:—an almost appalling idea, for it will not do to trust too implicitly to Leigh Hunt's declaration that Jeremy's object was to suggest "an improvement in the constitution of shuttlecocks". The "*Examiner*" itself continued undisturbed, and except the "I can't get out" feeling, which even of itself cannot be compared for one moment to that of a modern prisoner condemned to his cell and the exercising-ground, it is rather difficult to see much reason for Leigh Hunt's complaints. The imprisonment may have affected his health, but it certainly brought him troops of friends, and gave him leisure

to do not only his journalist's work but things much more serious. Here he wrote and published his first poem since the *Juvenilia*, "A Feast of the Poets" (not much of a thing), and here he wrote, though he did not publish it till his liberation, the "Story of Rimini", by far his most important poem, both for intrinsic character and for influence on others. He had known Lamb from boyhood, and Shelley some years: he now made the acquaintance of Keats, Hazlitt, and Byron.

In the next five years after his liberation he did a great deal of work, the best by far (as I have the pleasure of agreeing with Mr. Kent) being the periodical called the "Indicator," a weekly paper which ran for sixty-six numbers. The "Indicator" was the first thing that I ever read of Hunt's and, by no means for that reason only, I think it the best. Its buttonholing papers, of a kind since widely imitated, were the most popular; but there are romantic things in it, such as "The Daughter of Hippocrates", which seem to me better. It was at the end of these five years that Leigh Hunt resolved upon the second adventure (his imprisonment being the first and involuntary) of his otherwise easy-going life—an adventure the immediate consequences of which were unfortunate in many ways, but which supplied him with a good deal of literary material. This was his visit to Italy as a kind of literary *attaché* to Lord Byron and editor of a quarterly magazine, the "Liberal." The idea was Shelley's, and if Shelley had lived it might not have resulted quite so disastrously, for Shelley was absolutely untiring as a helper of lame dogs over stiles. As it was, the excursion distinctly contradicted the saying (condemned by some as immoral) that a bad beginning makes a good ending. The Hunt family, which now included several children, embarked, in November of all months in the year, on a small sailing-ship for Italy. They were something like a month getting down the Channel in tremendous weather, and at last when their ship

had to turn tail from near Scilly and run into Dartmouth, Hunt, whose wife was extremely ill of lung-disease, made up his mind to stay for the winter in Devonshire. He passed the time pleasantly enough at Plymouth, which they left once more in May, 1822, reaching Leghorn at the end of June. Shelley's death happened within ten days of their arrival, and Byron and Leigh Hunt were left to get on together. How badly they got on is pretty generally known, might have been foreseen from the beginning, and is not very profitable to dwell on. Leigh Hunt's mixture of familiarity and "airs" could not have been worse mixed to suit the taste of Byron. The "noble poet" too was not a person who liked to be spunged upon; and his coolest admirers may sympathize with his disgust when he found that he had upon his hands a man of letters with a large family whom he was literally expected to keep, whose society was disagreeable to him, who lampooned his friends (for Leigh Hunt, somewhat on Lamb's system of compensation for coming late by going away early, combined his readiness to receive favours with a practice of not acknowledging the slightest obligation for them), and who differed with him on every point of taste. Byron's departure for Greece was in its way lucky, but it left Leigh Hunt stranded. He remained in Italy for rather more than three years and then returned home across the Continent. The "Liberal," which contains work of his, of Byron's, of Shelley's, and of Hazlitt's, is interesting enough and worth buying in its original form, but it did not pay. Of the unlucky book on his relations with Byron which followed—the worst act by far of his life—I shall not say much. No one has attempted to defend it, and he himself apologizes for it frankly and fully in his *Autobiography*. It is impossible, however, not to remark that the offence was much aggravated by its deliberate character. For the book was not published in the heat of the moment, but three years

after Hunt's return to England and four after Byron's death.

The remaining thirty years of Hunt's life were wholly literary. As for residences, he hovered about London, living successively at Highgate, Epsom, Brompton, Chelsea, Kensington, and divers other places. At Chelsea he was very intimate with the Carlyles, and, while he was perhaps of all living men of letters most leniently judged by those not particularly lenient judges, we have nowhere such vivid glimpses of Hunt's peculiar weaknesses as in the memoirs of Carlyle and his wife. Why Leigh Hunt was always in such difficulties it is impossible to say, for he was the reverse of an idle man; he seems, though thriftless, to have been by no means very sumptuous in his way of living; everybody helped him, and his writing was always popular. He appears to have felt not a little sore that "nothing was done for him" when his political friends came into power after the Reform Bill—and remained there for almost the whole of the rest of his life. He had certainly in some senses borne the burden and heat of the day for Liberalism. But he was one of those reckless people who, without meaning to offend anybody in particular, offend friends as well as foes; the days of sinecures were even then passing or passed; and it is very difficult to conceive any office, even with the lightest duties, in which Leigh Hunt would not have come to grief. As for his writing, his son's earnest plea as to his not being an idle man is no doubt true enough, but he never seems to have reconciled himself to the regular drudgery of miscellaneous article writing for newspapers which is almost the only kind of journalism that really pays, and his books did not sell very largely. In his latter days however things became easier for him. The unflinching kindness of the Shelley family gave him (in 1844 when Sir Percy Shelley came into his property) a regular annuity of £120; two royal gifts of £200 each and in 1847 a pension of the same amount

were added; and two benefit nights of Dickens's famous amateur company brought him in something like a cool thousand, as Dickens himself would have said. Of his last years Mr. Kent, who was intimate with him, gives much the pleasantest account known to me. He died on August 28th, 1859, surviving his wife only two years.

I can imagine some one, at the name of Dickens in the preceding paragraph, thinking or saying that if the author of "*Bleak House*" raised a thousand pounds for his old friend he took the value of it and infinitely more out of him. It is impossible to shirk the Skimpole affair in any really critical notice of Leigh Hunt. To put unpleasant things briefly, that famous character was at once recognised by every one as, to say the least, a brilliant if unkindly caricature of what an enemy might have said of the author of "*Rimini*". Thornton Hunt, the eldest of Leigh Hunt's children, and a writer of no small power, took the matter up and forced from Dickens a contradiction, or disavowal, which I am afraid the recording angel must have had some little difficulty with. Strangely enough the last words of Macaulay's that we have concern this affair; and they may be quoted as Sir George Trevelyan gives them, written by his uncle in those days at Holly Lodge when the shadow of death was heavy on him.

December 23, 1859. An odd declaration by Dickens that he did not mean Leigh Hunt by Harold Skimpole. Yet he owns that he took the light externals of the character from Leigh Hunt, and surely it is by those light externals that the bulk of mankind will always recognise character. Besides, it is to be observed that the vices of H. S. are vices to which L. H. had, to say the least, some little leaning, and which the world generally attributed to him most unsparingly. That he had loose notions of *meum* and *tuum*; that he had no high feeling of independence; that he had no sense of obligation; that he took money wherever he could get it; that he felt no gratitude for it; that he was just as ready to defame a person who had relieved

his distress as a person who had refused him relief—these were things which, as Dickens must have known, were said, truly or falsely, about L. H., and had made a deep impression on the public mind.

Now Macaulay has not always been leniently judged; but I do not think that, with the single exception of Croker's case, he can be accused of having borne hardly on the moral character of any one of his contemporaries. He had befriended Leigh Hunt in every way: he had got him into the "Edinburgh"; he had lent (that is to say given) him money freely, and I do not think that his fiercest enemy can seriously think that he bore Hunt a grudge for having told him, as he himself records, that the "Lays" were not so good as Spenser, whom Macaulay in one of the rare lapses of his memory had unjustly blasphemed, and whom Leigh Hunt adored. To my mind, if there were any doubt about Dickens's intention, or about the fitting in a certain sense of the cap, this testimony of Macaulay's would settle it. But I cannot conceive any doubt remaining in the mind of any person who has read Leigh Hunt's works, who has even read the Autobiography. Of the grossest faults in Skimpole's character, such as the selling of Jo's secret, Leigh Hunt was indeed incapable, and the insertion of these is at once a blot on Dickens's memory, and a kind of excuse for his disclaimer; but as regards the lighter touches the likeness is unmistakable. Skimpole's most elaborate jests about "pounds" are hardly an exaggeration of the man who gravely and more than once tells us that his difficulties and irregularities with money came from a congenital incapacity to appreciate arithmetic, and who admits that Shelley (whose affairs he knew very well) once gave him no less than fourteen hundred pounds (that is to say some eighteen months of Shelley's income at his wealthiest) to clear him, and that he was not cleared, though apparently he gave Shelley to understand that he was.

There are many excuses for him which Skimpole had not. His own pleas of tropical blood and so forth will not greatly avail. But the old patron-theory and its more subtle transformation (the influence of which is sometimes shown even by Thackeray in the act of denouncing it), that the State or the public, or somebody, is bound to look after your man of genius, had bitten deep into the being of the literary man of our grandfathers' time. Anybody who has read a very interesting book published the other day, "Thomas Poole and his Friends", must have seen how not merely Coleridge, of whose known liability to the weakness the book furnished new proofs, but even to some extent and vicariously the austere Wordsworth, cherished the idea. But for the most part men kept it to themselves. Leigh Hunt never could keep anything to himself, and he has left record on record of the easy manner in which he acted on his beliefs.

For this I own to care little, especially since he never borrowed money of me. There is a Statute of Limitations for all such things in letters as well as in law. What is much harder to forgive is the ill-bred pertness, often if not always innocent enough in intention, but rather the worse than the better for that, which mars so much of his actual literary work. When almost an old man he wrote—when a very old man he quotes, with childlike surprise that any one should see anything objectionable in them—the following lines:

Perhaps you have known what it is to
feel longings,
To pat buxom shoulders at routs and mad
throngings—
Well—think what it was at a vision like
that!
A grace after dinner! a Venus grown
fat!

It would be almost unbelievable of any man but Leigh Hunt that he placidly remarks in reference to this impertinence that "he had not the pleasure of Lady Blessington's ac-

quaintance", as if that did not make things ten times worse. He had laid the foundation of not a few of the literary enmities he suffered from by writing, thirty years earlier, a "Feast of the Poets", on the pattern of Suckling, in which he took, though much more excusably, the same kind of ill-bred liberties; and similar things abound in his works. It is scarcely surprising that the good Macvey Napier (rather awkwardly, and giving Macaulay much trouble to patch things up) should have said that he would like a "gentleman-like" article from Mr. Hunt for the "Edinburgh"; and the taunt of the "cockney school" undoubtedly derived its venom from this weakness of his. Lamb was not descended from the kings that long the Tuscan sceptre swayed, and had some homely ways: Keats had to do with livery-stables, Hazlitt with shady lodging-houses and lodging-house keepers. But Keats might have been, whatever his weaknesses, his own and Spenser's Sir Calidore for gentle feeling and conduct: the man who called Lamb vulgar would only prove his own vulgarity; and Hazlitt, though he had some darker stains on his character than any that rest on Hunt, was far too potent a spirit for the fire within him not to burn out mere vulgarity. Leigh Hunt I fear must be allowed to be now and then merely vulgar—a Pogson of talent, of genius, of immense amiability, of rather hard luck, but still of the Pogsons, Pogsonic.

As I shall have plenty of good to say of him, I may as well despatch at once whatever else I have to say that is bad, which is little. The faults of taste which have just been noticed passed easily into occasional, though only occasional, faults of criticism. I do not recommend anybody who has not the faculty of critical adjustment, and who wants to like Leigh Hunt, to read his essay on Dante in the "Italian Poets". For flashes of crass insensibility to great poetry it is difficult to match anywhere, and impossible

to match in Leigh Hunt. His favourite theological doctrine, like that of Béranger's hero, was, *Ne dammons personne*. He did not like monarchy, and he did not understand metaphysics. So the great poet, who, more than any other great poet except Shakespeare, grows on those who read him, receives from Leigh Hunt not an honest confession, like Sir Walter's, that he does not like him, which is perhaps the first honest impression of the majority of Dante's readers, but tirade upon tirade of abuse and bad criticism. Further Leigh Hunt's unfortunate necessity of preserving his own journalism has made him keep a thousand things that he ought to have left to the kindly shade of the newspaper files—a cemetery where, thank Heaven, the tombs are not open as in the other city of Dis. The book called "Table Talk", for instance, contains, with a little better matter, chiefly mere rubbish like this section:

BEAUMARCHAIS.

Beaumarchais, author of the celebrated comedy of "Figaro," an abridgment of which has been rendered more famous by the music of Mozart, made a large fortune by supplying the American republicans with arms and ammunition, and lost it by speculations in salt and printing. His comedy is one of those productions which are accounted dangerous, from developing the spirit of intrigue and gallantry with more gaiety than objection; and they would be more unanimously so, if the good humour and self-examination to which they excite did not suggest a spirit of charity and inquiry beyond themselves.

Leigh Hunt tried almost every conceivable kind of literature, including a historical novel, "Sir Ralph Esher", several dramas (one or two of which, the "Legend of Florence" being the chief, got acted), and at nearly the beginning and nearly the end of his career two religious works, or works on religion, an attack on Methodism and "The Religion of the Heart". All this we may not unkindly brush away, and consider him first as a poet, secondly as a critic, and thirdly as

what can be best, though rather unphilosophically, called a miscellanist.

Few good judges nowadays, I think, would deny that Leigh Hunt had a certain faculty for poetry, and fewer still would rank it very high. To something like but less than the tune-fulness of Moore, he joined a very much better taste in models and an infinitely wider and deeper study of them. There is no doubt that his versification in "Rimini" (which may be described as Chaucerian in basis with a strong admixture of Dryden, further crossed and dashed slightly with the peculiar music of the followers of Spenser, especially Browne and Wither) had a very strong influence both on Keats and on Shelley, and that it drew from them music much better than itself. This fluent, musical, many-coloured verse was a capital medium for tale-telling, and Leigh Hunt is always at his best when he employs it. The more varied measures and the more ambitious aim of "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" seem to me very much less successful. Not only was Leigh Hunt far from strong enough for a serious argument, but the cheery, sentimental optimism of which he was one of the most persevering exponents—the kind of thing which vehemently protests that in the good time coming nobody shall be damned, or starved, or put in prison, or subjected to the perils of villanous saltpetre, or prevented from doing just what he likes, and that all existence ought to be and shortly will be a vaguely refined beer and skittles—did not lend itself very well to verse. Nor are Hunt's lyrics particularly strong. His best thing by far is the charming trifle (the heroine being, it seems, Mrs. Carlyle) which he called a "rondeau", though it is not one.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in :
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put *that* in !
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old—but add,
Jenny kissed me.

Even here it may be noticed that though the last four lines could hardly be bettered, the second couplet is rather weak. Some of Leigh Hunt's sonnets, especially that which he wrote on the Nile in rivalry with Shelley and Keats, are very good.

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its
sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading
a dream ;
And times and things, as in that vision,
seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands ;—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd-
bands
That roamed through the young earth, the
glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
*The laughing queen that caught the world's
great hands.*
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and
strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us ; and then we
wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall
take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

This was written in 1818, and I think it will be admitted that the italicised line is a rediscovery of a cadence which had been lost for centuries, and which has been constantly borrowed and imitated since.

Every now and then he had touches of something much above his usual style, as in the concluding lines of the whimsical "flyting," as the Scotch poets of the fifteenth century would have called it, between the Man and the Fish :

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves
and graves,
Boundless in hope, honoured with pangs
austere,
Heaven-gazing ; and his angel-wings he
craves :
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague
yet clear,
A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round
waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting
fear.

As a rule, however, his poetry has

little or nothing of this kind, and he will hold his place in the English *corpus poetarum*, first, because he was an associate of better poets than himself; secondly, because he invented a medium for the poetic tale which was as poetical as Crabbe's was prosaic; thirdly, because of all persons perhaps who have ever attempted English verse on their own account, he had the most genuine affection for, and the most intimate and extensive acquaintance with, the triumphs of his predecessors in poetry. Of prose he was a much less trustworthy judge, as may be instanced once for all by his pronouncing Gibbon's style to be bad; but of poetry he could tell with an extraordinary mixture of sympathy and discretion. And this will introduce us to his second faculty, the faculty of literary criticism, in which he is, with all his drawbacks, on a level with Coleridge, with Lamb, and with Hazlitt, his defects as compared with them being in each case made up by compensatory, or more than compensatory, merits.

How considerable a critic Leigh Hunt was, may be judged from the fact that he himself confesses the great critical fault of his principal poem—the selection for amplification and paraphrase of a subject which has once for all been treated with imperial and immortal brevity by a great poet. With equal ingenuousness and equal truth he further confesses that, at the time, he not only did not see this fault but was critically incapable of seeing it. For there is that one comfort about this uncomfortable and discredited art of ours, that age at any rate does not impair it. The first sprightly runnings of criticism are never the best; and in the case of all really great critics, from Dryden to Sainte-Beuve, the critical faculty has gone on constantly increasing. The chief examples of Leigh Hunt's critical accomplishment are to be found in the two books called respectively "Wit and Humour" and "Imagination and Fancy", both being selections from

the English poets, with critical remarks interspersed as a sort of running commentary. But hardly any book of his is quite barren of such examples: for he neither would, nor indeed apparently could, restrain his desultory fancy from this as from other indulgences. His criticism is very distinct in kind. It is almost purely and in the strict and proper sense æsthetic—that is to say, it does hardly anything but reproduce the sensations produced upon Hunt himself by the reading of his favourite passages. As his sense of poetry was extraordinarily keen and accurate, there is perhaps no body of "beauties" of English poetry to be found anywhere in the language which is selected with such uniform and unerring judgment as this or these. Even Lamb, in his own favourite subjects and authors, misses treasure-trove which Leigh Hunt unfailingly discovers, as in the now pretty generally acknowledged case of the character of De Flores in Middleton's "Changeling". And Lamb had a much less wide and a much more crotchety system of admissions and exclusions. Macaulay was perfectly right in fixing, at the beginning of his essay on the dramatists of the Restoration, upon this catholicity of Hunt's taste as the main merit in it; and it is really a great pity that the two volumes referred to were not, as they were intended to be, followed up by others respectively devoted to Action and Passion, Contemplation and Song. But Leigh Hunt was sixty when he planned them, and age, infirmity, perhaps also the less pressing need which the comparative affluence of his later years brought, prevented the completion. It has also to be remarked that Hunt is much better as a taster than as a professor or expounder. He says indeed many happy things about his favourite passages, but they evidently represent rather afterthought than forethought. He is not good at generalities, and when he tries them is apt, instead of flying (as an Ariel

of criticism should do), to sprawl. Yet it was impossible for a man who was so almost invariably right in particulars to go very wrong in general; and the worst that can be said of Leigh Hunt's general critical axioms and conclusions is that they are much better than the reasons that support them. For instance, he is probably right in calling the famous "intellectual" and "henpecked you, all" in "Don Juan", "the happiest triple rhyme ever written". But when he goes on to say that "the sweepingness of the assumption completes the flowing breadth of the effect", he goes very near to talking nonsense. For most people, however, a true opinion persuasively stated is of much more consequence than the most elaborate logical justification of it; and it is this that makes Leigh Hunt's criticism such excellent good reading. It is impossible not to feel that when a guide (which after all a critic should be) is recommended with cautions that, though an invaluable fellow for the most part, he is not unlikely in certain places to lead the traveller over a precipice, it is a very dubious kind of recommendation. Yet this is the way in which one has to speak of Jeffrey and Hazlitt, of Wilson and De Quincey, perhaps even of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Of Leigh Hunt it need hardly ever be said; for in the unlucky diatribes on Dante above cited the most unwary reader can see that his author has lost his temper and with it his head. As a rule he avoids the things that he is not qualified to judge, such as the rougher and sublimer parts of poetry. Of its sweetness and its music, of its grace and its wit, of its tenderness and its fancy no better judge ever existed than Leigh Hunt. He jumped at such things, when he came near them, almost as involuntarily as a needle to a magnet.

He was, however, perhaps most popular in his own time, and certainly he owed most of the not excessive share of pecuniary profit which fell to his lot, as what I have called a miscel-

lanist. One of the things which have not yet been sufficiently done in the criticism of English literary history is a careful review of the successive steps by which the periodical essay of Addison and his followers during the eighteenth century passed into the magazine-paper of our own days. The later examples of the eighteenth century, the "Observers" and "Connoisseurs," the "Loungers" and "Mirrors" and "Lookers-On," are fairly well worth reading in themselves, especially as the little volumes of the "British Essayists" go capitally in a travelling-bag; but the gap between them and the productions of Leigh Hunt, of Lamb, and of the Blackwood men, with Praed's school-boy attempts not left out, is a very considerable one. Leigh Hunt is himself entitled to a high place in the new school so far as mere priority goes, and to one not low in actual merit. He relates himself, more than once, with the childishness which is the good side of his Skimpolism, how not merely his literary friends but persons of quality had special favourites among the miscellaneous papers of the "Indicator", like (he would certainly have used the parallel himself if he had known it or thought of it) the Court of France with Marot's Psalms. This miscellaneous work of his extended, as it ought to do, to all manner of subjects. The pleasantest example to my fancy is the book called "The Town", a gossiping description of London from St. Paul's to St. James's, which he afterwards followed up with books on the West End and Kensington, and which, though of course second-hand as to its facts, is by no means uncritical, and by far the best reading of any book of its kind. Even the Autobiography might take rank in this class; and the same kind of stuff made up the staple of the numerous periodicals which Leigh Hunt edited or wrote, and of the still more numerous books which he compounded out of the dead periodicals. It may be that a severe criticism will declare

that here as well as elsewhere he was more original than accomplished; and that his way of treating subjects was pursued with better success by his imitators than by himself. Such a paper, for instance, as "On Beds and Bedrooms," suggests (and is dwarfed by the suggestion) Lamb's "Convalescent" and other similar work. "Jack Abbott's Breakfast", which is, or was, exceedingly popular with Hunt's admirers, is an account of the misfortunes of a luckless young man who goes to breakfast with an absent-minded pedagogue, and, being turned away empty, orders successive refreshments at different coffee-houses, each of which proves a feast of Tantalus. The idea is not bad; but the carrying out suits the stage better than the study, and is certainly far below such things as Maginn's adventures of Jack Ginger and his friends, with the tale that Humphries did not tell Harlow. "A Few Remarks on the Rare Vice called Lying" is a most promising title; he must be a very good-natured judge who finds appended to it a performing article. "The Old Lady" and "The Old Gentleman" were once great favourites: they seem to have been studied from Earle's "Microcosmography", not the least excellent of the books that have proceeded from foster children of Walter de Merton, but they are over-laboured in particulars; so too are "The Adventures of Carfington Blundell" and "Inside of an Omnibus". Leigh Hunt's humour is so devoid of bitterness that it sometimes becomes insipid; his narrative so fluent and gossiping that it sometimes becomes insignificant. His enemies called him immoral, which appears to have been a gross calumny so far as his private life was concerned, and is certainly a gross exaggeration as regards his writing; but he was rather too much given to dally about voluptuous subjects with a sort of chuckling epicene triviality. He is so far from being passionate that he sometimes becomes almost offensive. He is terribly apt to la-

bour a conceit or a prettiness till it becomes vapid; and his "Criticism on Female Beauty", though it contains some extremely sensible remarks, also contains much which is suggestive of Mr. Tupman. Yet his miscellaneous writing has one great merit, besides its gentle playfulness and its untiring variety, which might procure pardon for worse faults. With no one perhaps are those literary memories which transform and vivify life so constantly present as with Leigh Hunt. Although the world was a perfectly real thing to him, and not by any means seen only through the windows of a library, he took everywhere with him the remembrances of what he had read, and they helped him to clothe and colour what he saw and what he wrote. Between him, therefore, and readers who themselves have read a good deal, and loved what they have read not a little, there is always something in common; and yet probably no bookish writer has been less resented by his unbookish readers as a thruster of the abominable things—superior knowledge and superior scholarship—upon them. Some vices of the (I fear I must say it) snob Leigh Hunt undoubtedly had, but he was never in the least a pretentious snob. He quotes his books not in the spirit of a man who is looking down on his fellows from a proper elevation, but in the spirit of a kindly host who is anxious that his guests should enjoy the good things on his table.

It is this sincere and unostentatious love of letters and anxiety to spread the love of letters, that is the redeeming point of Leigh Hunt throughout: he is saved *quia multum amavit*. It was this which prompted that rather grandiose but still admirable palinode of Christopher North, in August, 1834,—“the Animosities are mortal: but the Humanities live for ever,”—an apology which naturally enough pleased Hunt very much. He is one of those persons with whom it is impossible to be angry, or at least to be angry long. “The bailiff who took him was fond of him,” it is recorded of Captain Costi-

gan ; and in milder moments the same may be said of the critical bailiffs who are compelled to "take" Leigh Hunt in letters and in life. Even in his least happy books (such as the "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," where all sorts of matter, some of it by no means well known to the writer, have been hastily cobbled together) this love, and for the most part intelligent and animated love, for literature appears. If in another of his least happy attempts, the critical parts of the already mentioned "Stories from the Italian Poets," he is miles below the great argument of Dante, and if he is even guilty to some extent of vulgarizing the lesser but still great poets with whom he deals, he never comes even in Dante to any passage he can understand without exhibiting such a warmth of enthusiasm and enjoyment that it softens the stoniest readers. He can gravely call Dante's Hell "geologically speaking a most fantastical formation" (which it certainly is), and joke clumsily about the poet's putting Cunizza and Rahab in Paradise. He can write in the true spirit of vulgarizing, that "the Florentine is thought to have been less strict in his conduct in regard to the sex than might be supposed from his platonical aspirations," heedless of the great confessions implied in the swoon at Francesca's story, and the passage through the fire at the end of the seventh circle of Purgatory. But when he comes to things like "Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro," and "Era già l'ora," it is hardly possible to do more justice to the subject. The whole description of his Italian sojourn in the Autobiography is an example of the best kind of such writing. Of all the people again who have rejoiced in Samuel Pepys, Leigh Hunt "does it most natural," being indeed a kind of nineteenth century Pepys himself, whom the gods had made less comfortable in worldly circumstances and no man of business, but to whom as a compensation they had given the feeling for poetry which Samuel lacked.

At different times Dryden, Spenser, and Chaucer were respectively his favourite English poets ; and as there was nothing faithless in his inconsistency, he took up his new loves without ceasing to love the old. It is perhaps rather more surprising that he should have liked Spenser than that he should have liked the other two ; and we must suppose that the profusion of beautiful pictures in the "Faerie Queen" enabled him, not to appreciate (for he never could have done that), but to tolerate or pass over the deep melancholy and the occasional philosophizings of the poet. But the attraction of Dryden and Chaucer for him is very easily understood. Both are eminently cheerful poets, Dryden with the cheerfulness born of manly sense, Chaucer with that of youth and abounding animal spirits. Leigh Hunt seems to have found this cheerfulness as akin to his own, as the vigour of both was complementary and satisfactory to his own, I shall not say weakness but, fragility. Add yet again to this that Hunt seems—a thing very rarely to be said of critics—never to have disliked a thing merely because he could not understand it. If he sometimes abused Dante, it was not merely because he could not understand him, though he certainly could not, but because Dante trod (and when Dante treads he treads heavily) on his most cherished prejudices. Now he had not very many prejudices, and so he had an advantage here also.

Lastly, as he may be read with pleasure, he may be skipped without shame. There are some writers whom to skip may seem to a conscientious devotee of letters both wicked and unwise—wicked because it is disrespectful to them, unwise because it is quite likely to inflict loss on the reader. Now nobody can ever think of respecting Leigh Hunt : he is not unfrequently amiable, but never in the least venerable. Even at his best he seldom or never affects the reader with admiration, only with a mild pleasure. It is

at once a penalty for his sins and a compliment to his good qualities, that to make any kind of fuss over him would be absurd. Nor is there any selfish risk run by treating him in the literary sense in an unceremonious manner. His stories, when they are stories, move from pillar to post only : his criticisms have hardly any thread of argument, and rarely attempt to illustrate, still more rarely succeed in illustrating, any connected set of propositions. His miscellaneous writing of all kinds carries desultoriness to the height, and may be begun at the beginning, or at the end, or in the middle, and left off at any place without the least risk of serious loss. He is excellent good company for half-an-hour, sometimes for much longer ; but the reader rarely thinks very much of what he has said when the interview is over, and never

experiences any violent hunger or thirst for its renewal, though such renewal is agreeable enough in its way. Such an author is a convenient possession on the shelves : a possession so convenient that occasionally a blush of shame may suggest itself at the thought that he should be treated so cavalierly. But this is quixotic. The very best things that he has done hardly deserve more respectful treatment, for they are little more than a faithful and fairly lively description of his own enjoyments : the worst things deserve treatment much less respectful. Yet let us not leave him with a harsh word ; for, as has been said, he loved the good literature of others very much, and he wrote not a little that was good literature of his own.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN BERLIN.

A GREAT change has come over Berlin during the last eighteen years, a change no less material and social than political. For it must be remembered that Berlin was in 1870 only in a restricted sense capital of Germany. It was one of a number of Residenzstädte, towns where the kings of the various states had fixed their court; and was little more than the big brother, as it were, of Munich, Dresden, Stuttgart and other towns. The establishment of the empire in 1871 first made Berlin a capital in the real sense of the word, and the Residenzstadt of Prussia with its eight or nine hundred thousand inhabitants has grown into the capital of Germany with a population of something like two millions. The consequences of this tremendous change are of the most complex character, and the student of social life as well as of political institutions will find much to muse over as he watches the movement which has been going on these eighteen years, and is still proceeding with unabated vigour.

The city has become the most interesting in Europe, and its dull, prosaic character has been relieved by the pathetic, the tragic events of which it was last year the scene. One feels that to live in Berlin, to be present as event succeeds event, is like living history. To watch the pageant of funeral and coronation with one's own eyes, to stroll into the animated cafés and hear the eager discussion of what has been, what is, and what may be, to rush into the crowded streets and buy the evening paper containing some new *pronunciamento* of the great Chancellor, all this throws a glamour over the scene of excitement, which may well bewilder one's judgment of men and things. Little apology then

is needed for an attempt to strip off the veil, and to show how the city and its inhabitants come out under candid, but not, it is hoped, unfair criticism. An Englishman is not perhaps the best person in the world to undertake the task; his reception at present in Berlin is not of that cordial kind which would leave him too friendly an impression. But if the probabilities are against an Englishman's being an unbiassed critic, where is such an one to be found? The jealous, self-centred patriotism of Berlin makes it hard to say.

However, to take the English traveller, his first impressions of Berlin are likely to be full of woeful disappointment, only to be deepened as his acquaintance grows. Frederick the Great worked hard to beautify this town of his choice, but it cannot be said that, with all his efforts and all the energy of recent years, it is a town which strikes a stranger familiar with London or Paris as one of grandeur or even of dignity. To begin with, there only exists one church of architectural interest—interest, because the beauty of the Klosterkirche has been destroyed by additions made about the middle of the present century. As for the cathedral, that is a late, domed edifice, no larger than a decent parish church in this country. This poverty is unique. Look where you will over Europe and you will not find a single town of capital importance so void of that crowning ornament to a city, a fine ecclesiastical building. The defect cannot be exaggerated. Such buildings are the durable record of a city's life; each weather-beaten stone has an interest no less human than scientific, no less romantic than artistic. We have our St. Paul's and Westminster

Abbey, the Parisians their Notre Dame, Vienna its St. Stephen's, Rome its St. Peter's; but there are no such sermons in stone to be read in Berlin, no building to be admired for its beauty or revered for its age. Conceive Paris without Notre Dame. The effect is nothing short of robbing French literature of Victor Hugo!

Nor is Berlin much better off for secular buildings. None of them save an inconsiderable fragment of the old Schloss date earlier than the seventeenth century, and the bulk of the old Schloss is a decaying plaster-faced pile of that unfortunate period. The palaces of the late Emperor William, and of the Emperor Frederick as Crown Prince were built, the former some fifty years ago, the latter thirty, and though both insignificant in size as compared with Buckingham Palace, may be admitted to compete with it in point of style. The Emperor William's palace has, however, one interesting feature, strikingly indicative of the simplicity of the man and of his mode of life. There is no jealously guarded gravel-space about it: it abuts on the public street, and is not above sharing one of its walls with an hotel; for it is after all but a semi-detached residence.

If we turn to the university, the museums, the galleries, whatever the richness of their contents, the scene of outer desolation is the same. The university has the external appearance of a riding-school. The old museum has, it is true, a fine open space in front of it, but, though in the Grecian style, cannot be said to have in itself anything of the vast and solemn effect of the British Museum. Where the one is vast and solemn, the other is heavy and dull. Indeed an Englishman disposed to cavil at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square would do well to visit Berlin. He will return with a chastened admiration of that much maligned building. Even the vaunted opera-house has more than its match at Dresden, at Munich, at Frankfort, not to go out of Germany.

But perhaps as a monument the Berliner is proudest of the Brandenburger Thor, and the effect of this is certainly fine, standing as it does, a genuine gate, at the end of the Linden. To correctly appraise it, however, as a monument, it may be said to hold an intermediate position between the Marble Arch and the Arc de Triomphe. The candid omnibus-driver would at once admit its superiority to the former, and only a Berliner would deny its inferiority to the latter. Perhaps it is churlish thus to look the gift-horses that crown the Brandenburger Thor in the mouth. The gate is a gate, which is more than can be said for either of its rivals.

The scene of desolation is completed by a review of the streets. The mention of Berlin brings up irresistibly the name of its principal street, Unter den Linden. The Linden has a world-wide reputation; here, if anywhere, the sinking heart of the traveller may expect some cheer. But here again disappointment awaits him. In the first place the street is little more than half a mile in length, and the lime-trees and chestnuts which form its central avenue are woefully ragged and ill-grown. It is fair to admit that the trees are now recognized to have sunk to a secondary importance even in their own function; the real avenue is composed of two rows of iron posts, a trifle taller than the trees, which have been erected to carry the electric light. The strange thing is that the trees have not been replaced altogether by a double row of wire-laden telegraph poles, and the suggestion is here offered in all humility to Berlin vestrydom.

The average street is painfully uninteresting. Moorgate Street from the Bank to London Wall is the very image of the better-class among them. There is the same straightness, the same smug uniformity, the same dull stucco-fronted respectability. One advantage might have been possessed by the Berlin streets, had it not been recklessly thrown away. Their architects are not afraid of balconies. But the

Berlin balcony has none of the airiness and daintiness of its Parisian model. So far from lightening the general effect of a house-front, the balconies positively encumber it.

In short, churches, palaces, museums, and streets are entirely without any grace to please or fantasy to amuse even the least exacting eye. The city is a loaf of solid dough.

The sole elements of the picturesque are to be found after diligent search in some few of the dirty alleys leading down to the Spree, and in meagre vistas afforded by the canal, which runs, almost as unsuspected as the Regent's Canal, through a portion of the city. All the more delightful because of this general poverty, is the escape through the Brandenburger Thor into the leafy recesses of the Thiergarten, the one ornament of which Berlin may be justly proud. As a park we have nothing to compare to it. It is true that our ideas of a park are essentially different from those of other nations. We like broad sweeps of turf with trees standing solitary or in clumps; the Germans like thick-set plantations with a maze of green alleys for riding or walking. After all it is matter of taste; but to an Englishman there is a freshness in the change from the stony clatter of the Linden into the forest of the Thiergarten which is not to be got by passing out of Knightsbridge into Hyde Park.

Such, then, being the city, it is not reasonable to expect too much of its inhabitants. Their environment is not such as would breed instincts of refinement or encourage the growth of the more graceful among the elements which make up a man's character. But there is another reason why it is unfair to criticise social Berlin as unsparingly as material Berlin. Middle-class society there is in a transition stage. The passage from the position of a Residenzstadt to that of an Imperial capital has been too sudden. The people's heads have been turned, and in the present state of ferment

bubble up and down in the cauldron of change, like so many potatoes: you must take the pot off the fire and let the water quiet down before you can see what your boiled potatoes are like. The important fact not to lose sight of is that the process is going on, that there is being evolved out of chaos a plain, unmistakable type. The Parisian has been a type for centuries, John Bull no less; the Berliner is now about to strut a while on the world's stage.

To commence an estimate of the Berliner by deprecating criticism in advance is perhaps ominous, but it is necessary to add one more to the allowances which have preceded. The social tyranny exercised by the Prussian army must not be lost sight of. In England, in France, it is possible to be smart without being an officer. Such a thing is well-nigh impossible in Berlin. The unfortunate civilian, even though he write "officer in reserve" on his card, is after all but second-rate. He has no standard of manners appropriate to his class, to which, as due to his own dignity, he feels it necessary to conform; and worse, as showing how absolutely non-existent is the influence of woman, no chivalrous regard for the other sex to mitigate his behaviour towards his own. To trench on any discussion of the meaning of the word "gentleman" is beside the purpose here, and indeed after Mr. Stevenson's recent fiasco perilous anywhere. But it is safe to say that it connates a body of qualities instantly recognised in the aggregate by any one conversant with good society in any other European nation. Such a social condition is one of the finest products of civilisation, a growth not of one but of many generations, and requiring for its full and proper development the presence of some circumstances at least which are propitious. Such circumstances are woefully absent in the case of the Berliner. Take the absence of any standard of his own; a simple illustration will show how real a blemish it becomes.

The illustration is selected with a full consciousness that it may appear trivial. It is not so; the method is Platonic, for the state is written small in the citizen, and the citizen in the most marked of his characteristics.

As the observant traveller walks through the Berlin streets, or steps into that delightful lounge, the Café Bauer, he is struck by the extraordinary variety of the Berliner's habiliments. No two civilians wear clothes of the same cut; a man's fancy, or rather his outfitter's convenience, takes the place of fashion, with certainly most disappointing results. Berlin would seem to be the repository of all the old garments of Christendom. But variety has an artistic merit? That may be, while it is no less true of certain articles that their sole artistic merit is a proper uniformity; and it is so with the civilised coat. This incongruous variety in civilian costume descends to every article of attire. Now, what is the reason? Simply that a man, if he has not a uniform to sun himself in, does not care what he wears so long as essential comfort and decency are preserved. And as with dress, so with the other outward manifestations of his social character.

Take the habit of drinking. Our own forefathers were no doubt a hard-drinking race: the old furniture of our Oxford common-rooms could tell strange tales; and gentlemen born at the time of the battle of Waterloo acknowledge that the Englishman of their day thought it no disgrace to leave his own table the worse for wine. But we have outgrown the habit. English gentlemen do indeed get drunk in this year of grace; but it is a thing of which when sober they are ashamed, and certainly a man is not proud of being seen in company with a drunken friend. If then it be allowed that in the earlier part of this century there was little to choose between the middle-class Berliner and the middle-class Londoner in the matter of so-

briety, the difference is very striking now. To be bemused with liquor of an evening in Berlin is common, indeed normal with many; to be utterly besotted is not disgraceful. If the grandson be an improvement on his grandfather, the town must seventy years ago have been a town of Falstaffs.

The deficiency in matters of the higher culture are even more glaring. After the funeral of the late Emperor William, a French journalist visited his study in the Palace on the Linden—the room which was his own, the room in which his own tastes had full rein. The journalist was curious to see the literature affected by a man whose name had become historic, and carefully scanned the backs of the few books about. They were all military or official hand-books; of literature properly so-called there was not a single example. No wonder the Frenchman, quick to seize the contrast, recalled the charming room at Sans Souci,—with its panelled walls, its book-cases filled with the choicest works of the best French writers, its music-stand, its window looking not over the busy street but over the far-famed terraces of his own design,—in which the great Frederick spent his leisure hours. The contrast is no less typical than striking. The Emperor William's study reflects the modern spirit of Berlin, a spirit almost entirely military and commercial, in no sense humane. Either commerce or the army possesses the mind in season and out of season; and it is in the intense jealousy of our success in the former that is to be found the secret of the bitter personal hatred which the name of our country excites in Berlin at this moment. It is not a question of Courts, nor of doctors, but of markets. The country is seething with the excitement of commerce on the grand scale, and the feeling is fiercest, as it is most concentrated, in Berlin. This energy in a people is not to be condemned; far from it. The quality is our own, and to it we

owe our success. Nor could any but a mean-spirited nation see year after year numbers ranging from one hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand of its inhabitants pass to strange lands under alien government without striving in some way to find a country for them where they will not be utterly lost to the fatherland. Commercial energy and colonial enterprise are well enough in themselves, the pity is when they become master-passions to the exclusion of all else. The commercial element in England has been termed by an out-spoken fellow-countryman, Philistine. Would that some German Matthew Arnold might arise in Berlin and, braving the thunders of elder and younger Bismarck alike, hold the mirror up to his fellow-citizens. The British Philistine indeed ! Judged by the standard of his German brother he may claim at least a Samaritan's kinship with the chosen people.

But it may be suggested that as Berlin becomes more cosmopolitan, contact with the foreigners who flock to her may smooth away some of the rougher and refine the coarser characteristics of her people. In other words, she may supply the deficiencies in her own civilisation by borrowing from others. This may come about in time, but there is no sign of it at present. The tendency is in fact quite the other way, intensely conservative and national. An imperial edict for instance has recently forbidden the *menu* for the imperial dinner-table to be printed in French—so slight is the regard for the old adage, *De minimis non curat lex*.

Oddly enough we alone of all nations, unpopular as we are, seem to be exerting any influence. Our method is the recognised method to be followed in commercial houses and pursuits. The shops are full of articles which customers are assured are English, and quite in the English fashion, as a positive recommendation. But the general quality of the Berlin Anglo-mania is well illustrated by the following curious

example of it. There is one advantage life there possesses over life here, and it lies in the excellence of their cafés. The café however is not "English," and if a man would cut a figure he must of a morning frequent the Bodegas, which have sprung up avowedly as an English institution over the city. Here he may sit with his friends round a cask and drink what is supposed to be the correct English drink, Sherry, to his heart's content. Thus enthroned, a glass of some vile brandied decoction in his hand, his bosom swells with the feeling that he has crowned his own civilisation by adding to it what is most distinguished in another.

On the whole, then, the most prominent characteristic of the Berliner in his present stage of development, may be said to be a national feeling which is positively blatant, and may easily degenerate into downright Chauvinism. The feeling is a restless one, for there is no man more self-conscious. There is none of the sublime self-confidence of the Briton which forms a favourite subject with the nimble caricaturists across the Channel, the self-confidence which regards the reputation of England as so much funded property, or as one of the phenomena of Nature which are accepted without discussion. The Berliner is constantly seeking to impress a visitor with the importance of himself and of his material surroundings. He plucks you by the sleeve as you pass a building, and asks, "Did you ever see the like?" He has but one epithet to describe institutions, buildings and men: one and all are *kolossal*, *ganz kolossal*. The trait is sufficiently amusing until it is found to be also dangerous. For this restless, feverish temperament, however amusing in an individual, becomes dangerous when discovered to form in the aggregate the character of the capital of a great empire. Paris has for centuries been regarded as the European centre of disturbance, and the reputation has been justly earned. But it has of late fallen from that bad eminence.

True it is still the disturbing centre of France, but the shock to Europe caused by the recent election of General Boulanger is slight compared with that administered by Napoleon's assumption of the imperial crown in 1852.

Berlin is taking the place of Paris. A nation with a centralised government is always exposed to the danger of a too powerful capital. Germany, as a whole, has been until the last two decades a peaceable, non-aggressive power, precisely because there has been no switch-room, as it were, in constant work to connect the system of German States, and the militant spirit of Prussia has not been able to permeate the quieter constitutions of Bavaria and Saxony. That is now changed. Berlin supplies the switch-room; and to the activity of its working the lively state of affairs on the East African coast, at Samoa, and in

the private relations of Count Herbert Bismarck and Sir Robert Morier, afford startling testimony. What the workers of the instrument of government may have in store for Europe in the future can only be conjectured. Sufficient ground for anxiety is the precarious health of the King of Holland. For there is a Greater Holland as well as a Greater Britain, and the bait of the Dutch Colonies in the East, dangled before a people hungry for such food, may well prove irresistible. The military fever and commercial greed, which are at present the stimulating influences in Berlin, have already, on his own confession, forced even Prince Bismarck's hand in East Africa; and the future is dark indeed, if, encountering less resistance in dealing with his successors, these unlovely forces drag the whole Empire behind them on a career of unscrupulous aggression.

THE CUP AND THE CRITIC.

It was the cup that did it; the cup was without doubt enchanted. As now, alas! it is in shivers, I cannot repeat the strange experience of that night, and so confute those of my friends who say that the magic (if any there was) lay in the contents of the cup. I can only, to prove my truth, relate the singular occurrence, point by point, as it happened to me.

The cup then is, or was rather, a beautiful double-handled Athenian drinking-cup of the fifth century before Christ, with an ivy wreath delicately painted round its rim in red and white; the rest of it being of a beautiful lustrous black that in places shone almost laurel-green. It was a cup of considerable size, and I have sometimes indulged my fancy by identifying it with the large cup that Socrates, Agathon, and Aristophanes passed from hand to hand, when the philosopher convinced the two poets that their respective arts of tragedy and comedy were in reality one and the same thing.

The night was (to be accurate) that of the 29th of last December, and I was going to the play. I had dressed and dined in good time, in order to bring a leisurely mind to bear upon this much-canvassed Shakesperian revival. I was lying on a divan in my sitting-room poring over a handsome old book in two stately folio volumes: the same being the Amsterdam edition (1706) of the "Onomasticon" of Julius Pollux. It was open at the nineteenth chapter of the fourth book, "*De Theatro et quæ circa hoc*", and, sometimes laboriously spelling out a few words of the Greek, but more usually resorting to the easy Latin translation of Tiberius Hemsterhuis, I was trying to conjure up for myself pictures of what a play had looked like in the days of

Sophocles. The voucher for my place at the theatre lay across the copious notes at the foot of the Greek and Latin columns: a pink telegram recording the fact that a seat had been taken for me that night at the Lyceum Theatre.

On a stool at my elbow stood the cup, filled, through the generosity of a friend, with real Greek wine of a vintage whose name kindled the imagination. I took it up and, before I drank, I half unconsciously breathed an aspiration over the beaker: "Ah", I said, "I wish it were a Greek tragedy and not an English one that I were to see!" Then I drank, and, as I swallowed the generous wine, there came over me a sudden and startling change. I looked up; everything about me was unaltered and distinct, yet I viewed it with different eyes. The pictures in my room now seemed to me uncouth daubs; my carefully chosen furniture clumsily made, and unutterably barbarous in design. I glanced at the telegram; to my sight it was as clear as ever; I could distinguish between the straight printing and the written character; I knew they were inscriptions; but they were as unintelligible to me as the writing on a Chinese tea-chest. Looking timidly at the book, I realised that the Latin was in the same character as the upright inscription on the pink paper, and, like that, to me meaningless. Turning my eyes a few inches to the right, with a thrill of astonishment at the feat, I read down a column of the Greek as easily as I had read my newspaper that morning.

A sudden knock at my door confused me: my surroundings became dream-like. I dimly think that a gaily-robed youth with laughing eyes entered my room; that we, at his

suggestion, made an exchange of garb, and that we parted hastily, promising soon to meet again. I dimly think that I was hurried for a great distance over or through the earth. I dimly think that, like a gigantic clock being set, time was, for me, put back centuries on centuries. My first clear memory is of a sonorous voice that proclaimed the words, "Sophocles, produce your chorus!" Then everything became distinct, and I found myself seated in a vast and thronged building open to the sky, against which it was bounded by a delicate semicircular colonnade. Above the colonnade, at my back, I could see a bluff of tufted cliff, the foreshortened angle of a marble temple, and the lance and raised arm of a colossal bronze figure. The huge horse-shoe-shaped range of flat marble benches, in which I sat, was thronged by the entire population of a city, and the air vibrated with their animated chatter. Past a moving sea of dark excited faces and vivid rustling draperies, I looked down into the semicircular space where the chorus would presently stand. A wreathed altar, on a base cut into steps, stood in its midst; and, bounding it, was a broad marble walk, on which robed dignitaries, having risen from their carven seats, stood gravely talking or clustered about the chair of a central authority who occupied a raised seat of special distinction.

Directly facing me was the open and now empty stage, stretching across the theatre. At its back was built by way of scenery the façade of a marble temple or palace. From the talk about me I realized that some temporary additions, now being made to this permanent structure, marked the character of the tragedy we were to see. Some pieces of painted scenery, slight and emblematic, but sufficient for the quick-witted Athenians, are being placed about the central entrance; it is whispered that a cavern is intended. The subsidiary doors are masked; it is suggested that the hero will be a lonely deserted man. By

the right-hand entrance is a painting, on which, between cliffs, I can make out a stretch of blue sea and a ship of war at anchor. The lonely hero, then, dwells by the sea-shore or on an island, and those who come to him from a distance (the entry from the right hand denoting this) will have newly landed from ship-board. At the opposite entrance there is no distinguishing sign: the hero, it is evident, has no neighbours. "Is he the Cyclops?" the audience are asking one another—"or perhaps Philoctetes?" A trumpet sounds, proclaiming that the play is about to begin. The dignitaries sink into their cushioned marble seats, the chatter dies into silence, the women being the last to settle the warm Persian wrappings round their dresses and resign themselves to listening.

The theatre is flooded with sunlight, but the air is fresh and clear; it might be cool were we not sheltered from the sea-breeze in which the white clouds drift overhead.

From the right a slow-moving figure has entered and stalks along the stage; his trailing robes conceal the buskins that give him the appearance of more than mortal height. As he turns we recognize, under the head-dress of wolf-skin, the bearded mask in whose lines are carved the craft and indomitable energy of Ulysses. He stands statue-like expecting a second entry, and from the same opening, and past the painted sea, comes another stately figure with the grace of youth upon it, and wearing a mask of perfect manly beauty. "Like Achilles!" the women exclaim.

Ulysses speaks. His first words reveal that he is on the isle of Lemnos, and that his comrade is Neoptolemus, son of Achilles; that here, ten years ago, he abandoned Philoctetes, then with his wounded foot a hindrance to the host sailing against Troy, now pointed to by prophecy as the chosen instrument of Troy's destruction.

Perhaps some infection from the

eager interest shown by the listening thousands about me has its influence, but, almost to my own surprise, these masked and long-robed figures do not strike me with any special sense of unreality. Their appearance is statuesque, but their speech is convincingly life-like. Clear and trenchant ring out the words of Ulysses; the music of the verse being fully given, but in such flexible utterance that no shade of meaning is without its natural emphasis. When Neoptolemus, though submitting himself to the guidance of his crafty commander, pleads that he be not asked to employ fraud against the lonely Philoctetes, there is a thrilling sweetness in his persuasive tones. The gestures that emphasize the speech on both sides are more emphatic for their rarity. The impassive exterior and restrained actions of these masked figures, taken with their fluent and vivid speech, suggests an infinite fineness of breeding. To me there is something almost terrifying about their external quiescence. When Ulysses, on the look out for the retreat of Philoctetes, slowly turning his head glances round the theatre, and, for a moment's space, his impassive gaze seems fixed on me, I hold my breath until it has passed on.

A pact is made; Neoptolemus consents to beguile the hero, and Ulysses retires in the direction of the ship, leaving the son of Achilles in the centre of the stage immersed in thought. The chorus enters, led by the light music of a double flute. In the relaxation of attention at this point, a neighbour, struck with my interest in the drama, tells me that yet better is to come; for Polus, the favourite actor of Sophocles, who has sometimes gained by a single performance a sum that approaches a hundred pounds of English money, is to represent Philoctetes. The chorus I know by their dress and the oars they carry to be sailors; by their place of entrance I learn that they come from the ship of Neoptolemus. Keeping time to the fluting, they enter the central space; not

dancing in our interpretation of the word, but rather performing a piece of drill, which, when completed, has arranged them in a semi-circle facing the stage. Then, with a musical prelude, they begin their strophe, addressing the musing Neoptolemus. He replies to them and they chant again, and, as the dialogue between the orchestra and the stage increases in interest, a strange new feeling takes hold of me. Neoptolemus in addressing the chorus is addressing us all. They speak for me, but I am, I feel, equally his ship-mate, and personally concerned in the forthcoming interview with the forlorn hero. By the rest of the audience this identity of interest is clearly felt; when they can anticipate a phrase of the chorus they lend it the assistance of their voices. The planning of the theatre assists the illusion; a line drawn to divide the stage from the auditorium would leave the chorus in the midst of the spectators.

Expectation quickens as Neoptolemus hears the groans of the approaching Philoctetes, and they become gradually audible to the chorus and to us. The sailors approach the stage, and group themselves in expectant attitudes on the steps surrounding the altar; and on the threshold of the cavern appears Philoctetes.

He wears a quiver of arrows, and carries in his hand the heavy bow bequeathed to him by Hercules, towards the possession of which the wiles of Ulysses are directed. Philoctetes had been left at Lemnos incurably lame, wrapped in a few wretched rags, and had been preserved alive by the possession of this bow, which enabled him by shooting birds and beasts to feed himself and cover his limbs. His representative appears clothed from head to foot in dark-coloured robes, his mask expressing a deep but tranquil sorrow. His hair and beard, though long and wild, are symmetrically arranged, and over his shoulders he wears the dressed hide of a deer, fastened by the skin of the fore-feet

being arranged in a knot on his breast. When he speaks, the interest excited by his pathetic and musical utterance banishes all sense of incongruity in this merely typical costume.

Though he expresses the pity he really feels for the hero's suffering, Neoptolemus continues to carry out the deep-laid plot of Ulysses, a messenger from whom, disguised as a merchant from Peparethos, presently appears to keep him to his resolution. A little later a chance remark from the solitary hero gives Neoptolemus the opportunity to ask if this that Philoctetes holds is indeed the all-powerful bow of Hercules, and if he may be permitted to touch it with his lips as a thing divine. Grateful for his expressed sympathy, but not without reluctance, Philoctetes yields it into his hand.

For a few moments Neoptolemus stands holding the bow, and whilst he retains it the spectators thrill with the knowledge that Philoctetes, unassailable the moment before, is now at the mercy of one in league with his crafty foe—may any moment be seized, and carried whither he would not.

The bow is restored for the time, and, a little later, the torture of his wounded foot overcomes the self-possession of Philoctetes and he laments himself with a strange reiteration of syllables, rising and falling with pathetic and varied notes of anguish. Then, again trustfully resigning his bow into the hands of Neoptolemus, he composes himself to sleep on the steps leading to his cavern. Neoptolemus hesitates, and the chorus discuss with him the several claims of duty to the Grecian host, and of pity towards the suffering hero.

Philoctetes awakes, and realizes, when Ulysses re-appears, in whose toils he has been entangled. Ulysses hurries away. Neoptolemus lest his increasing pity make the scheme miscarry, and Philoctetes retreats in despair into his cavern. Soon the chorus excitedly inform us that Ulysses and Neoptolemus are returning; then they surround the altar, and, climbing

its steps, sit attentive until the play ends. The deepest silence now reigns in the vast theatre: men in front of me stretch their necks towards the stage: in the colonnade far above, those who have not found seats lean forward in clusters from the white pillars.

Neoptolemus, bearing the bow, strides on to the stage, followed by Ulysses who demands the meaning of this sudden return. The meaning is, he will restore the bow obtained by fraud. The two men face one another in attitudes of defiance, and Ulysses handles his sword-hilt; Neoptolemus is equally ready to draw, and bears besides the death-dealing bow of Hercules. Menacing him with the wrath of the Atridae Ulysses retires to bide his time.

In a loud, yet tremulous voice the son of Achilles summons the solitary from his cavern:

But thou, O son of Pœas! Philoctetes!
Come forth again from this thy stony
lair.

The great strange figure of the melancholy hero appears on the cavern's threshold. He shrinks from the friendly protestations of Neoptolemus as a wounded animal does from a proffered touch. He only shakes his head sadly at the offered bow, suspecting a deeper snare. As Neoptolemus presses the weapon upon his acceptance Ulysses again enters, and in solemn language forbids its return. At the sound of his enemy's voice Philoctetes flashes up into fury. He snatches the huge bow, and, fitting a shaft to the string, takes aim at the heart of Ulysses. Seizing his hands Neoptolemus prevents the flight of the arrow until Ulysses has escaped. Then he places his ship and himself at the disposal of Philoctetes in expiation of his previous deceit.

Suddenly, high up on the left side of the scene (the side which denotes kin-ship with Philoctetes), a stately figure appears. We recognize at once the brass-bound club and the lion-skin, the broad kindly mask and the crisp

golden hair and beard: it is Hercules himself. He speaks, and unties the knot of the play. Philoctetes must, for Fate decrees it, proceed to Troy; and there his wound shall find healing. Then, having spoken, he disappears, and Philoctetes wends his way with Neoptolemus to the ship. They being gone, the seamen descend the altar-steps, and, invoking prosperity on the voyage, depart in order to the music of the flute. The theatre buzzed again with chatter about me as I sat in my place musing and entranced.

At last there came upon me a dimness that was not sleep. When it cleared, I found myself in my own dressing-room, exchanging my Greek attire for a comfortable costume of dressing-gown and slippers.

A burst of ringing laughter made me turn my head, and I saw a handsome youth in my evening-dress making antics at his reflection in a looking-glass. He made strange sounds like a crowing cock, putting his arms a-kimbo, flapping with his elbows, and lifting up the tails of his coat. Then he cried out with another explosion of laughter: "Only a mask with a beak to it, and I could go on as Swallow in the chorus of 'The Birds'!" Then, turning to me, he exclaimed: "Ah! my clothes, let me get out of these tight things!" "Do", I said; "you will find me in the next room". He followed me thither presently, and began to talk volubly, sometimes appealing to me for explanations, seldom giving me the opportunity to make them.

"I took the pink paper", he said, "and went and sat where they put me, and wondered that any one should come for amusement to a place that was at once so dazzling and so close. Then I tried to understand the bearings of the theatre; where was the altar—where was the scene? I noticed presently a row of about fifty little altars, and then began to comprehend. It's for the same reason, is it not, that you have fifty harp-players instead of one? Well, there was a young man sitting

next to me, who talked in an abrupt manner, but was kind, very kind. So I asked him where the orchestra was. He thought I had said the musicians, for he pointed out the fifty harp-players, who were obvious enough and fit to deafen a man. I said that I wanted to know where the orchestra was, where the chorus would perform. 'Oh', answered he, 'the chorus! this is not a burlesque—at least it is not meant to be one'. Then he laughed, took out his stylus, and registered a vow on his linen bracelet. Asking what a 'burlesque' might be, I discovered that he meant a comedy. 'Well', I said, 'I have seen one comedy' (I meant 'The Plutus') 'without a chorus, but never a tragedy'. That was rather hard on him, but he was quite kind and went on to explain that a great cloth in front of us would be taken away, and then we should see the scene. For he was a pleasant young man, though he mixed things up very much, and called the scene the stage, and the proscenium the scene, and something else the proscenium. All this time I was hoping the fifty harp-players would stop making my head ache, and wondering whether the play would be like anything I had seen before, or quite a thing by itself.

"Well, soon it began, and when I could see, for the scene was rather dark, I recognized 'The Eumenides'. But there were curious noises going on, and unpleasant flashing lights, and strips of bad painting left hanging about everywhere, and I had to get my friend to explain what these things were supposed to mean. 'But', I whispered, 'when we want to represent thunder, we roll a bladder with pebbles in it on a sheet of copper under the scene, and then every one understands'. He seemed hurt, and said, 'Yes, but this is realistically mounted'. I did not agree, but to soothe him I said that realistic mounting was very nice and very intelligible too, when you had some one to explain it to you. But they changed it all very soon, and began playing part of

another play. Hippolytus was brought in wounded on a litter, and Theseus and his attendants came to meet him; but after that I could not follow. Soon, however, there was a change back to 'The Eumenides,' and I asked my neighbour when the chief actor was coming. 'Here he is', said he, 'and he's very nervous'. And what had the poor man done in his nervousness? You won't believe me, but he had—he *had come on without his mask!* I was so sorry for him, and he acted quite beautifully, and didn't seem to know that he had forgotten it. Poor fellow, he made such efforts to bring his voice out clearly, all the while thinking the audience were looking at a beautiful tranquil mask, whilst really they could see his naked face. I felt so ashamed that I could hardly look at him.

"When the acting stopped we went out into the portico. I asked my friend by what strange chance the hero of the play, (your Northern names are so difficult, let me call him Maikabuthos), was represented without a mask. He stared, in his usual way, and then said abruptly, 'This isn't a pantomime! at least—' he smiled, and again registered a vow on his bracelet, while I asked, 'What is a pantomime?' I think he was tired of my questions, for he answered: 'I'll find you a man who can tell you all about that, if you'll give me your name'. 'Pheidipides', said I, and he introduced to me a gentleman of the name of Mr. Ariston, or something like that, for he cut things very short, calling me Mr. Phipps.

"Ariston, who was I think a Persian, began explaining to me a pantomime that he was producing. When he said the chorus were birds I understood at once, a pantomime was a comedy—you have so many words here for one thing. Ariston had mixed up some of 'The Medea' with 'The Birds' in his pantomime, for he told me there were two children killed in it—it is difficult for a simple Athenian to follow all the subtleties of your humour.

Then Ariston surprised me by saying that I had just built a theatre, and done it very quickly too, and he congratulated me. If you build a theatre quickly I suppose it need not take more than a hundred years to do; but then I am only twenty-two, and we think it no compliment to be thought much older than we are. However Ariston so evidently meant to be kind, that I went on to ask him about the mask; and I said I supposed that Maikabuthos was so powerful in politics that the modellers were afraid to copy his features. Ariston shook his head, and said Maikabuthos wasn't alive now. He was a little puzzled when I asked how long ago he had lived, and, consulting a piece of paper, mentioned some measurement of time that I did not understand. I asked how many Olympiads that was, but I had to bid Ariston good-bye and go into the theatre again before I had explained that an Olympiad was not an exhibition of children's toys.

"It was a perplexing play! In Athens we like things simple and distinct; we should have made it into three plays—Maikabuthos and the Furies: Maikabuthos King: and Maikabuthos Distracted. Then we should have had a little satyric play about Maikabuthos, and all the fun in a lump at the end. But here the fun was cropping up all through, when one least expected it. Once he played Agamemnon quite seriously: Clytemnestra sent a herald to say she was sick or dying, and her slaves brought the fatal entangling robe to beguile him. Suddenly, when expectation was at its height, he turned it all into fun, struck the slaves with the robe, threw it down, made a joke and ran away. He deceived me again with a parody on 'The Ajax'. He came in most pathetically to make a speech over his sword and fall on it, and then—made a joke and said he wouldn't! It makes me feel extremely simple when I cannot appreciate your subtle sense of humour."

I was too much aghast at this extraordinary view of the acting of our

great tragedian to do more than hazard an inquiry as to what my friend thought of the decoration of the play.

"They said it was not magic!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no", said I; "but was it not marvellous?"

"That they should take so much trouble? Yes", he replied, and fell into a fit of musing.

Suddenly he looked up: "It was really a woman?" he asked. I assenting, he inquired, "Who taught her all that?"

"Herself, I fancy", said I, and he murmured, "Wonderful, wonderful! With us they can dance in comedy and play the flute—no more!"

He was silent. "You were thinking—?" I inquired after a pause.

"Of my favourite play", he returned; 'The Andromeda' of Euripides: how would she be in that? You remember when Perseus finds her—

O virgin girl! like to a goddess shaped,
Like to a galley anchored to a rock.

And how, addressing him continually as 'Stranger', she appeals to his pity; and again—

Take me away, and I will follow you;
Slave, if you will; or, if you will, your
wife.

He continued quoting snatches of the play until his eye fell on the Greek cup. "There", said he, "is something to drink a health to her in. Give me wine!"

I passed him the whisky, and as he was filling the cup I suggested an addition of water. "No, no!" he exclaimed. "At this hour of the night, and to her, unmixed wine!"

He raised the cup and took a long draught. When he had swallowed it he cried out, "Pluto! What fire you drink!" The cup fell from his hand, and shivered splashing against the grate: a leaping blue flame sprang up from the remains of the spirit. "See!" he exclaimed, "Fire! fire!"

The spell was broken with the cup. He was fading from my sight, or I was sinking into oblivion. For one moment more I saw his face, clear and serious: "Farewell", he said; "I shall send him the best mask that Athens can devise".

H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

A TURKISH DEMOCRAT.

FLAUBERT once confessed to the brothers de Goncourt his desire to write on the modern Turk, the Oriental in the garb of western civilization; *l'Orient en habit noir*. The strong contrasts of the subject fascinated him; the crude mixture of jarring notions, the fantastic exchanges between East and West. His fancy drew pictures of the Turk in Paris, in Constantinople, on the Nile; the Pasha in French boots and Parisian clothes on a steamer's deck; below, his wives, his eunuchs, the atmosphere of the unchanging East.

Since that evening's talk—it was in 1862—strange things have befallen the Turk. "Young Turkey" has played its game and lost. The old forces have proved too strong for the new. Midhat, the "Reformer", has perished miserably in his Arabian exile: the Turkish Parliament is no more; and if the Franco-Turk provoked a smile, what shall we say of the Parisian journalist on pilgrimage to the Mahdi—a meet antithesis for Flaubert's pen!

The genius of the East does not work by violence alone, though such outbreaks of fanaticism as are now convulsing Central Africa are likely to make us forget that there is also a force latent in its ancient social order which is ever recalling its wayward sons to its bosom. A strange instance of this natural reversion is presented by the life of the late Governor of Chios, Kemal Bey, "the most learned of the Ottomans", to whose memory the Sultan has just decreed a mausoleum of extraordinary splendour, who enjoyed to the last the favour and protection of the Padishah, and earned the bitterest hatred of the Greek community in the Levant.

Some nineteen years ago there was in the Haymarket a café, or rather

Turkish Divan, kept by an Armenian named Marcosoff. It was the favourite resort of the best class of Oriental in London, and every night Turks from Constantinople and Smyrna, Egyptians from Cairo and Alexandria, Armenians and Greeks from the Levant, might be seen squatted on the divans round the well-lit room, smoking and sipping their coffee, happy in having exchanged for a time the bustle and hurry of the West for something approaching the dignified repose of an evening in Stamboul.

Separated from the outer saloon by heavy Persian curtains was a smaller room, reserved for more distinguished guests. On one side were generally to be seen some young officers of the Turkish Navy, then temporarily attached to the British Service. On the opposite divan were nightly seated a group of a very different character, between whom and the officers there was no communication beyond the salutations which custom demands, even between strangers, in the East. One was a noble-looking Turk, tall and stately, obviously the son of a beautiful Circassian, and therefore, by inference, of a Pasha of rank. Next him sat a thin, yellow-faced man, a good specimen of the Civil Servant of modern Turkey. He had been *Kiateep*, or secretary to a minister. This was Agiach Efendi, then an exile from his country, but not without hopes of returning in honour to the land of the faithful. But the most remarkable of the group was a square-built powerful man whose fair hair, blue eyes and broad forehead showed at all points the true Albanian type, while his rapid and incisive talk, nervous animated gestures, mobile features and sarcastic smile were in strong contrast to the staid and dignified demeanour of his friends. But even

they caught the infection of his enthusiasm, and as the torrent of his speech became more vehement their eyes flashed and glittered, and their words and gestures of assent grew more emphatic.

The speaker was Kemal Bey, a stern and unbending Moslem, a zealous patriot, poet, historian, conspirator, and democrat.

It is difficult to imagine any given set of circumstances, elsewhere than in modern Turkey, by which such a mass of contradictions could be produced. He was the son of an Albanian Pasha by a Greek wife; but, like so many of his countrymen of foreign blood, he soon became even more of a Turk than the Turks themselves. An eager student of Arabic and Turkish literature, he early distinguished himself both in prose and verse. But his patriotic zeal was by no means satisfied by these successes, and he conceived the idea of reviving the national spirit by writing a history of the Ottoman empire. Partly with this purpose he studied French, and was at once attracted by the writers of the period preceding and contemporary with the French Revolution. In their theories he fancied he saw the means of accomplishing the object nearest to his heart, the restoration of the Ottoman power; and with all the fierce energy of his character he threw himself into the schemes of the "Young Turkish" party, who during the last troubled years of Abdul Aziz openly advocated the creation of a Parliament, the establishment of a Constitutional Government, and, in their phrase, the liberation of Turkey. The name most familiar to English readers in connection with the movement was that of Midhat Pasha; but its most active and untiring advocate was the fierce democrat, Kemal Bey. He soon gained a strong party of adherents among the Softas of Constantinople, and so obtained for the movement the sanction of the strongest and most united body of religious opinion in the Empire. The fears of the Palace were aroused, and before

long he was forced to fly from Turkey. But the movement found supporters elsewhere. Ambitious satraps fancied they saw their opportunity in the embarrassments of the Sultan, and Kemal and his friend came to London, where they remained in receipt of handsome allowances from the Khedive Ismail, who possibly thought that he might obtain as a constitutional sovereign what Mehemet Ali sought by force of arms—the reversion of the Sultanate. Kemal, at any rate, was not an unprofitable servant. He was in constant communication with the party in Turkey, not only in Constantinople, but in Broussa, Coniah, and Damascus. To him was confided the direction of a newspaper, which was printed on thin paper, enclosed in envelopes as a letter, and forwarded to all parts of the Sultan's dominions. Kemal himself wrote most of the sheet.

It may be interesting to quote from a number published three years before the death of Abdul Aziz the words of the man who found a *locus penitentie* with Abdul Hamid. "Men of Turkey, Christians and Mussulmans, how long will you sleep under the shadow of slavery?"—thus the article begins—"Rise," it continues, "rise against the great tyrant, the father of all the petty tyrants who seek your blood; fire and steel alone will give you liberty". All the later numbers were couched in this vein; and it must be remembered that at that time the Sultan was in dire straits, bankrupt, beset by enemies, Bosnia and Herzegovina in revolt, Constantinople threatening revolution. Kemal's seed fell on good ground.

When not busy with correspondence, or editing the paper, Kemal worked at his history of the Ottoman Empire, or read his favourite French jurists; and from time to time superintended the proofs of a new edition of the Koran which was being printed for the Khedive in London. But every evening saw him at the divan in the Haymarket.

An Armenian who was in their secrets often made one of the party. Him Kemal would sometimes take home with him to a fine old house which he had rented in Soho and fitted up in Oriental fashion. There they would sit for hours, talking of the coming liberation of Turkey.

One night Kemal was much excited. "When will the great day come?" he cried. "Never, never until we have set aside the Great Tyrant! He must go; he must be made to commit suicide". "But", said his friend, "how is that possible?" Kemal laughed. "Why", he said, "we will order one of his eunuchs to do it for him,—you understand?—and then we will erect a great Capitolium in Stamboul where all nations of the empire may meet in council. We will have no more Sultans—Law shall be our ruler!" "These are dreams", said his friend. "Wait, and you will see", replied Kemal.

A brief space of time saw these dreams in a measure fulfilled. The three Turks were recalled to Constantinople, where Kemal remained in daily communication with the leaders of the young Turkish party, and concerted with Midhat the measures to be taken; and—strange accomplishment of Kemal's words—Abdul Aziz was found one morning by his eunuchs, bleeding to death. The Sultan, it was announced, had committed suicide by cutting his veins with scissors. The Ottoman Empire had its Parliament and Constitution, liberty of the subject was guaranteed, the Press was to be free, Mussulman and Christian were to be equal; the Reign of Law was to begin, and the victory of the reformers seemed complete.

But their triumph was short-lived. Murad the Fifth was deposed, Abdul Hamid came to the throne, and amid the shock of war and the fierce antagonism to all Western notions which it evoked the Turkish Constitution disappeared, and with it most of the leaders of the Young Turkish party. Midhat Pasha was banished to

Arabia, where in due course he died; the old order proved too strong for him in the end, and by a poetical retribution the fatal cup of coffee was drunk hard by the birthplace of Mahomet. But Kemal was more fortunate than his associates. Partly by his reputation as a zealous Ottoman, if not a very loyal subject, partly by the fame of his literary attainments, so rare in a Turk, but mainly by the attraction of his vigorous personality, he gained the favour and indulgence of the Sultan. After a brief exile to Coniah, he was recalled, and appointed governor of the island of Lesbos.

Great was the satisfaction of the islanders when the news of the appointment reached Mitylene. The population was mostly Greek, and therefore in permanent opposition to the usual type of Turkish governor. But now the Padishah had been pleased to appoint the enlightened, the liberal, the learned Kemal, the enemy of despots, the framer of constitutions. Happy Lesbos! There were processions to meet the governor, illuminations, congratulations, general rejoicings.

They were brief enough. The practical failure of his theories of government, and the humiliation of Islam by the Muscovite, had wrought a total change in the mind of the former democrat. All thoughts of progress and reform were abandoned; his enthusiasm for the Ottoman Empire had taken the form of a sullen hatred of the Christian, and devotion to what he supposed to be the interests of the Sultan. Machiavel, not Montesquieu, might have furnished the precepts for his conduct as a governor in the Levant; the "Prince" henceforth was his master; the people his slaves. Such at least was his theory. But fortunately for his subjects, capitulations, treaties, and grants from different Sultans, backed by the jealous eyes of foreign consuls, have secured the inhabitants of the Archipelago from the most serious forms of oppression, though Kemal, flitting from island to

island like an evil spirit troubling the waters, contrived to cause suffering and loss to more than one helpless community.

At Lesbos he soon demanded that the Greek manufacturers and merchants should pay taxes and dues on their goods and shops from which they were exempted by the capitulations. When payment was refused, Kemal sent his zaptiehs to close the factories and shut up the warehouses "until the matter should be decided". Then by ingenious delays he put off the day of appeal until many of the unfortunate suitors were ruined.

Next, in his literary character, he began to inspect the schools. These, like all other Greek schools of the empire, are under the control of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, who is himself responsible to the Sultan for the loyalty and propriety of the teaching. *Timeo Danaos* had become a part of Kemal's creed, and he soon announced that the books used were disloyal, subversive of the Sultan's authority and wholly abominable, and forbade them to be read. This produced appeals to the Patriarch, who complained to the Sultan. Kemal was requested to moderate his zeal. But he gained his point ingeniously enough, so far as the future was concerned, by stopping the importation of all books, except such as he approved of, into the island.

Since the days of Sultan Medjid, besides the Court of the Cadi there has been in these islands a mixed court, in which the leading Christian inhabitants, Mukhtars as they are called, sit as assessors. Kemal disliked this compromise and, being himself the supreme executive authority, he refused to act on the decision of the mixed court—Let the people go before the Cadi, and be judged according to the teachings of the Koran; what more could they want? To the Cadi they must go to get justice; if not, they might go without. The question of divorce next engaged the governor's attention. For generations

the Greeks have been allowed to refer such cases to bishops appointed by the Patriarch. Kemal put a stop to this: they must submit their domestic differences to the Cadi; if not, let them come before him. He would judge them quite as well as the bishops.

A shoal of petitions to the obdurate governor was the result of these two edicts. But Kemal was equal to the emergency, and returned them all for translation into Turkish (!) at the same time announcing that all public documents and business-papers were henceforth to be drafted in that language. This caused so much inconvenience that not only Greeks but Turks complained at Constantinople. Kemal was then removed from Lesbos, but soon after he was transferred to Rhodes, as governor of that and numerous smaller islands on the Carian coast.

After taking possession in state of his *konak* and receiving the visits of the leading men of the island, the governor decided to make a progress round the various dependencies of his district. Most of these are small rocky islets inhabited by poor, hard-working fisher-folk. One of the most considerable is the island of Symæ, off the Carian coast, the population of which, like that of Calymnus near Chios, is mostly engaged in sponge-fishing, one of the most ancient industries of the Levant. These poor people have been protected from the exactions of the governors ever since the days of Sultan Suleiman the Second, who, in return for the voluntary submission of the island, granted them permission to fish for sponges free of taxes in any part of the Archipelago, and fixed their tribute for ever at the sum of ninety-six thousand *achtchi*, or farthings, with a yearly contribution of forty piastres to maintain the illumination of a mosque in Rhodes. Since the days of Suleiman the Turkish governors have respected the privileges so granted. Kemal crushed them at once. Sailing from island to island he levied fines and laid on taxes,

and at Symæ demanded an increased tribute and a fixed sum of twenty pounds per boat from the fishers. The islanders would not pay; but Kemal was not to be baffled. It was in the height of summer, and the scanty stock of water on the island was exhausted, making it necessary to send for it to the mainland. Kemal left a couple of gunboats to blockade the island, and after much suffering the poor people agreed to let themselves be plundered.

Proud of his success the governor landed to receive their submission. But in doing so he found himself in an awkward position. He had subdued the spirit of the men, but nothing could appease the resentment of their wives. Now the Turk, in his own way, is a respecter of woman. When the pay of the troops at Constantinople has been long in arrears, their wives will go in a body to the treasury and besiege it with threats and imprecations, and such an invasion will often wring a few thousands from the Porte when other means have failed. Mr. Kinglake's readers may remember how the flying Turks at Balaklava submitted meekly to the blows of an angry Scotchwoman of the camp. Kemal fared no better. The angry ladies of Symæ poured volleys of stones on the heads of the governor and his escort; dignity or forbearance forbade reprisals, and Kemal, sorely battered, retreated to his barge. Nevertheless the taxes were exacted, and the people for the most part deserted the island.

The zealous governor then began to raise new imposts in Rhodes. There his exactions created such resentment that advantage was taken of some outrages committed by his authority upon British subjects to demand his removal. It was impossible for the Porte to resist. But the Sultan still remained his friend. Chios, the loveliest and richest island of the Ægean was placed under his command, although the supreme control of the Archipelago, formerly attached to the government

of that island, was prudently withheld from Kemal and transferred to Rhodes.

The population of Chios consists for the most part of busy and thriving Greeks. Wine, oranges, citron and other fruit are produced in great quantities, and the farmers and merchants are in a measure protected by the Capitulations from the caprice or tyranny of their governors.

Kemal's temper was not sweetened by his discomfiture at Rhodes. Presents of fruit and flowers were offered by the people, according to Eastern custom, when the official welcome to the island was over. "These are bribes", said Kemal, and he ordered the offerings to be flung into the street. But the governor's health was not so robust as formerly, and for a time the Chiotess were allowed to hope for immunity from his persecutions. Shutting himself up in the *konak* he devoted himself with much ostentation to literature. In dress he was a model of the Eastern poet; his hair, still thick and yellow, fell in curls upon his shoulders; his beard reached to his waist.

Rumours of his studies soon reached Stamboul, and caused almost as much anxiety as his heroic administration, for alone with his books Kemal had always a tendency to return to his early convictions. It was said that a large sum was given him to refrain from publishing. But it was not in his nature to remain long inactive. A document couched in the most insulting terms was sent to every Greek in the island to be filled in and returned to Kemal, with heavy penalties for omitting to answer any of the questions contained in it. He then made a raid on his old opponents the sponge-fishers, who were doing a thriving trade at Calymnus, imposed taxes, exacted payment for licences, and hauled down the Greek flag on four vessels, making prisoners of the crew. The last affair almost rose to the dignity of an international question. The Greek Government pressed the Porte for reparation,

and it was not until the Sultan had made ample apologies, and presented King George with the order of the Medjidieh, that harmony was restored.

Kemal was once more forgiven. But he had been ailing for some months, and the news of the settlement had hardly reached Chios when the governor died in his own house of apoplexy. The death of so good an Osmanli made a great impression throughout Turkey. Whatever might have been his early failings it was agreed by all good Mussulmans that latterly he had been a true disciple of Mahomet and a zealous servant of the Padishah.

At the first view the story of such a life may seem like paradox. That Kemal's democratic aspirations should be translated into such rigorous despotism in practice might well be attributed to want of balance, or the caprice attendant on sudden elevation to power. But it seems to admit of a simpler and more scientific explanation. "Nothing is more remarkable", says Sir Henry Maine, "in respect of the progressive societies, than their extreme fewness. In spite of overwhelming evidence it is most difficult for a citizen of western Europe to

bring thoroughly home to himself the truth that the civilization which surrounds him is a rare fact in the history of the world". It may be, as the same authority maintains, that the difference between the stationary and progressive societies is one of the great secrets which inquiry has yet to penetrate. But the fact of the difference is undeniable. Now the Orientals are among the stationary races, and Kemal's life is but an illustration of the failure of ideas belonging to progressive societies to penetrate the crust of custom and strike true root in an uncongenial soil. The individual cannot escape from his country's past. Soon or late it claims its own. In the battle in Kemal's life between democratic conviction and despotic tradition, we become aware once more of the eternal conflict between the stationary and progressive races, the brooding East and the triumphant West, the conscious will, and the Unknown (*das Unbewusste*) which fatally limits and controls it. And this it is which forms the appropriate background for the incidents which we have attempted to narrate, and lends them an interest greater than their own.

C. J. CORNISH.

THE GREAT DOG-SUPERSTITION.

No person can give a careful and loving study to animal life for a long period, without meeting with species exhibiting aptitudes of which a great deal might be made in a domestic state, and which, together with their beauty and cleanly habits, seem specially to fit them for companionship with man in a greater degree than those which we now possess. For it is an undoubted fact that some animals are more intelligent than others, slight differences in this respect being perceptible even among the species of a single group or genus. We measure the animal mind by ours; and looking down from the summit of our mountain the earth beneath us at first seems level; but it is not quite level, as we are able to see by regarding it attentively. Even more important are the differences in temper, ranging from the morose and truculent to the placable and sweet; more important, because compared with this diversity in disposition that which we find in intelligence is very small. There are also animals solitary by nature, and almost or quite incapable of any attachment excepting that of the sexes; while others are gregarious or social, and able not only to form attachments among themselves, but also with those of other species, and, when domesticated, with man. There is a third matter, and this is doubtless the most important of all, to be considered when weighing the comparative advantages of different kinds, namely, the habits, or instincts, which change so slowly that they are practically immutable, even in altered conditions, and which, in the domesticated or pet animal, according to their character may prove a source of pleasure and profit to man, or, on the contrary, a perpetual annoyance and trouble. When our progenitors far back in time tamed the animals we now possess, it cannot

be supposed that they expended much thought on such considerations as these: probably chance determined everything for them, and they took and tamed the animals which came first to hand, or which promised to be most useful to them, either as food or in assisting them to procure food. If they were barbarians they would think little of beauty, little of the small differences in intelligence, and of the much greater differences in disposition, and, naturally, nothing at all about certain instincts in some animals which would become increasingly repugnant to man in a civilized state.

We have the dog so constantly with us; the grand result of centuries of artificial selection and training is so patent to every one, that we have actually come to look on this animal as by nature superior in mental endowment, genial qualities, and general adoptiveness to all others. Yet the qualities which make the dog valuable to us now formed no part of its original character; it is valuable chiefly for its various instinctive tendencies, and these are a later growth and purely the result of individual spontaneous variations, and of man's unconscious selection. The dog's affection for his master—the anxiety to be constantly with and to be noticed and caressed by him, the impatience at his absence and grief at his loss, and the courage to defend him and his house and his belongings from strangers—this affection of which we are accustomed to think so highly, regarding it as something unique in Nature, is in reality a very small and a very low thing; and by low is here meant common in the animal world, for it exists in a great many, probably in a large majority, of mammalian brains in every order and every family. Nor is it confined to mammalians. The duck does not occupy a distinguished

place in the scale of being, and the lame duck that attached itself to Mr. Caxton, and affectionately followed him up and down in his walk, might seem an exceptionally gifted bird to those who know little of animal life. It is of course here assumed that Bulwer did not invent the lame duck : a peacock or bird of paradise, with all its organs complete, would have suited his fancy better. Probably the incident—for such incidents are very common—was told to him as true, and thinking that it would give a touch of reality and homely pathos to the description of Mr. Caxton's mild and lovable character he introduced it into his novel. A friend of the writer owned a duck far more worthy of admiration than Bulwer's immortal bird. This was not a domestic duck, but a teal, which he brought down with his gun slightly wounded in the wing, and feeling all at once a strange compassion for it, he tied it up in a handkerchief and carried it to his home in the suburbs of a large town. The captive was turned into a court-yard and its wants attended to ; it soon grew accustomed to its new mode of existence, and furthermore became strongly attached to all the members of the family, seeking for them in the rooms when it felt lonely, and always exhibiting distress of mind and anger in the presence of strangers. When a cat or dog was fondled in its presence it would run to the spot, administer a few vindictive blows to the animal with its soft bill, and solicit a caress for itself. The most curious thing in its history was that it took a special liking to its captor, and singled him out for its most marked attentions. When he went away to business in the morning the teal would accompany him to the street-door to see him off, returning afterwards contentedly to the yard ; and in the afternoon it would again repair to the door, always left open, and standing composedly on the middle of the step wait its master's return,—for this teal took count of time. If, while it stood there watching

the road, a stranger came in, it would open its beak and hiss and strike at his legs, showing as much suspicion and "sense of proprietorship" as a dog does when it barks and snaps at a visitor. Its owner's arrival would be greeted with demonstrations of affection and joy, and following him into the house it would spend an hour or two very happily if allowed to sit on his feet, or nestling close against them on the hearthrug.

The behaviour of this poor teal might seem a great thing, but it amounts to very little after all ; the memory that all animals have, and perhaps a little judgment—the "small dose of reason" which Huber found that even insects possessed,—and attachment to the beings it was accustomed to see and associate with, and who attended to all its wants and gently caressed it. In the matter of the affections it has no advantage even over Darwin's celebrated snail. No doubt the self-sacrificing snail proved too much for Darwin's argument, as Professor Mivart has pointed out ; fortunately the case of the teal, which can be substantiated, does not prove too much for the argument contained in this article. To be astonished at the display of such faculties and affections in a bird so low down in the scale would show ignorance of Nature. And there is no doubt that most men are very ignorant about her ; so ignorant that if the teal had the place in our life which belongs to the dog, and had been with us for centuries, a companion and pet in our houses to the exclusion of other kinds, we should now believe that it surpassed all other creatures in human-like feelings ; our periodicals would teem with anecdotes of its marvellous intelligence ; innumerable books would be written on the subject, and the psychological biologists would put it next to man in their systems, one step below him on the throne of life, and far above the general herd of animals.

It is a fact, that might well stagger belief in the dog's superior intellect,

that mammalians as low down as rats and mice when properly treated and trained make attached and intelligent pets; and that a mouse, or a sparrow, or a snake, or even a creature so small and far down in the organic scale as a flea, may be taught, without very great difficulty, to perform tricks which, if performed by a dog, would be pronounced very clever indeed. Most people who witness the pretty performances of small mammals, birds and insects (which are usually up to the level of the dog's performances seen at the music-halls) probably think, if they think anything at all about the matter, that the exhibitor in such cases is the possessor of a mysterious kind of talent by means of which he is able to make these small creatures come for a few moments out of the instinctive groove they move in to do the things he wishes, much as little toy ducks and swans, which are hollow inside, are made to swim round in a basin of water after a stick of loadstone; only in the case of the exhibitor of animals the loadstone is hidden from the spectators. His trick, or mysterious talent, consists in the knowledge that the animal he wishes to train is not a little hollow duck or automaton, but that it has faculties corresponding to the lower psychical faculties in man, and that by the exercise of considerable patience it may be made, when the stimulus is applied, to repeat again and again a few actions in the same order. The question which concerns us to know is, has the dose of reason, or have these lower psychical faculties in the dog been so greatly developed during its long companionship with man as to raise it a great deal nearer to man's level, and place a great gulf between its mind and that of the pig or the crow? The gulf exists only in our imagination, and the "development" is a fairy-tale, of which Science was probably not the original author, but which she has thought proper to include, somewhat amplified and with new illustrations, in the recent edi-

tions of her collected works. The dog, taken directly from a wild life, if taken young, will be tame and understand and obey his master—numerous instances are on record—and if patiently trained will perform tricks just as wonderful as those that were related to an astonished audience at the late meeting of the British Association by a well-known writer and authority on zoological science. And in the mammalian division there are hundreds of species, some higher, some lower than the dog, which may be taught the same things, or other things equally wonderful. These greatly vaunted performances of the dog only prove that its mind is, and ever will be, what it was when, thousands of years ago, some compassionate woman took the pup her owner threw into her arms, and reared it, suckling it perhaps at her own breast; and when in after days it followed at the heels of its savage master and astonished him by assisting in the capture of his quarry.

It is not, then, the dog's intelligence, which is less than that of many other species, and is non-progressive in spite of all that training and selection can do, which makes it valuable to us. Nor has it any advantage over other species in those qualities of affection, fidelity, and good temper about which we hear so much rapturous language; for these things are lower down than reason and exist throughout the mammalian world, in animals high and low, little and big, from the harvest mouse to the hippopotamus. The dog is more valuable to us than other species because we have got him. We inherited him and were thereby saved a large amount of trouble. He is tame; the others are wild. His intellect is small and stationary, but his structure is variable, and, more important still, so are his instincts; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that new propensities, which often prove hereditary, and which by selection and training may be fixed and strengthened until they are made to resemble instincts,

are of frequent occurrence in him. The more or less settled propensities in our domestic animals, originating in the domestic state, are no doubt in one sense instincts, since they are of the nature of instinct and its beginnings; but the difference between them and the true natural instinct, which has had incalculable time to crystallize in, is greater than can be expressed. The last is the rock and eternal; the others are snow-flakes, formed in a moment, that settle and show white, and even before our sight is withdrawn melt away and vanish. This same variability, or habit of varying, is in some vague way taken as a proof of versatility; hence one reason of the popular notion that the dog is so vastly superior to other four-footed creatures. If a dog could be taught to turn a spit, find truffles, save a man from drowning or from perishing in a snow-drift, point out a partridge, retrieve a wounded duck, kill twenty rats in as many seconds, and herd a flock of sheep, then it would indeed be an animal to marvel at. These are special instincts or incipient instincts, and to bestow such epithets as "generous" and "noble" on a dog for pulling a drowning man out of the water, or scratching him out of a snow-drift, is fully as irrational as it would be to call the swallow and cuckoo intrepid explorers of the Dark Continent, or to praise the hive-bees of the working cast for their chastity, loyalty, and patriotism, and for their profound knowledge of chemistry and the higher mathematics, as shown in their works. Cross the dogs and these various propensities, which being useful to man and not to the animals themselves are preserved artificially, fade away and disappear, and from moving artificially apart in twenty different grooves the animals all revert to the one old simple groove in which they were first found by man. This much may then be said in favour of the dog: he is plastic. The plasticity is probably due to domestication, to the variety of conditions to which he is subjected as man's com-

panion in all regions of the globe, the selection which separates and preserves new varieties as they arise, and the crossing again of widely-separated breeds. This is a question which will never be settled. That he is plastic must be our excuse for determining to make the most we can of him to the complete exclusion of all other species, which might or might not prove plastic in the same degree. The fowl and pigeon are plastic, while the goose, guinea-fowl, pheasant and peacock vary little or not at all. Nature may have better things than the dog, but we cannot guess her secrets, and to find them out by experiment would take a very long time. A bird in the hand, any bird, even a cock-sparrow, is better than all the birds of paradise that are in the bush. The other animals will serve us for sport while they last; and when they are gone we shall be gone too, and deaf to whatever unkind things our posterity may say of us. The dog is with us, esteemed above all brutes, our favourite, and we shall give him no cause for jealousy.

If we had him not, if we had never had him or had forgotten his memory, and were to go out again to select a friend and companion from the beasts of the field, the wild dog would be passed by without a thought. There is nothing in him to attract, but on the contrary much to repel. In a state of nature he is an animal of disgusting habits, with a vulture-like preference for dead and decomposing meat. Cowardly he also is, yet when unopposed displays a bloodthirstiness almost without a parallel among true beasts of prey. Nor does he possess any compensating beauty or sagacity, and compared with many carnivores he is neither sharp-sighted nor fleet of foot. Some keen genealogist might be tempted to ask, Which wild dog is here meant? He may follow his fancy and choose his own wild dog—jackal, dhole, baunsuah, wolf; or take them all, and even include the coyote, as Darwin did. The multiple origin

of the domestic dog is by no means an improbable theory; but it is also highly probable that the jackal had by far the largest share in his parentage. There are also reasons for believing that most of the wild dogs, including the dingo, have sprung from tame breeds; and, as a fact, the wild dogs with which the writer is most familiar are known to be the descendants of domestic animals which ran away from their masters and adopted a feral life.

Out of this same coarse material man, unconsciously imitating Nature's method, has fashioned his favourite; or rather, since the dog has become so divergent in his keeping, his large group of favourites, with their various forms and propensities. Only now, too late by some thousands of years, he is able to see that it was a mistake to go so low in the first place, to have contentedly taken base metal, dull-witted barbarian that he was, when he might just as well have taken gold. For the baseness of the metal shows in spite of much polishing to make it shine. Polishing powders we have, but not the powders of projection; and the dog, with all his new propensities, remains mentally a jackal, above some mammals and below others; nor can he outlive old instincts which become increasingly offensive as civilization raises and refines his master man.

How did our belief in the mental superiority of this animal come to exist? Doubtless it came about through our intimacy with the dog, in the fields where he helped us, and in our houses where we made a pet of him, together with our ignorance of the true character of other animals. All animals were to us simply "brutes that perish", and "natural brute beasts made to be taken and destroyed", with no faculties at all resembling ours; and when it was discovered that the dog could be made to understand many things, and that he had some feelings in common with us, and was capable of great

affection, which sometimes caused him to pine at his master's loss, and in some instances even to die of grief; and that in all these things he was, or seemed to be, widely separated from other domestic brutes, the notion grew up that he was essentially different, an animal set apart for man's benefit, and, finally, that he had been specially created for such an object. Thus, Youatt says, "The dog, next to the human being, ranks highest in intelligence, and was evidently designed to be the companion and friend of man"; and in another place he says that it is highly probable that he descended from no such inferior and worthless animal as the jackal or wolf, but was originally created, somewhat as we now find him—the associate and friend of man.

This was not so very hard to believe in the pre-Darwinian days, since domesticated dogs, and even some of the breeds which we now possess, were known to have existed between three and four thousand years ago, while the world was only supposed to have existed about six thousand years. It seems probable that this curious superstition of the dog's special creation grew up gradually and only became popular in very recent times. It was gladly seized on by the poets, who made as much out of it as they had formerly done out of the melody of the dying swan; and the artists were not slow in following their example. A dog may be choked with pudding, but the human mind greedily gulped down as much of this mawkish dog-sentiment as any person, with misdirected talents, chose to manufacture for it.

Then the evolutionists came, teaching that the earth is old, and that all the living things on it are the descendants of one or of a very few primordial forms, and as a consequence of such teaching the special creation of the dog was no longer tenable. How then came the dog-superstition—the belief in its superiority—to survive so rude a shock? For the evolutionists taught that all the brutes possess, potentially

and in germ, all the faculties found in man, and the conclusion seems unavoidable that there must be a correspondence in the physical and psychical development, and that the greatest mental and moral powers must exist in the animals of the highest grades; that the mammal must be more rational than the bird, and the bird than the reptile, and the reptile than the insect; and that the hyæna, civet, and mongoose are nearer to us than the dog, the cats above the mongoose, and the monkeys higher still. Why then was not the dog relegated to a lower place? Dr. Lauder Lindsay has given the reason: "The mental scale—the scale of intellectual and moral development—is not quite synonymous with the zoological scale. The most intellectual and moral animals are not necessarily those nearest to man in the classification commonly adopted by zoologists." Furthermore it has been assumed that contact with man has had the effect of enlarging the dog's mind, and making him, beyond all other animals, intellectual, moral, and even religious.

It ought to be a great comfort to those who devote themselves to canine pets, and to canophilists generally (a pretty new word) to know that the philosophers are at one with them. To some others it will perhaps add a new terror to existence if students of dog-psychology generally should feel themselves tempted to imitate a recent illustrious example, and go about the country lecturing on the marvellous development of mind in their respective pets. Leibnitz once gave an account of a dog that talked; and quite recently a writer in a London journal related how, in a sheltered spot among the rocks on a lonely Scotch moor, he stumbled on an old shepherd playing whist with his colley. Nothing approaching to these cases in dramatic interest can be looked for in the apprehended discourses. The animal to be described will as a rule be of a quiet, thoughtful character proper in a philosopher's dog; not fond of

display or much given to wild flights of imagination. He will only show that he possesses that faculty when asleep and barking at the heels of a dream-hare,—“in dreams the little birds their songs repeat.” He will show a deep affection for his master, like the teal spoken of in this article; also a strong sense of proprietorship, again like the teal and like the tame snake described by White of Selborne—a display of intellect which strangely simulates an instinct common to all creatures. And he will also show an intelligent curiosity, and examine things to find out what they are, and prove himself a very agreeable companion; as much so as Mr. Benjamin Kidd's pet humble-bee, described some months ago in one of the magazines. Moreover he will be accomplished enough to sit up and beg, retrieve a walking-stick from the Serpentine, close an open door, &c.; and besides these ordinary things he will do things extraordinary, such as picking up numbered or lettered cards, red, blue and yellow, at his master's bidding; in fact such tricks as a pig will perform without being very learned, not a Porson of its kind, but only possessing the ordinary porcine abilities. In conclusion the lecturer will bring up the savage, not in person, but a savage evolved from his inner consciousness, and compare its understanding with that of the dog, or of his dog, and the poor savage will have very much the worst of the comparison.

We have come to the end of the dog's mind, and have arrived at that other question to which allusion has been made. The dog has a body as well as a soul, senses, appetites, and instincts, and it is worth while inquiring whether contact with man has had the same ameliorating effect on these as it is supposed to have had on his psychical faculties. In other words, has he ceased to be a jackal? For if a negative answer must be given, it follows that, however fit to be the servant, the dog is scarcely fit to be the intimate associate and friend of

man; for friendship implies a similarity in habits, if nothing more, and man is not by nature an unclean animal.

Dr. Romanes, in his work on "Mental Evolution of Animals", speaks of what he calls unpleasant survivals in the dog, such as burying food until it becomes offensive before eating it, turning round and round on the hearthrug before lying down, rolling in filth, &c. &c., and he says that they have remained unaffected by contact with man because these instincts being neither useful nor harmful have never been either cultivated or repressed. From which it may be inferred that in his opinion these disagreeable habits may be got rid of in time. But why does he call them survivals? If the action, so frequently observed in the dog, of turning round several times before lying down, is correctly ascribed to an ancient habit in the wild animal of treading down the grass to make a bed to sleep on, it is rightly called a survival, and is a habit neither useful nor harmful in the domesticated state, which has never been either cultivated or repressed, and will not in time disappear. Thus far it is easy to agree with Dr. Romanes. The other offensive instinct of the dog, of which burying meat to make it putrid, rolling in filth, &c. &c., are different manifestations, is not a survival, in the sense in which zoologists use that word, any more than the desire of the well-fed cat for the canary, and of the hen-hatched ducklings for the pond, are survivals. These are important instincts which have never ceased to operate. The dog is a flesh-eater with a preference for carrion, and his senses of taste and smell are correlated, and carrion attracts him just as fruit attracts the frugivorous bat. Man's smelling sense and the dog's do not correspond; they are inverted, and what is delightful to one is disgusting to the other. "A cur's tail may be warmed and pressed and bound round with ligatures, and after twelve years of labour bestowed on it, it will retain

its original form", is an Oriental saying. In like manner the dog may be shut up in an atmosphere of oppoponax and frangipane for twelve hundred years and he will love the smell of carrion still. When the dog runs frisking and barking, he expresses gladness; and he expresses a still greater degree of gladness by madly rolling, feet up, on the grass, uttering a continuous purring growl. The discovery of a carrion-smell on the grass will always cause the dog to behave in this way. It is the something wanting still in the life of enforced separation from the odours that delight him; and when he unexpectedly discovers a thing of this kind his joy is uncontrolled. His sense of smell is much keener than ours; it is probably more to him than sight is to us; he lives in it, and the odours that are agreeable to him afford him the highest pleasure of which he is capable. We can do much with a dog, but there is a limit to what we can do; we can no more alter the character of his sense of smell than we can alter the colour of his blood.

"The dog is a worshipper of man," says Dr. Lauder Lindsay, "and is, or may be, made in the image of the being he worships." That refers merely to the animal's intellectual and moral nature; or, in other words, it is the fashionable "inverted or biological anthropomorphism" of the day, of which we shall all probably be heartily ashamed by and by; just now we are concerned with a more important matter, to wit, the dog's nose. Its character may be seen even in the most artificial breeds, that is to say, in those which have most widely diverged from the parent-form and are entirely dependent on us, such as pugs and toy-terriers. The pampered lapdog in the midst of his comforts has one great thorn in his side, one perpetual misery to endure, in the perfumes which please his mistress. He too is a little Venetian in his way, but his way is not hers. The camphor-wood chest in her room

is an offence to him, the case of glass-stoppered scents an abomination. All fragrant flowers are as asafetida to his exquisite nostrils, and his face is turned aside in very ill-concealed disgust from the sandal-wood box or fan. It is warm and soft on her lap, but an incurable grief to be so near her pocket-handkerchief, saturated with nasty white-rose or lavender. If she must perfume herself with flowery essences he would prefer an essential oil expressed from the gorgeous *Rafflesia Arnoldi* of the Bornean forest, or even from the humble carrion-flower which blossoms nearer home.

The moral of all this is, that while the dog has become far too useful for us to think of parting with it—useful in a thousand ways, and likely to be useful in a thousand more, as new breeds arise with modified forms and with new unimagined propensities—it would be a blessed thing, both for man and dog, to draw the line at useful animals, to put and keep them in their place, which is not the house, and value them at their proper worth, as we do our horses, pigs, cows, goats, sheep and rabbits.

But there is a place in the human heart, the female heart especially, which would be vacant without an animal to love and fondle, a desire to have some furred creature for a friend—not a feathered creature, albeit feathered pets are common enough, because, owing to the bird's organization, to be handled is often painful and injurious to it, and in any case it deranges the feathers; and this love is unsatisfied and feels itself defrauded of its due unless it can be expressed in the legitimate mammalian way, which is to have contact with its object, to touch with the fingers and caress. Fortunately such a feeling or instinct can be amply gratified without the dog; there are scores, perhaps hundreds, of species incomparably before this animal in all estimable qualities, which can be touched with hand and lips without defilement. Only a few need be mentioned in this place.

One of the first animals worthy of so high a distinction, which would occur to many travelled men, is the marmoset: a fairy monkey in its smallness and extreme beauty, clothed in long soft hair with a lustre as of spun silk; in manners pleasantly tricky, but not scatter-brained and wildly capricious like its larger irresponsible relations, which is an advantage. No visitor to the Brazils can have failed to be charmed with these small animals, which are frequently kept as pets by ladies, and among pets they are surpassed by none in attachment to their mistress.

A nobler animal, capable of endearing itself to man as well as woman, is the lemur, of which there are several very beautiful species. Strong, agile, swift and graceful in action, as the monkey, to which it is related, but with an even, placid disposition; monkey-like in form, but without the monkey's angularities and that appearance of spareness which reminds one of a naked, half-starved Hindoo. He has a better proportioned figure for beauty, and his dark, richly-coloured coat of woolly fur gives a pleasing roundness to his form. Moreover, he has not got the monkey's pathetic old man's withered countenance, but a sharp, somewhat vulpine face, black as ebony, a suitable setting for his chief glory—the luminous eyes, of every shining yellow colour seen in gold, topaz, and cat's-eye. "Night wood-ghost", the natives name it on account of its brilliant eyes which shine by night, and its motions in the trees, swift and noiseless as the flight of an owl. He is of ancient lineage, one of Nature's aristocrats; a child of the savage forest, as you can see in the flashing hostile orbs, and in the combined ease and power of its motions; yet withal of a sweet and placable temper.

Even among the small-brained rodents we should not look in vain for favourites; and foremost in attractiveness are perhaps the squirrels, inhabiting all climates. Blithe-hearted as

birds and as volatile in disposition, almost aerial in their habits, and in some tropical, richly-coloured forms resembling cuckoos and other long-tailed, graceful avians, as they run leaping from branch to branch among the trees; what animation and marvellous swiftness of motion they display, what an endless variety of pretty whimsical attitudes and gestures! "All the motions of a squirrel imply spectators as much as those of a dancing girl," says Thoreau. They are easily tamed, coming at call to be fed from the hand; how strange it seems that they are not domestic, and found at every house in town and country where there are trees! Their unfailing spirits and fantastic performances would have a wholesome effect on our too sombre minds, and in cities like London would bring us a thought of the alert life and eternal gladness of Nature.

For those who would prefer a more terrestrial rodent, yet one more daintily fashioned than the rough-cast rabbit and guinea-pig, there are others. For a large animal the beautiful Patagonian *dilochotis*, like no other mammalian in its form, double the size of the hare, and a docile pet when tamed; and for a small one the charming *lagidium*, or Andean *vizcacha*, with rabbit-like ears, long tail, arched like a squirrel's, the fur blue-gray in colour above, and beneath golden yellow. And the *chinchilla*, white and pale gray, with round leaf-like ears, and soft dove's eyes—a rare and delicate creature. There is in this small mountain troglodyte something poetic, tender, flower-like—a mammalian *edelweiss*. Poor little hunted *chinchilla*, did the Incas of old love you more than we do now, who love you only dead? For you were also of the great mountains, where Viracocha sat on his throne of snow, and the coming sun-god first touched your stony dwelling-places with rose and amber flame; and perhaps they regarded you as an animal sacred to the Immortals. If so, then you have indeed lost your friends, for we have no such fancies, and spare not.

It is a great descent, in more senses than one, to the prairie marmot—from the mountain to the plain, and from the beautiful to the grotesque; yet this dweller on the flat earth, gross in form and coarse in colour, is a great pleasure-giver. He tickles the sense of the ludicrous, and it is good to laugh. His staring eyes, spasmodic gestures, and barking exclamations, are almost painful, they are so genuine; for what an unearthly-looking monster one must seem to him! He is a gnome who has somehow stumbled out of his subterranean abode, and is overwhelmed with astonishment at everything he sees in this upper world. Then there is the *agouti*, with pointed head, beautifully arched back, and legs slender, proportionately, as the gazelle's; its resemblance in form to the small musk deer has been remarked—a rodent moulded in the great Artist-Mother's happiest mood. The colour of its coat, relieved only by its pink ears and a broad shining black stripe on the back, is red Venetian gold, the hue which the old Italian masters gave to the tresses of their angelic women. A mild-tempered animal, which may be taken from its native woods and made tame in a few days. Many of the smaller rodents might also be mentioned, such as the quaint bird-like *jerboa*, and the variegated *loucheres*; and so on down even to the minute harvest-mouse. Forms and sizes to suit all tastes; for why should we all have alike? Let fashion in pets go out with the canines.

To go back to the other extreme, from low to high, there are the wild cats inhabiting all desert places on the globe. Tigers and leopards made small; clouded, or with a clear golden ground-colour, pale or red gold or gray, and black-striped, barred zebra-like, or spotted, or with the colours disposed in strange patterns, beautifully harmonious. As in the lemurs, and surpassing them, here are brilliant luminous eyes and great strength of sinew; but these are not of peace: the serpent-like silence of

the movements and fateful stillness of the lithe form, and the round watchful orbs that seem like the two fiery gems set in a carved figure of rich stone—these betray the deadly purpose. Yet their hearts may also be conquered with kindness. The domestic cat is a proof of it; she is found in most houses, and whether we make a pet of her or not, long familiarity has given her a place in our affections. But when we go from home, and visit regions infinitely richer in life than our own, it surprises and offends us to meet with the same cat still; for it looks as if man had failed, in the midst of so much variety, to find anything better or equally good. Nature abhors monotony; why should we force it on her to our own disadvantage?

Here then we have a few mammalian forms gathered at random from several widely separated families, each as it were the final and highest effort of Nature in one particular direction—"the bright consummate flower" in a group, the other members of which seem by comparison coarse and unfinished. We boast to be lovers of the beautiful, and it is here in its highest form. Birds may be said to have a greater beauty, but it is different in kind; and they are winged and far from us. They are of the sky and their forms are aerial; and their aerial nature is not in touch with ours. For the mammalians we, who are also mammals and bound to earth, have a greater sympathy, and their beauty has for us a more enduring charm. If it is out of our sight and far removed from most of us, and growing further year by year, we have only ourselves to blame. For how rich are the mountains and forests and desert places of the earth, where we sometimes go to slay Nature's un-

tamed beautiful children, assisted in our task by that servant and friend that is so worthy of us! And on the other hand, how poor are our houses and villages and cities! The dog is there, inherited from barbarous progenitors, who tamed him not to be a pet or friend, but to assist them in their quest for flesh, and for other purposes; to be a scavenger, as he still is in Eastern countries, or, as in the case of the ancient Hyrcanians, to devour the corpses of their dead. He is there, but his title is bad; why should we suffer him? We may wash him daily with many waters, but the jackal taint remains. That which Nature has made unclean let it be unclean still, for we cannot make it different. Her lustral water which purifies for ever is a secret to our chemistry. Or if not altogether a secret, if, as some imagine, the ingredients may be dimly guessed, they are too slow for us in their working. Man's years are limited and his purposes change. Nature has all time for her processes; "the eternal years of God are hers." Moreover, there is nothing we can desire and not find in her garden, which has infinite variety. Why should we cherish a carrion flower, and wear it in our bosoms, while carelessly trampling on so many bright and beautiful blooms? It is a pity to trample on them, since the effect of so destructive a habit is to make them rare; and "rarity," as Darwin aptly observes, "is the precursor to extinction." And perhaps by and by, blaming ourselves for the past, we shall be diligently seeking everywhere for them, anxious to find and to bring them into our houses, where they will serve to sweeten our imaginations and be a joy for ever.

THE YOUNG SULPICIUS.¹

A CASE OF OVER-PRESSURE IN THE FIRST CENTURY.

IN one of the new sculpture galleries in the Capitoline Museum at Rome there stands a sepulchral monument brought from the Porta Salaria and dedicated to the memory of Q. Sulpicius Maximus. To describe this monument and to set forth so much as can be learned from it of the history of this otherwise unknown Sulpicius Maximus is the object of this paper.

The Salarian Gate of Rome, from which it was brought, had an interesting history. Erected over the Via Salaria, or, as we may translate it, the Salter's Road, which in the early days of the Republic only availed for the transport of salt from Ostia to the Sabine mountains, but which afterwards stretched far away north-eastwards till it reached Ancona by the sea, the Porta Salaria was perhaps first built by the Emperor Aurelian (the conqueror of Zenobia) about 270 A.D. and afterwards repaired by order of Honorius in the year 403. It was by the Salarian Gate that Alaric entered Rome on the terrible night of the 24th of August, 410, when the mighty Queen of the world endured the first of that long series of successful sieges which for centuries were the most memorable events in her history. Still, only seventeen years ago the visitor to Rome might see the Porta Salaria of Honorius and Alaric substantially unchanged. An unadorned archway of squared stone with a gallery pierced by three windows above, and with two massive round towers built of the well-known square bricks of the Em-

pire, one on either side—such is the picture which Mr. Parker's photograph (taken, I suppose, about 1870) brings before us.

Now all is changed. In that same year, 1870, the army of Victor Emmanuel having effected a practicable breach in the walls between the Salarian and Nomentan gates entered Rome and won the city of the Popes for the kingdom of Italy. The breach in the old wall of Aurelian was repaired: of that no archaeologist can complain. But what seems far less necessary was that the restorers proceeded to pull down the Porta Salaria, which, though in a somewhat ruinous condition, was not apparently actually unsafe, and replaced it by a modern and somewhat ugly edifice, which may in the course of a thousand years or so gather some interesting associations around it, but which can never be the venerable gateway which spanned a millennium and a half from Alaric to Victor.

There was, however, a slight compensation for this loss. In removing the Honorian gateway the workmen found some tombs, apparently three in number, embedded in these massive structures. These tombs evidently once stood outside the city at a little distance from the Porta Collina, the gate which in the old and more limited line of defence corresponded with the Porta Salaria. They were then extra-mural tombs lining one of the great roads leading out of the city, like the more famous sepulchres along the Via Appia and Via Latina. When the Porta Salaria was built they were remorselessly included in its towers. It seems strange at first sight that monuments of this kind should have been encased in works of military defence; but visitors to Rome who remember the

¹ Originally delivered as a lecture in the immediate neighbourhood of the Roman camp of Condurcum. The author has to acknowledge his debt to Signor Visconti's book, "Sepulcro del Fanciullo Quinto Sulpicio Massimo." (Rome, 1871.)

noble tomb of Eurysaces the baker, which was similarly exposed to view when, fifty years ago, the round towers which flanked the Porta Maggiore were demolished, will not be surprised at a repetition of the same phenomenon at the Porta Salaria. With the other tombs we have no present concern. The *cippus* of Sulpicius Maximus was dug out from the ruins of the eastern tower and conveyed, as I have said, to the Capitoline Museum. We will now leave the Salarian Gate and following the fortunes of the *cippus* we will examine it in its new home on the Capitoline Hill.

It is made of marble and is forty-five inches high, thirty-four wide, and twenty-seven thick. It is of the shape usual in this kind of monument, crowned with a pediment and with anti-fixes at the corners. In the middle of the pediment is a wreath of laurel, with fillets flying from it; in the anti-fixes are in-wrought acanthus leaves and berries. On the sides of the monument are found, as usual, the jug and the *patera*.

All this is not unlike a thousand other sepulchral monuments found in Britain, in Gaul, wherever the Roman has set his foot, and buried his dead. But under the pediment is a deep recess in which is placed a statue in high relief. The nose, right eye, and right hand have suffered mutilation, perhaps from the pickaxe of the excavator, but all the rest of the statue is in admirable preservation; and it is easy to see that it depicts a boy dressed in a *toga*, standing as if in the act of recitation and holding in his hand a scroll, half-unrolled, upon which is written an inscription in Greek letters.

The flat surface of the monument on either side of the recess is covered with a closely written inscription also in Greek letters. Below is a somewhat larger and clearer Latin inscription; and below that again two Greek epigrams in the same small and crowded character which we see on the upper part of the monument. "It may be

truly said," writes Signor Visconti, "that never was there seen a monument of so small size so tormented with inscriptions."

To understand the meaning of this strange memorial and to learn the story of the boy we will go first to the Latin inscription which being translated runs as follows:

Sacred to the Divine Shades. To Quintus Sulpicius Maximus, son of Quintus of the Claudian tribe. In his house at Rome he lived eleven years, five months, and twelve days. He, in the third lustrum of the contest among fifty-two Greek poets, having entered the lists, turned the favour which he had excited on account of his tender age into admiration for his genius, and with honour recited verses extemporized by him. They are here subjoined that his parents may not seem to have indulged their affections. Q. Sulpicius Euphrastus and Licinia Januaria, most unhappy parents, erected this tomb for their most dutiful son and for themselves and their posterity.

Here we at once get the key to the meaning of the inscription-tormented monument. A little Roman boy under twelve years of age had beaten fifty-two Greek poets in some kind of literary competition, and had died perhaps in the moment of victory, at any rate shortly after. He is buried here, and his verses are carved upon his tomb that his parents may not seem to have been blinded by partiality in the high estimate which they formed of their son.

Now can we get a date for this interesting event? Almost with certainty we can. The words *tertio certaminis lustrum* are referred by the apparently unanimous consent of scholars to the Agon Capitolinus, a sort of literary tournament instituted in the year 86 A.D., and if this conjecture be correct the recitation of Sulpicius Maximus took place 94 A.D.

A few notes of contemporaneous events may be here inserted in order to remind the reader of what was going on in the world in this same year when this youthful poet recited his verses. Domitian, last of the Flavian

line and brother of Titus the conqueror of Jerusalem, had been for thirteen years lord of the Roman world. The few favourable signs which had at first appeared in his character had almost entirely vanished, and he was settling down into that condition of hopeless, sullen, suspicious hatred of his kind which is the worst malady of the despot. Two years later he was to be murdered in his bedroom and the world was again to breathe freely on hearing of his assassination. In the year 94 Agricola, the first Roman general who traversed Northern Britain, the general who probably founded Eburacum and Cilurnum (York, and Chesters in Northumberland), had been already a year dead; and his faithful friend and son-in-law, Cornelius Tacitus, was probably preparing to write his biography.

In the next year prevailing, according to the ecclesiastical tradition, the Apostle John was sent into banishment at Patmos, where he wrote his Revelation. It is tolerably certain that, if he was still alive at this time, all his fellow-Apostles were already in the grave. In letters, Juvenal, Martial, Statius, and the younger Pliny are, along with Tacitus, the representative names of the period, the Silver Age, as it is generally called, of Latin literature.

With all his many vices Domitian was a man of some literary culture, himself an author and a patron of authors; and the institution of the Agon Capitolinus was one of the praiseworthy deeds of his reign. We learn (from Suetonius) that it consisted of a three-fold contest—musical, equestrian, and gymnastic. With the two latter we have nothing now to do: the musical contest, in its wider signification of being connected with the service of the Muses, doubtless included the recitation of verses made impromptu. The equestrian and gymnastic contests seem to have taken place in the Campus Martius. I do not find that it is distinctly stated

where the literary contest was held, but it seems not unlikely that it was in the Capitol itself. If so, the monument of the young Sulpicius, now lodged in the Capitoline Museum, has been brought back to the scene of his childish triumph.

A careful German writer has, by collecting various passages of Roman authors, drawn for us an interesting picture of the proceedings of the Agon Capitolinus.

The Emperor presided, dressed in a Grecian mantle of purple, and in Grecian sandals: on his head a golden wreath with medals of the three Capitoline gods, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva: as assessors and judges of the tournament were the Flamen of Jupiter and the priestly college of the Flavian house in similar attire; only that in their wreaths the medal of the Emperor was also introduced. The prize for Greek and Latin poetry, which was in its way unique, remained the highest aim of poetical ambition throughout the whole Roman Empire, and the hope of receiving this wreath, woven of olive and oak leaves, from the hand of the Emperor, led poets of talent from the remotest provinces across the sea into the Capitol. The splendour and the solemnity of the festal gathering, the presence of the highest personages of the Court and of the great dignitaries of the Empire, the bestowal of the crown by the hand of the Emperor himself, the world-wide celebrity of the place—all this united to make the honour of receiving the poet's crown, in its way, one of solitary and intoxicating triumph.

Such was the honour received by the little Sulpicius in the twelfth year of his age. Fifty-two other poets, speaking Greek as their native tongue, contended for the prize. When the youthful competitor entered the lists, pity for his tender years and pale study-worn face was at first the prevailing emotion with the spectators; but pity was changed into admiration as he declaimed without hesitation or faltering his sonorous hexameters; and when the forty-third line was reached, he sat down, as we may venture to conjecture, amid a tumult of applause. Even the sad, suspicious face of Domitian wore

an unaccustomed smile as he placed the wreath of olive and oak-leaves on the square head of the little conqueror.

The plan pursued at the Agon Capitolinus was evidently that some subject, probably of a mythological character, should be propounded to the competitors, who had then to mount the *rostrum* and extemporise upon the given theme. How far were the verses absolutely extemporised? Surely the poets must have had at least a quarter of an hour given them to arrange their thoughts and fit their words into hexameters. Had the latest called champion the advantage of the whole time during which his competitors were declaiming? If so, is it not probable that the little Sulpicius was called last, and had the benefit of the time (probably something like two hours) during which the fifty-two Greeks were successively reciting their poems? All these are questions which we cannot answer except by a peradventure.

The subject propounded at the Agon of 94 was the rebuke of Zeus to the Sun-god for lending his chariot to Phaethon. I have often wondered what natural phenomena suggested, even to the fertile myth-making fancy of the Greeks, the fable of Phaethon driving the chariot of the Sun, of his perilous deviation from the prescribed track, of the danger caused thereby to the whole "visible scheme and constitution of things," of Jove's lightning-flash and the young charioteer's headlong fall into the river Po, by the banks of which his sisters, who had yoked the coursers of light, stood shedding amber tears till they were transformed into those weeping poplars, the descendants of which border the great river of Lombardy to this day. Surely, as I have said, even the infinite mythopoeic faculty of Hellas needed some suggestion for such a wild imagination as this. Can there have been some year of heat and drought beyond any that mortal man had before known? Can this have gone on

till the harvest was on the point of perishing and the cattle were everywhere dying of thirst? Then, when the world was well-nigh in despair, did there come a sudden thunderstorm which wrapped the heavens in blackness, and did one bright bolt suddenly descend from the gloom into the overshadowed plain of Lombardy? Who can tell? But this is one of the attempts to rationalize the fairy-tales of ancient Greece which pass among scholars by the contemptuous name of Euhemerism.

Here, at any rate, transcribed from the sepulchral monument and rendered into English metre, is the extemporary poem of Quintus Sulpicius Maximus on the subject: What words would Zeus use in rebuking the Sun for giving his chariot to Phaethon?

Phœbus! the sovran Gods ordained but thee
The world's light-bearing charioteer to be.
Why didst thou set thy mischief-minded son

High on the Olympian arch, rash Phaethon?
Why didst thou trust to him each fiery steed,

Swift with its all unutterable speed?
Disloyal to the Gods those thoughts of thine,

When thou to him thine office didst resign.

Whither was then thy well-hung chariot hurled!

How did thy tameless fires o'erspread the world!

E'en to my throne roll up their waves of fear,

And toss proud menace to the starry sphere.

Then raised his hands to heaven old Ocean's king,

Of all his rivers dried was every spring;

Demeter saw her seed to ashes burn;

The peasant wept for earth's ingrate return;

Parched was the sickle's spoil; all vainly now

His steers had bent them 'neath the curving plough;

Vainly himself had toiled till set of sun,
For all their vast acquirement was undone.

So groaned all Earth for one fond foolish boy;

Then with my flash did I his flame destroy!

Mourn thou no more thy son's untimely
fate,
But mind the duties of thy heavenly state,
Or fierier levin from my hand await.
Know thou the mind of Jove. By Heaven's
Queen
I swear, no worse deed hath Olympus seen.
My world—thy charge—thus lightly held
by thee—
Past things are past—give thought to
things to be.
No son of thine was that ill-fated wight;
He never knew thy coursers' boundless
might,
Nor learnt the mystery of the reins aright.
And now return: Survey the subject
lands;
Give not thy glory into alien hands.
Foul the surrender; since by thee alone,
When seated on thy fiery chariot-throne,
The East shall be beneath thy horse-hoofs
pressed,
And thine the glories of the flaming West.
This charge hath Wisdom given thee:
keep the same;
Spare thou the world and all this glorious
frame;
Still hold thy path through midmost vault
of heaven;
Thus Gods approve: thus times to men
are given—
The Gods,—for oh! how then the Gods did
yearn
To see the light thy son had quenched re-
turn.
Then journey through the immeasurable
sky,
Half under earth thy course and half on
high.
So shall Immortals hail thy radiance fair,
And so shall mortals greet their granted
prayer.
Proof of my favour thus mayest thou re-
ceive;
But if again thou darest thy charge to
leave,
These stars be witness—straight my levin
brand
Hurled from on high by this avenging
hand,
Speeding more swiftly than thy coursers
wild,
Shall slay the Father as they slew his
Child.

The poem, which is forty-three lines long in the original, has grown into fifty-four under my hand, and I am conscious that not only by greater diffuseness but in other ways the work of the young poet has suffered from

my attempt to reproduce it. It cannot be questioned that, whether absolutely extemporary or not, we have here a marvellous work to have proceeded from a brain that was little more than eleven years old. There is, it is true, a certain want of progress in the poem—the same topics come up again and again: there is hardly any distinct beginning, middle, or end. But these are exactly the faults which an impromptu poet would be most likely to commit; and to my mind they strengthen the probability that the work (though perhaps a little re-touched) is essentially what it calls itself, a *Kαίριον*, or work of the moment.

On the other hand, the sonorous flow of the Greek hexameter is well maintained; there are few halting or defective lines: there is a certain majesty in the young poet's conception of the King of Gods and men; and if that majesty somewhat evaporates in the course of the long invective addressed to the bereaved father, this fault must be laid at the door of the judges who prescribed such a subject for a composition which no doubt had to be of a certain length. Truly Homer would have expressed the wrath of Olympian Zeus in fewer and weightier words; but then Homer had only himself to satisfy, not the golden-wreathed priests and flamens who were sitting at the side of the Emperor of the world.

To complete the description of the monument, it only remains to give the substance of the two Greek epigrams which fill its lower portion. I have said that they are in Greek, and I like to cherish the fancy (for which I have no atom of proof) that they were written by two of his competitors in the Agon, perhaps those two who, but for the sudden apparition of the childish genius, were considered to divide between them the certainty of winning the crown of olive.

I.

Here, my twelve short summers ended,
Maximus, I lie in gloom;
Ne'er before so young a champion
Passed from journey to the tomb.

Weariness and sickness slew me ;
For I turned my mind away
Nor at eve nor dewy morning
From the Muses' mighty lay.

Stand, I pray thee ; stand a moment,
For the boy's sake who is dead,
Till of my impromptu poem
Thou the flowing lines hast read.

Wouldst thou bless me ? Say this only,
While in tears thou there dost stand,
" Youthful poet ! mayst thou journey
To the fair Elysian land ;
For thy songs shall live for ever,
Safe from Pluto's envious hand."

II.

Small thy tomb, but great thy glory,
Maximus, who here dost lie !
For the Muses, who have loved thee,
Shall upraise thee to the sky.

Fate all-pitiless might slay thee,
But she could not quench thy name ;
But she could not slay the verses
Which have earned thee deathless
fame.

Not a wayfarer who passes,
As he stands thy tomb below,
Will with stony eyes and tearless
Mark thy lines' harmonious flow.

This shall answer for thy glory
Through the long long years that fly ;
Not unnamed nor unremembered
'Mid the vile dead thou shalt lie ;
Brighter far than gold or amber
Shall thy pages shine for aye.

Did all these panegyrics, the marble tomb and the deathless verses and the sympathy of senators and legates, console Eugramus and Januaria for the death of their child ? What ambitious dreams had they cherished concerning him ? Was he to have followed the profession of a rhetorician, to have pleaded in the court of the Prefect, perhaps to have rivalled the fame of his contemporary Gaius as a maker of Roman law ? One thing only seems clear, that the boy's life was sacrificed to that too early triumph. There is truth in what his friends said about the immortality of his fame. Safely guarded by the grim towers of Honorius, against which the waves of war have dashed themselves for fourteen centuries, his tomb and his verses have been now at length revealed ; and we, dwellers in remote and misty Britain, sitting almost within the precincts of the camp which was perhaps founded in the lifetime of Maximus by Julius Agricola, we have this evening been studying the sonorous verses of the Infant Prodigy of Rome. But whether this remote and posthumous triumph was worth one hour of the poet's happy boyhood, stolen from him by his assiduous worship of the Muses, I know not ; and who knows ?

THOMAS HODGKIN.

THE STUDY OF FIELD-NAMES.

At a time when the editors of the great Oxford dictionary are gathering in every word which has been current in English literature during the last seven centuries, and when dialect-words are being collected in every shire in England, we may wonder that so few should have stooped to pick up that wayside flower of the Old English language, the field-name.

For curious field-names may be found in every rural parish. It is as easy to collect them as to gather specimens for the *herbarium*. Nor is the one pursuit less useful or less instructive than the other. Each leads its votaries into the woods and fields; each must observe time and place. It is when the specimens have to be explained or classified that the difference between the two pursuits is most plainly manifested. The way to the keys which will unlock the mysteries of many field-names is as steep as the hill of Parnassus. He who would get hold of those keys must travel *deserta per ardua*. The task of the botanist is far less difficult. He, at least, can examine the flower, count the petals and sepals, turn to his books of reference, and be assured that his judgment is right. The collector of field-names must find the explanation of his curious word in a dictionary, if he can. Probably he will be misled by some similarity of spelling, and get hold of the wrong word altogether; more probably he will not be able to find the word he is in search of at all. But let him not lose courage or patience. When he has got together many field-names from many parishes he will find that some, at all events, of his difficulties are cleared up. He will make them out accidentally in the course of his reading—for I assume that he has some philological tastes—the truth dawning upon him when he least expects it.

The numerous interesting facts which may be learned from a study of field-names (in which term I include the names of fields, rocks, old houses, streams, hills, &c.) will be best shown by a few examples, taken mostly from places with which I am personally familiar.

A good and simple example is Thrift House. I know one old country-house which bears this name, and there are doubtless others elsewhere. Popular conjecture is always busy about names of this kind, and ever ready to invent a story to explain the meaning of a forgotten word. It was told to me as an unquestionable fact that the house was built by means of the thrift or frugality of a former owner about the end of the last century, the very name of the thrifty one being mentioned. As, however, the title-deeds show that the place was called Thrift House in the sixteenth century, it was plain that this popular conjecture was wrong, as popular etymologies nearly always are. It is known that the plant stonecrop, or thrift as it was formerly called, was anciently planted on the roofs of houses as a protection from storm and tempest. "It is a common opinion", says Withals in his interesting little "Dictionarie", "that where it groweth on the tyles that house shall not perish, nor bee hurt with the thunder, and hereupon they call it *herba Jovis*". That this superstition was common to the Germanic races may be seen in Grimm's "Teutonic Mythology", in which, amongst various items of German folk-lore, it is mentioned that "stonecrop planted on the roof keeps the thunder-bolt aloof". When I add to this the fact that the stonecrop is still, in some places, planted on the roofs of houses, it will be clear that old Teutonic superstition, and not modern frugality, explains the meaning of Thrift House.

Salter is a puzzling field-name, or rather lane-name, found in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and for aught I know in other counties. It occurs in such compounds as Salter-lane, Salter-gate, Salterforth, Salter-hebble, Salter-sitch. Obviously, in these compounds, it is not the surname Salter, and has no connection with any kind of salt-making, for in Yorkshire a *gate* is a road, and *forth* in many cases seems to have the same meaning. A *hebble* is a narrow plank-bridge, and a *sitch* is a small valley. It has been suggested, with great plausibility, that Salter represents the Old English *seal-tréo*, or *sallow-tree*. But *sallows* do not grow in sandy moorland lanes, and in the compounds which have been cited Salter is the Old French *sautoir*, Low Latin *saltarium*, a bar of wood laid across a road in such a way that men could easily get over it but animals could not. The bar rested upon two standards, each of which was made in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. The shape is still preserved in modern wooden stiles which are seen in fields where hedges are intersected by footpaths. In this sense the word is now unknown in English, but it is preserved in heraldry as *saltire* or *saltier*. The earlier meaning had been forgotten when Gwillim wrote his "Display of Heraldrie" in 1611. Quoting an older authority, he says that the *saltire* was an engine "made of the height of a man, and was driven full of pinnes; the use whereof was to scale the walles therewith, to which end the pinnes served commodiously". And he quotes Upton, another old writer on heraldry, "who saith it was an engine to catch wild beasts". The *salter* was obsolete, then, in the sixteenth century, but these writers seem to have heard or remembered something of its form. In days when there were few enclosures the *salter* and the *litgate* would be very useful in preventing animals, such as sheep or oxen, from getting into the lanes. In some cases such barriers must have stood at the entrance to small towns or villages,

for Wood, in his history of Eyam in Derbyshire, says that the principal road into that village "was the Lydgate, now called Ligget". He goes on to say that in the last century watch and ward was kept at this gate by night, the villagers taking the duty in turn.

Here and there may be found the names of sacred trees, words which are as rare as they are interesting. In Lancashire and in Derbyshire I have noticed *Selioke*, blessed oak. An ancient family of that name bore oak-leaves on their coat-armour, and I have seen this device on the seals of their deeds as far back as the fifteenth century. Some old progenitor of theirs must have dwelt *atte sêli-ôk*,¹ at or near the blessed oak. We know from the decrees of Burchard of Worms that, as late at least as the eleventh century, the Germanic races used to offer prayers, bread, candles, and other gifts to holy trees. "Bishops and their ministers", says Burchard, "should do their utmost in causing to be cut down and burnt trees consecrated to demons, which the vulgar worship and hold in such veneration that they dare not lop off a single branch or twig". As Christianity advanced in England these sacred trees were cut down or burnt. The field-name Swinnock (burnt oak) tells a tale of this burning. Such an event would be marked and remembered by the people, and the place where the sacred tree stood would long be pointed out.

I was greatly surprised one day to find in a list of field-names compiled by a surveyor about 1820, a field called St. Igna. This was at Dore in Derbyshire, the place in which, according to the English Chronicle, the Northumbrian host offered allegiance to Egbert, king of the West Saxons. Now this was rather too clever to have been invented by the surveyor; and certainly it was not a fanciful house-name borrowed from a novel. My friends all told me that such an

¹ I follow Stratmann's normalized spelling of Old English.

obscure saint's name could not occur in a remote place at the very edge of the wild and treeless moors, and they said it was a corruption of something. The word, nevertheless, is as genuine as it is interesting. I will not pretend to explain how it was that the worship of St. Ignace was once observed in such a place. His day in the calendar is December 17th, and within the last century people at Blackpool in Lancashire have been known to go "Ignaning" at Christmas-tide.

A good picture of pastoral life in England, as it existed, say, a thousand years ago, may be seen in those numerous field-names which show that sheep, oxen, and goats fed and were sheltered on the hills, whilst the valleys beneath were covered with thick forests in which were the dens or swine-pastures. I have noticed Ox Dale on moorland heights, and few field-names are more frequent, in the northern parts of England at least, than Lamb Hill, Sheep Hill, and Cow Hill, or, as the word is written in surnames, Cowell. That goats were kept and sheltered on the hills may be seen in such names as Hober Hill¹ (goat-hill), Goat's Cliffe, Kid Tor, and in Tickenhall, near Derby, Tickill, in Ecclesfield, and Tickhill, near Bawtry (anciently Ticchenhulle), these words being represented in Old English as *ticcen-hyll*, or *ticchen-hul*, kid-hill. So that Lamb Hill and Kid Hill may be cited as showing that young sheep and goats were kept apart from their sires and dams. Bucka Hill (he-goat-hill) is found near Baslow in Derbyshire. We may compare Harthill and Hartshead, Gateshead (she-goat's hill), Swineshead, Oxhead, Farset (*fearres-heafed*, bull's hill), Tykenheved, Manshead (horse-hill?) and Lambheved. Many other examples, such as Gotherage and Hathersage (anciently Haversegge and Hadersegh, the Domesday Hereseige being wrong) might be mentioned, each of these words meaning goat-field, just as *deórhege* means deer-park,

or as the Swedish *hæstige* means horse-park. We may compare Haver Hill, Haver Storth (he-goat wood), each of which is the Old English *heber*, a he-goat, although of course Haver Croft might be oat-croft. So Hatherley, Hathersley, Hattersley, is he-goat meadow. A very eminent English philologist, to whom I have submitted these remarks, is of opinion that this derivation of Hathersage and Hathersley is wrong. It is, however, certain that the change from *v = f* to *th*, and the converse, is regular and frequent in some dialects, and I do not think that the *s* in Hathersage is an objection to this explanation, for it may be the genitive singular. Manorial court-rolls show abundantly that much attention was paid to the selection and breeding of cattle, and there is evidence, as will have been seen in some of these local names, showing that the sexes were kept separate. The picture here presented of flocks of kids and lambs housed in safety on the hills away from the wolves and wild beasts which haunted the woods below is in strange contrast with the rural England of to-day. We are reminded of the pastoral life of Eastern races and of the words of the Psalmist: "I will take no bullock out of thine house: nor he-goat out of thy folds. For all the beasts of the forest are mine: and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills".

From what has been said it will be obvious that the names of other animals, such as deer, must enter largely into the composition of local names. We may see this in Darlands, sometimes written Darelans and Deer Lands, in Ecclesfield, and in the adjacent Doe Royd, a *royd* being a forest-clearing. *Deór*, a wild beast, but in these names a deer, is also seen in Darton, which is found in Old English as *deórtán* (deer-park), and in Darby or Derby.² Speed's map of Derby, 1611, contains an emblematical draw-

¹ Hober Hill and Hibberfield near Sheffield are from the Old English *heber*, a he-goat.

² It is possible, however, as Mr. Henry Bradley tells me, that Derby may be from the O.N. personal name Djuri.

ing of a deer-park, surrounded by a wooden fence, with a single deer in the middle.

In some field-names we have the clearest evidence of a mixed nationality. Some writers insist strongly upon the unity of the English people, and will not admit that there ever was a time when conquered or old races in these islands lived side by side with their conquerors or with the newer settlers, without intermarrying with them or entering into any kind of social compact. This hypothesis of unity is contradicted by the universal experience of mankind, and in England a survival of tribal exclusiveness may be seen in the Irish quarters of large towns. The Teutonic settler and the Romanized or Latin-speaking Celt, each speaking a language unknown to the other, would not at first intermix, and that they did not intermix is proved by the existence to this day of some curious local names. Wolsh Stubbings, in Ecclesall near Sheffield; Welshman's Croft, one of the large open fields in Hitchin; Walckden in Bradfield, South Yorkshire; Walkmoor in Dore, Walkley near Sheffield, Walkworth near Kimberworth—each of these names is compounded of the old English *weallisc*, *walsche*, foreign, Roman. Wales, a hamlet near Brigh-ton in South Yorkshire, may also be mentioned. I have in several cases noticed the word *barbar* (foreigner), as in Barber Balk,¹ an old line of fortification near Kimberworth. Whether these *wealas*, or foreigners, were Roman colonists or Romanized Celts is uncertain, and may depend upon the circumstances of each particular case. As Barber Balk is called in another part of its course Scotland Balk, we may perhaps conclude that the name refers to an Irish sept known as the Scots, and that the *balk* was intended for a barrier between them and their foes. Tribal rivalry or hostility may have been, as regards some septs at

least, as strongly marked here as in France, where down to the end of the last century an "accursed race", known as Cagots, lived apart from their fellow-men, occupied a separate place in their parish-church, entered that church by a separate door, and received the sacramental wafer at the end of a cleft stick. These people, strange to say, were called in old documents Christians. The late Mr. Thomas Wright thought that such a state of things might once have existed in England, and he pointed to the blocked-up doors to be seen in some churches, and to those openings in chancel-walls, known as squints, through which, it is said, people could see from a particular corner in the church the elevation of the Host.

One local name can sometimes be satisfactorily explained by comparing it with another. Thus Unthank, which is occasionally found in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, may be compared with a field or place in Upper Hallam, near Sheffield, called Lord's Gift. This last-named word implies that a number of squatters settled upon a piece of the waste lands belonging to a manor by the permission or gift of the lord. The exact opposite of this is expressed by Unthank, which means "without permission".

I now come to the most interesting part of my subject. Whilst we are all familiar with the mythology of Greece and Rome, few are acquainted with the fact that in the popular belief of our own ancestors the hills and dales of England were once peopled with sprites and demons, with giants and dwarfs, with wood-maidens and sylvan gods. The decrees of Burchard of Worms, mentioned above, allude especially to certain bewitching nymphs, dwelling amongst the fields and woods, which appeared to their lovers when desired, and vanished at will. Field-names can supply many certain proofs of the former existence in England of a belief in these nymphs. Maiden's Hillock in Dore; Chap Maiden, near Tideswell in Derbyshire; Maiden

¹ *Barbar*, meaning foreigner, is very rare in Old English, but it cannot be a surname here, nor is it equivalent to *tonsor*.

Bower in Bedfordshire; Mag Clough (maid-valley), Maggat Lees (maid-meadows) in Holmesfield near Sheffield; Mag Land near Sheffield; Magshaw (maid-wood) between Sheldon and Bakewell; Mag Field in Ecclesall; Magathay at Norton in Derbyshire, meaning maid-croft or lady-croft—these may suffice as examples. With Mag we may compare the Latin *maga*, an enchantress. Nymphs, too, were believed to haunt the wells and streams, as may be seen in Maiden Well, near Louth. With these we may compare Lady Mead, Lady Wood, Lady Croft, Lady Booth, Lady Bower, which are common field-names in England, the word "Lady" being generally, but erroneously, referred to the Blessed Virgin. In Ireland, and in some parts of England, people still speak of fairies in terms of great respect, as "the ladies". Doubtless the "maidens" are in some of these names the three Norns, Fates, or Weird Sisters, and if we compare Maiden's Hillock with Sparken Hill,¹ at Work-sop, we shall see that this is so, for Sparken represents the Old Norse *spákonar*, a prophetess, and also a Norn. Much light is thrown on this subject by a Latin poem written by a monk named Wolstan, of Winchester, in the tenth century. He tells us that one day a citizen of that place went to visit his farm. Coming home rather late he was met by two dark women. "Come hither, dear brother," they cried; "haste thee, and listen to our words, for we would tell thee something." He ran away in a fright, and the two women pursued him. His terror was increased when a third woman, dwelling on a hill, stopped him. This third nymph struck the poor man to the ground, and then all three disappeared in the waters of the stream.² We thus learn that two of

these nymphs inhabited the stream, whilst the third dwelt on a hill—the Maiden Hillock of our field-names. In South Yorkshire I have often heard the mild oath "By the Megs", and also "By the Meggins", and "By the Macks". These "megs" or "macks" are, I think, the *mags*, Norns, or Weird Sisters who ruled the destinies of men.

We may pursue this part of our subject a little further. A field at Dore, near Sheffield, is now called Cream's Hill. This appears to be Grime's Hill, for the phonetic change from *g* to *c* is common, and Grime (old English *grīma*) was formerly pronounced *greem*. Now *grīma* is a ghost or spectre; but in Old Norse, *grīmr* is the name of a man, and also a name of Odin; it is also, however, the name of a giant, and this, most probably, is the meaning here. In an adjoining village I find in the year 1588 a field called the Grimsell Acre, and a few years later I find the Grimsells in the same village. The word also occurs near Doncaster and in Ecclesfield, but I am unable to offer any explanation of it. With Cream's Hill, or Grime's Hill, we may compare Grime's Graves in Norfolk, meaning the burial-places of giants, as in the Giants Graves of Ireland, and the tombs known as Giants' Chambers of Denmark. A hamlet adjoining Grimesthorpe in South Yorkshire was formerly called Skin-thorpe, but is now known as Skinner-thorpe. This name might be connected with the Old Norse *skinnari*, a skinner. A trade-name, however, seems an unlikely explanation of this ancient word, and I think it is most probably derived from the Old English *scinere*, a wizard or magician, or even from *scin*, a ghost or phantom. The unintelligible wonders of Nature always beget feelings of superstition amongst half-civilized people. The appearance of *ignis fatuus* is still to the peasantry a matter of terrible alarm; and I remember a poor old man being almost frightened out of his wits by some boys who, concealed

¹ The Ordnance Maps give a Sparkinson's Spring on the moors above Dore, near Sheffield. No such surname as Sparkinson appears to exist.

² See the story related at length in Bright's "Celt, Roman, and Saxon," ed. 1885, p. 341.

behind some bushes, exploded crackers and other fireworks in a dark wood through which he had to pass.

In hilly districts giants appear largely amongst the local names, as Giant's Hole near Castleton, Giant's Face in Ashover, Giant's Chair and An Kirk (giant's church) in Dore. As Jacob Grimm points out, curious old buildings are ascribed to giants or heathens, and even of Tristan's cave of love it was said that *etenes* (giants) in old days had wrought it. And as "there were giants in the earth in those days" so also there were dwarfs. Dwariden (*dweorga denu*) in Bradfield, South Yorkshire, is the valley of dwarfs, a place which may be compared with the valley of the giants to which the children of Benjamin came.

A frequent, and of course an ancient, field-name is Tom, which is the Old German *tomte*, a home-sprite. In South Yorkshire, when children are naughty the nurses say that Tom Dockin will fetch them, and I have in this county heard of a being called Tom of the Wood. Dockin is the same as Dickin, an old word for the Devil. Amongst field-names I have noticed Tom Hill, Tom Lane, Tom Field, Tom Wood, Tom Cross, Tom's Cross. All these words must refer to a home-sprite, or supernatural being, perhaps to Tom Dockin himself, who is described as a frightful goblin having iron teeth with which he devours bad children.

The careful observer will find that woods, fields, hills, and other natural objects are often named after the saints of the Christian calendar. In most, if not all, of these cases the saint is either a heathen god or demi-god received at length, under a new name, into the calendar, or else the name of a Christian saint has usurped the place of some sacred being of the old mythology. The Church might think that there was little harm in retaining the names of giants or dwarfs, and the worship, or the fear, of woodmaiden or Norn passed by

easy stages to that of the Blessed Mary, or other personages of the Christian drama. This fact will explain such names as Anthony Hill, Stephen Hill, Simon Hill, Andrew Wood, Peter Wood, Hail Mary Wood, Lawrence Field, Martin Field, and a host of others each of which has usurped the place of some pagan deity of the woods and fields.

The country-side loses much of its charm when the old field-names are forgotten or changed. In remote districts where the peasantry are little influenced by the outside world these names are handed down unchanged from one generation to another. A lengthened observation of the subject has convinced me that these interesting words are far less corrupt than is often supposed. It is so difficult to account for some of them, and so easy to say that they are wrong! The compilers of our Ordnance Maps have many sins to answer for, of which one example will suffice. Some weird rocks in Bradfield have been known for ages as Hurling Stones. They appear on the Ordnance Maps as Herculean Stones! A happy thought, truly, but this great hero of pagan mythology was known amongst our English forefathers as Helcol; and Hurling Stones merely means sloping stones, being derived from the Old English *hurltlen*.

Many Old English words once in common use have not been preserved amongst the remains of our literature, though they may often be found in the Old Norse or other cognate tongues. In this respect the field-name, especially when it is explained by dialect, may supply the most useful philological facts. For example, there is a place on Bradfield moors called Howden Chest. This word "chest" had long puzzled me and others, until one day I made it out. On that day a Bradfield farmer said to me that there was "a great chest of hills running across those moors". Now I had heard of a chest of drawers, but a chest of mountains was a new thing. He simply meant

a row of hills, and I have ascertained that a verb *chess*, meaning to arrange in order, or to pile up, exists in the dialect of the district. Howden Chest is a row of small hills intersecting the moors.

One parish may contain quite a cluster of Old Norse field-names, while another parish, only a few miles distant, may not possess a single field-name which can be traced to that source. A range of hills may break the continuity of dialect, and it may also have divided one old settlement, or set of squatters, from another. The village of Dore, already mentioned in this article, contains old Norse names with a frequency which leads to the conclusion that its early inhabitants were of Scandinavian origin. In the field-name Standing Stones we may see the narrow *bautastene*, or memorial stones, of Denmark and Sweden. In Lenny Hill we have the Swedish *lena*, a tumulus or mound, a word which, says Thre, "though not now in common use, yet remains amongst the names of towns and churches (*templa*), every one of which, as I have noticed, stands on high ground". In the little grass fields called Teppy Lands or Tippy Lands we have the Swedish *tæppa*, a little field enclosed on all sides. Catty Croft (a somewhat common field-name), which is now the grave-yard at Dore, is the Swedish *kætte*, a pen for lambs in a sheepfold, though strange to say it also means a cradle, bed, and tomb. No field-name is more common in Dore than Lym, which appears in the maps and surveys as Limb. A pretty valley called the Lym has, for a time at least, lost that name in favour of the newly-coined title of Ryecroft Glen. How strange that people, who think by using the word "glen" to throw an air of poetic fancy over the scene, should cast aside one of the most sweet-sounding names in romantic

literature! For was it not in Hlymdale that the great Norse hero Sigurd went wooing to Brynhild as she sat in her bower with her maidens "overlaying cloth with gold, and sewing therein the great deeds which Sigurd had wrought, the slaying of the Worm and the taking of the wealth of him"?

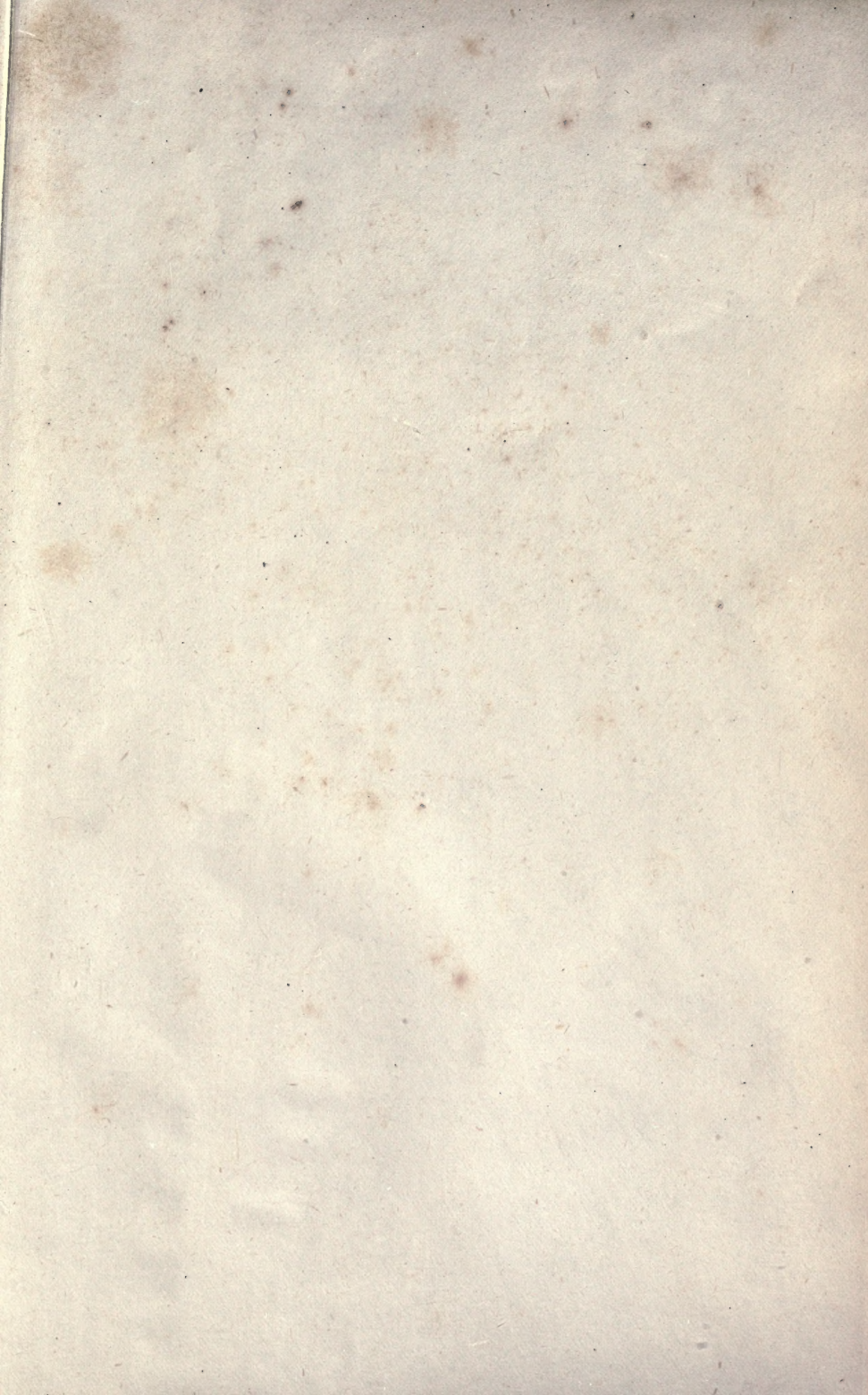
Perhaps it need hardly be said that it would be unsafe to attempt the etymology of a field-name without first seeing the field itself, because, in the majority of cases, the name is derived from some natural object. Where the word has been obtained from an old terrier, survey, or deed, this is not always possible, yet by the help of the Tithe Commutation Maps we may often identify the most curious local names. These names, indeed, have clung to the soil through many centuries with extraordinary tenacity, and the old country people, if left to themselves, hand them down with faithful precision. Changes in the systems of husbandry, the abolition of old tenures, and the enclosure of commons have swept many of them away. Still a great number have been left, and if we could collect the field-names of a whole county we should be able to see by comparison that many of these words, which are supposed to be inexplicable corruptions, are real words which once had a well-understood meaning. My experience is that personal names are a smaller element in field-names than is commonly supposed.

That this study is not without interest and historical value will be seen from what has been said on the evidences of old religious belief which may be found in field-names, to say nothing of the quaint and curious glimpses of old country life and forgotten customs which many of these words reveal to us.

S. O. ADDY.







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